THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

MARCH 9, 1918

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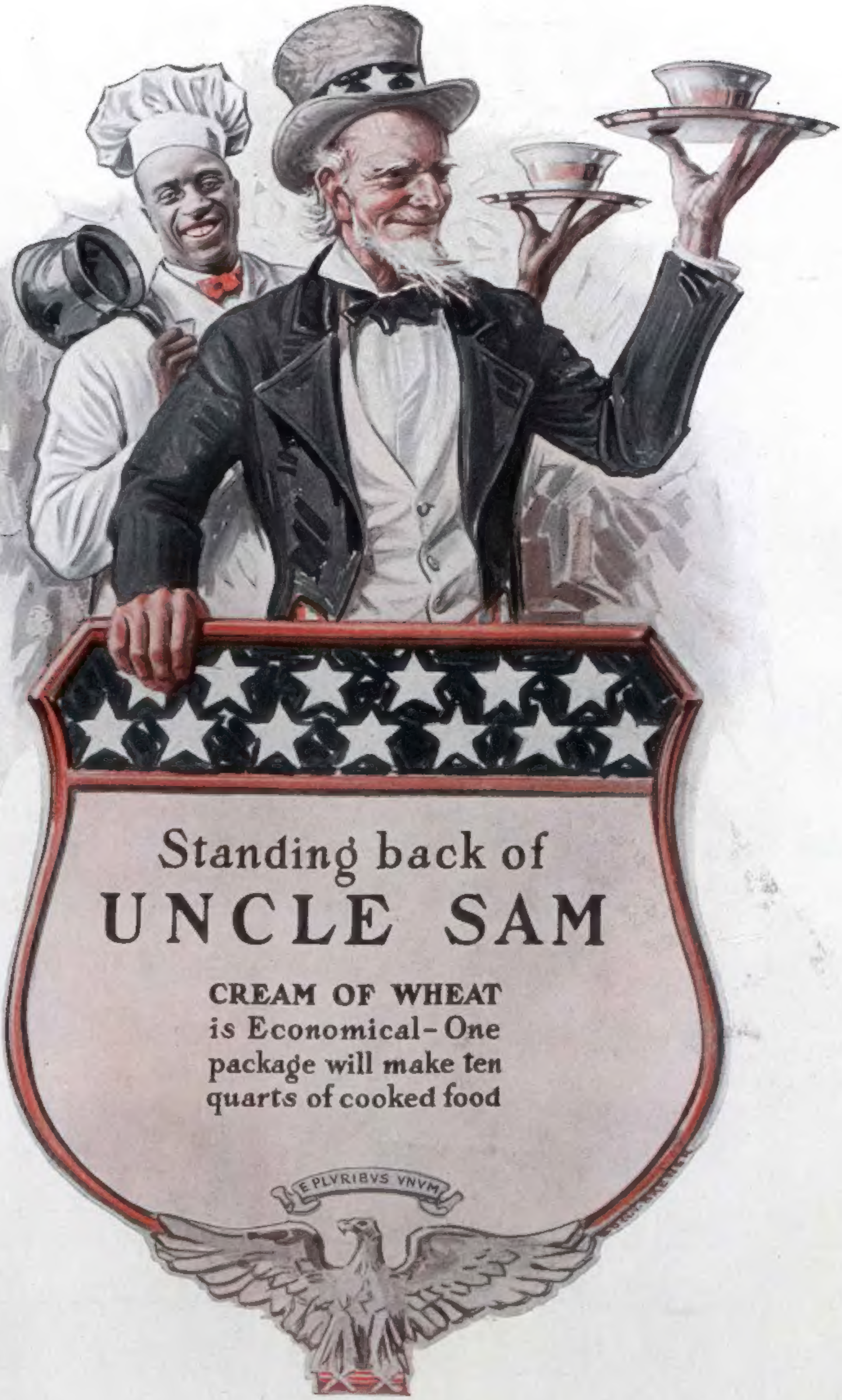
Call for Mr. Keefe—By Ring W. Lardner. **The New Italy**—By Isaac F. Marcosson


Standing back of
UNCLE SAM
CREAM OF WHEAT
is Economical–One
package will make ten
quarts of cooked food
E PLVRIBVS VNVM

By
The House *of* Kuppenheimer
Chicago

THE Spring styles for young men are distinctly military in spirit. But it's a season to look beyond style. Everyone knows that good fabrics are scarce. It's a time to depend on the established reputation of The House of Kuppenheimer for honest fabrics and fine tailoring. Prices $25 to $60.

Send a postal for our book, "Styles for Men."

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War Time Griddle Cakes

1 egg yolk
¾ cupful milk
¾ cupful water
2½ cupfuls bread crumbs
2 cupfuls flour
2 teaspoonfuls salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
1 egg white

(Use accurate level measurements.)

Soak stale bread until sufficiently soft. Squeeze as dry as possible. Then crumble and measure. Beat egg yolk well, add milk, water, bread crumbs, flour, salt, baking powder and melted Crisco. Beat the egg white and add it. Fry in well Criscoed pans. This recipe makes about two dozen medium sized cakes. Serve with a "conservation syrup" made of apple or other fruit parings, water and sugar. A little Loganberry juice will give it a delicious flavor.

This pancake recipe has been tested and Good Housekeeping Institute thoroughly approves it.
— Mildred Maddocks, Director.

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"Balanced Daily Diet", by Janet McKenzie Hill, will help you in your choice of food required for physical and mental needs. The book is illustrated in color and contains much valuable information and many new recipes in which no butter is required. It also has the interesting Story of Crisco. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send it for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. K-4, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

War Time Griddle Cakes

—a good use for stale bread

THE necessity for saving food is responsible for the creation of many new dishes that are in no sense substitutes nor makeshifts. They really are good and worth retaining after the necessity for conservation ends.

War time Griddle Cakes is one of them. You can take stale bread, once a household waste, and make pancakes that you will like as well as those made wholly with flour.

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For Cake Making

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CALL FOR MR. KEEFE!

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"And She Went and Got Herself a Hired Girl That Sticks Us for $8.00 Per Week and All as She Does is Cook Up the Meals and Take Care of Little Al and Run Wild With a Carpet Sweeper"

ST. LOUIS, April 10.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the training trips over and we open up the season here tomorrow and I suppose the boys back home is all anxious to know about our chances and what shape the boys is in. Well old pal you can tell them we are out after that old flag this year and the club that beats us will know they have been in a battle. I'll say they will.

Speaking for myself personly I never felt better in my life and you know what that means Al. It means I will make a monkey out of this league and not only that but the boys will all have more confidence in themself and play better baseball when they know my arms right and that I can give them the best I got and if Rowland handles the club right and don't play no favorites like last season we will be so far out in front by the middle of July that Boston and the rest of them will think we have jumped to some other league.

Well I suppose the old towns all excited about Uncle Sam declairing war on Germany. Personly I am glad we are in it but between you and I Al I figure we ought to of been in it a long time ago right after the Louisiana was sank. I often say alls fair in love and war but that don't mean the Germans or no one else has got a right to murder American citizens but thats about all you can expect from a German and anybody that expects a square deal from them is a sucker. You don't see none of them umpireing in our league but at that they couldn't be no worse than the ones we got. Some of ours is so crooked they can't lay in a birth only when the trains making a curve.

But speaking about the war Al you couldn't keep me out of it only for Florrie and little Al depending on me for sport and of course theys the ball club to and I would feel like a trader if I quit them now when it looks like this is our year. So I might just as well make up my mind to whats got to be and not mop over it but I like to kid the rest of the boys and make them think I'm going to enlist to see their face fall and tonight at supper I told Gleason I thought I would quit the club and join the army. He tried to laugh it off with some of his funny stuff. He says "They wouldn't take you." "No," I said. "I suppose Uncle Sam is turning down men with a perfect physic." So he says "They don't want a man that if a shell would hit him in the head it would explode all over the trench and raise havioc." I forget what I said back to him.

Well Al I don't know if I will pitch in this serious or not but if I do I will give them a touch of high life but maybe Rowland will save me to open up at Detroit where a mans got to have something besides their glove. It takes more than camel flags to beat that bunch. I'll say it does.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, April 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here I am home again and Rowland sent some of us home from St. Louis instead of takeing us along to Detroit and I suppose he is figureing on saveing me to open up the home season next Thursday against St. Louis because they always want a big crowd on opening day and St. Louis don't draw very good unless theys some extra attraction to bring the crowd out. But anyway I was glad to get home and see Florrie and little Al and honest Al he is cuter than ever and when he seen me he says "Who are you?" Hows that for a 3 year old?

Well things has been going along pretty good at home while I was away only it will take me all summer to pay the bills Florrie has ran up on me and you ought to be thankfull that Bertha aint 1 of these Apollos thats got to keep everybody looking at them or they can't eat. Honest Al to look at the clothes Florrie has boughten you would think we was planning to spend the summer at Newport News or somewhere. And she went and got herself a hired girl that sticks us for $8.00 per week and all as she does is cook up the meals and take care of little Al and run wild with a carpet sweeper and dust rag every time you set down to read the paper. I says to Florrie "What is the idea? The 3 of us use to get along O. K. without no help from Norway." So she says "I got sick in tired of staying home all the time or dragging the baby along with me when I went out." So I said I remembered when she wouldn't leave no one else take care of the kid only herself and she says "Yes but that was when I didn't know nothing about babys and every time he cried I thought he had lumbago or something but now I know he has got no intentions of dying so I quit worring about him."

So I said "Yes but I can't afford no high price servants to say nothing about dressing you like an actor and if you think I am going to spend all my salary on silks and satans and etc. you will get a big supprise." So she says "You might as well spend your money on me as leave the ball players take it away from you in the poker game and show their own wives a good time with it. But if you don't want me to spend your money I will go out and get some of my own to spend." Then I said "What will you do teach school?" And she says "No and I won't teach school either." So I said "No I guess you won't. But if you think you want to try standing up behind a cigar counter or something all day why go ahead and try it and we'll see how long you will last."

So she says "I don't have to stand behind no counter but I can go in business for myself and make more then you do." So I said "Yes you can" and she didn't have no come back.

Imagine Al a girl saying she could make more money then a big league pitcher. Probably theys a few of them that does but they are movie actors or something and I would like to see Florrie try to be a movie actor because they got to look pleasant all the time and Florrie would strain herself.

Well Al the ski jumper has got dinner pretty near ready and after dinner I am going over North and see what the Cubs look like and I wish I pitched in that league Al and the only trouble is that I would feel ashamed when I went after my pay check. Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, May 19.

DEAR FRIEND AL: Well old pal if we wasn't married we would all have to go to war now and I mean all of us thats between 21 and 30. I suppose you seen about the Govt. passing the draft law and a whole lot of the baseball players will have to go but our club won't loose nobody except 1 or 2 bushers that don't count because all as they do any way is take up room on the bench and laugh when Rowland springs a joke.

When I first seen it in the paper this morning I thought it meant everybody that wasn't crippled up or something but Gleason explained it to me that if you got somebody to sport they leave you home and thats fair enough but he also says they won't take no left handers on acct. of the guns all being made for right handed men and thats just like the lucky stiffs to set in a rocking chair and take it easy while the regular fellows has got to go over there and get shot up but anyway the yellow stiffs would make a fine lot of soldiers because the first time a German looked X eyed at them they would wave a flag of truants.

But I can't help from wishing this thing had of come off before I seen Florrie or little Al and if I had money enough saved up so as they wouldn't have to worry I would go any way but I wouldn't wait for no draft. Gleason says I will have to register family or no family when the time comes but as soon as I tell them about Florrie they will give me an excuse. I asked him what they would do with the boys that wasn't excused and if they would send them right over to France and he says No they would keep them here till they learned to talk German. He says "You can't fight nobody without a quarrel and you can't quarrel with a man unless they can understand what you are calling them." So I asked him how about the aviators because their machines would be makeing so much noise that they couldn't tell if the other one was talking German or rag time and he said "Well if you are in an areoplane and you see a German areoplane comeing tords you you can pretty near guess that he don't want to spoon with you."

Thats what I would like to be Al is an aviator and I think Gleasons afraid I'm going to bust into that end of the game though he pretends like he don't take me in ernest. "Why don't you?" he said "You could make good there all right because the less sense they got the better. But I wish you would quit practiceing till you get away from here." I asked him what he meant quit practiceing. "Well" he said "you was up in the air all last Tuesday afternoon."

He was refering to that game I worked against the Phila. club but honest Al my old souper was so sore I couldn't cut loose. Well Al a mans got a fine chance to save money when they are married to a girl like Florrie. When I got paid Tuesday the first thing when I come home she wanted to borrow $200.00 and that was all I had comeing so I said "What am I going to do the next 2 weeks walk back and forth to the ball park and back?" I said "What and the hell do you want with $200.00?" So then she begin to cry so I split it with her and give her a $100.00 and she wouldn't tell me what she wanted it for but she says she was going to supprise me. Well Al I will be supprised if she don't land us all out to the county farm but you can't do nothing with them when they cry.

Your pal, JACK.

"'What am I Going to Do the Next 2 Weeks Walk Back and Forth to the Ball Park and Back?' I Said 'What Do You Want With $200.00?'"

CHICAGO, May 24.

FRIEND AL: What do you think Florrie has pulled off now? I told you she was fixing to land us in the poor house and I had the right dope. With the money I give her and some she got somewheres else she has opened up a beauty parlor on 43th St. right off of Michigan. Her and a girl that worked in a place like it down town.

Well Al when she sprung it on me you couldn't of knocked me down with a feather. I always figured girls was kind of crazy but I never seen one loose her mind as quick as that and I don't know if I ought to have them take her to some home or leave her learn her lesson and get over it.

I know you ain't got no beauty parlor in Bedford so I might as well tell you what they are. They are for women only and the women goes to them when they need something done to their hair or their face or their nails before a wedding or a eucher party or something. For inst. you and Bertha was up here and you wanted to take her to a show and she would have to get fixed up so she would go to this place and tell them to give her the whole treatment and first they would wash the grime out of her hair and then comb it up fluffy and then they would clean up her complexion with buttermilk and either get rid of the moles or else paint them white and then they would put some eyebrows on her with a pencil and red up her lips and polish her teeth and pair her finger nails and etc. till she looked as good as she could and it would cost her $5.00 or $10.00 according to what they do to her and if they would give her a bath and a massage I suppose its extra.

Well theys plenty of high class beauty parlors down town where women can go and know they will get good service but Florrie thinks she can make it pay out here with women that maybe haven't time to go clear down town because their husband or their friend might loose his mind in the middle of the afternoon and phone home that he had tickets for the Majestic or something and then of course they would have to rush over to some place in the neighborhood for repairs.

I didn't know Florrie was wise to the game but it seems she has been takeing some lessons down town without telling me nothing about it and this Miss Nevins thats in partners with her says Florrie is a darb. Well I wouldn't have no objections if I thought they was a chance for them to make good because she acts like she liked the work and its right close to where we live but it looks to me like their expenses would eat them up. I was in the joint this morning and the different smells alone must of cost them $100.00 to say nothing about all the bottles and cans and tools and brushs and the rent and furniture besides. I told Florrie I said "You got everything here but patients." She says "Don't worry about them. They will come when they find out about us." She says they have sent their cards to all the South Side 400.

"Well" I said "if they don't none of them show up in a couple of months I suppose you will call on the old meal ticket." So she says "You should worry." So I come away and went over to the ball park.

When I seen Kid Gleason I told him about it and he asked me where Florrie got the money to start up so I told him I give it to her. "You" he says "Where did you get it?" So just jokeing I said "Where do you suppose I got it? I stole it." So he says "You did if you got it from this ball club." But he was kidding Al because of course he knows I'm no thief. But I got the laugh on him this afternoon when Silk O'Loughlin chased him out of the ball park. Johnson was working against us and they was two out and Collins on second base and Silk called a third strike on Gandil that was down by his corns. So Gleason hollered "All right Silk you won't have to go to war. You couldn't pass the eye test." So Silk told him to get off of the field. So then I hollered something at Silk and he hollered back at me "That will be all from you you big busher." So I said "You are a busher yourself you busher." So he said:

"Get off of the bench and let one of the ball players set down."

So I and Gleason stalled a while and finely come into the club house and I said "Well Kid I guess we told him something that time." "Yes" says Gleason "you certainly burned him up but the trouble with me is I can't never think of nothing to say till it's to late." So I said "When a man gets past sixty you can't expect their brain to act quick." And he didn't say nothing back.

Well we win the ball game any way because Cicotte shut them out. The way some of the ball players was patting him on the back afterwards you would of thought it was the 1st. time anybody had ever pitched a shut out against the Washington club but I don't see no reason to swell a man up over it. If you shut out Detroit or Cleveland you are doing something but this here Washington club gets a bonus every time they score a run.

But it does look like we was going to cop that old flag and play the Giants for the big dough and it will sure be the Giants we will have to play against though some of the boys seems to think the Cubs have got a chance on acct. of them just winning 10 straight on their eastren trip but as Gleason says how can a club help from winning 10 straight in that league?

Your pal, JACK.

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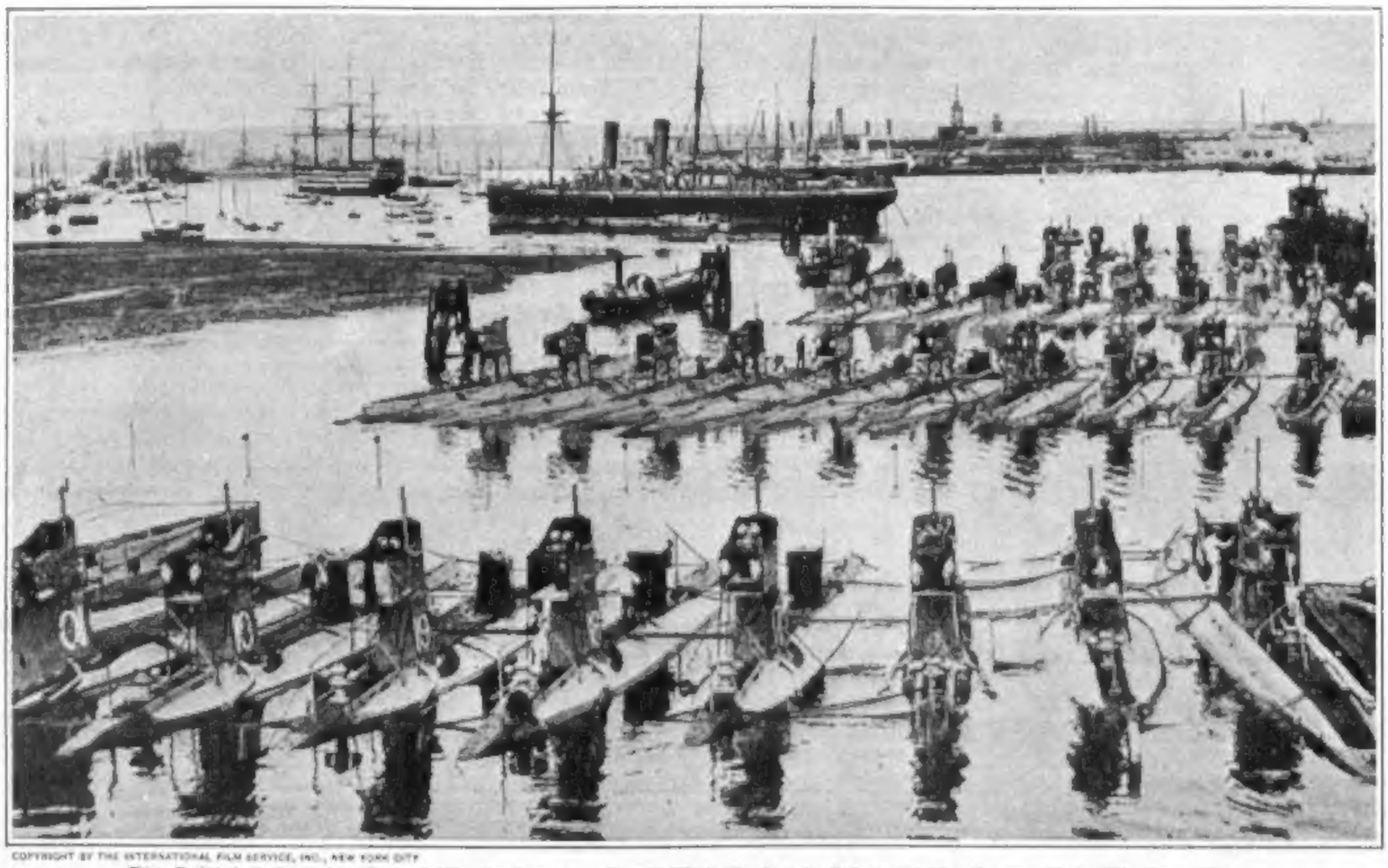
"The Different Smells Alone Must of Cost Them $100.00 to Say Nothing About All the Bottles and Cans and Tools and Brushs and the Rent and Furniture Besides"

Submarine Against Submarine



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The British Submarine Patrol Mostly Concerns Itself With Trying to Intercept the Enemy Near His Own Shores

By RALPH D. PAINE

WHILE the destroyer ranges the surface of the sea to hunt and blot out the pirate U-boat, another kind of warfare, secretive and desperately hazardous, is being waged for the same purpose. For obvious reasons the British Admiralty makes public no record of the toll it takes of the enemy's craft, nor does it indicate the means employed to add to the long list of missing with all hands. The German ports of the North Sea and the Belgian coast can know only that so many of their submarines departed with high hopes of strafing merchant vessels and never came back. The mystery and suspense thereof are not good for the morale of the other crews that await their turns. It is permitted to say that not a few of these disasters have been the work of British submarines, which learned quite early in the war that the Hun could be stalked under the water and outwitted at his own particular game.

He has no great taste or aptitude for this sort of strategy, much preferring to dive and dodge and gain the open sea, where he cannot be cornered or compelled to fight back. His quarry is the cargo ship and his sole object the destruction of tonnage and supplies. So long as the British submarine will let him alone he will never go out of his way to look for trouble. When surprised and attacked he is very likely to get the worst of it. As a weapon of offense, used against hostile submarines in strictly naval warfare, the U-boat has failed to achieve what was expected of it, and this phase of its activity has been distinctly inglorious.

Submarine Patrol Duties

IT WILL be apparent that the British submarine patrol mostly concerns itself with trying to intercept the enemy when coming and going near his own shores, where his routes converge, and then to get after him with torpedo or shell fire, to ram him if possible, and at least to drive him under and into the perils of nets and mines among which he must blindly grope. It is also easy to perceive that the North Sea must be the area in which this extraordinary business is largely carried on.

The patrol has other duties: To watch and investigate neutral shipping from Holland, Norway and Sweden; to overhaul the innocent lugger and the trawler with a hidden gun; to discourage German mine sweepers and to bag the enemy's merchant ships which venture to make a run of it along the coast and often get caught at it. Targets more worth while are sighted now and then—a destroyer flotilla or a cruiser squadron out for a short practice cruise, while in Helgoland Bight there is always the chance of an encounter of some sort to break the monotony.

It is the duel of submarine against submarine, however, which most thrillingly dispels the cheerless drudgery of the day's work, a sport royal to make the crew forget its manifold discomforts. Disappointments are frequent, for it is one thing to catch a glimpse of the enemy and quite another to close with him before he warily submerges and leaves no trail. A submarine may cruise on its appointed station through one tour after another, week in and week out, and return home empty handed; but there are always the expectation of getting one next time and the consolation of hearing how the other fellow potted his U-boat with a torpedo which exploded fair and square.

There is no service afloat so hard and exacting as this, especially in the dead of winter, when I was fortunate enough to experience a bit of it in a submarine—call her "P 76"—which was one of a flotilla whose base was a North Sea port. Several of them were resting between trips, moored side by side to the depot ship in which the officers lived, having merely existed while at sea. They lingered, a dozen or more, at breakfast in the spacious wardroom, very young men with pleasant, almost shy manners, anxious to be obliging, but finding it awkwardly difficult to talk about their trade.

This was partly a matter of racial temperament, partly the reticence habitual to the British Navy, which believes that what it does is nobody's business but its own. Really, there wasn't much to tell one about, in the opinion of these ingenuous young submarine commanders. You took your boat out for so many days, and if you were lucky and didn't get done in by a mine or a bomb or strand yourself on some silly shoal while pokin' about, you wandered back and were jolly glad of it. If you met a Hun you pulled up your socks and let the blighter have it before he groused you. How was America getting on with the war and why didn't she send some of her submarines over to join up with the show? Here was something they were all frightfully interested in.

There had been many changes in the company that sat at this long wardroom table, vacant chairs from time to time when it was officially reported to the Admiralty that a certain submarine was six days overdue and it was regretted that she must be considered lost. Her officers had gone away with a cheery, careless farewell to their friends and paid the price, which is to vanish without a trace. In this the submarine trade differs from that of the fighting aviator or the destroyer crew. The misfortune of war almost invariably means that there are no survivors to tell the tale of what befell.

Torpedo Practice at Sea

THE commander of P 76 proceeded to incase himself in all the warm clothing that could be wriggled into, and presently led the way across the narrow decks of the other boats until his own bridge and conning tower were reached. The lines were cast off, and to the muffled beat of her engines the submarine slid a long gray back out into the harbor. A cold wind whipped the sea beneath a sky sodden and gloomy. Spray began to fly across the strip of deck, upon which two or three sailors moved with sure-footed agility, indifferent to the risk of slipping overboard. They were used to leading the lives of acrobats. They were specialists, each man trained for his own task, tested in the daily responsibilities of war, where no one could afford to make a mistake.

Well off the coast a destroyer lifted against the misty horizon and made her recognition signal. It was on the program of P 76 to shoot a torpedo or two with dummy heads at this destroyer by way of practice, and the order was passed below, "Make ready to dive!" Down came the wireless mast to be stowed and lashed. The propulsive power was shifted from the surface engines to the silent, smoothly running electric motors. Tight and stripped, the buoyant steel shell of a submarine was prepared to plunge under on the instant.

The ballast tanks began to take in water and the deck settled lower, as the tide rises on a rock, until the bridge resembled a small island unsubmerged. It was time to squeeze through the conning-tower hatch and go below. Last to descend was the skipper, who closed and screwed down the round hatch plate behind him. It was always the final ceremony, the crew keeping an eye on the ladder for the sight of those long legs in sea boots to tell them that the boat was sealed and about to seek her diving trim.

Without sound or motion, barring a very slight slant of the floor, P 76

The Men of the Submarine Service are Most Superbly Doing Their Part, and America as Well as England Should Be Proud of Them

sank to twenty-six feet and hung there, poised, to get her bearings for the torpedo attack. Now the balance and flotation of a submarine when under water are difficult problems. She is almost as sensitive as a toy balloon, and to keep her on an even keel at the depth required demands sensitive, skillful juggling with valves and pumps and hydroplane rudders. The skipper stood beside the periscope, where there was a clear space in the complexity of machinery that fairly crowded the brilliantly lighted cavern from end to end, and gently, patiently nursed his boat until she was properly trimmed. A little water was forced out of one of the many ballast-tank compartments, more admitted somewhere else, and the orders followed each other like this:

"Crack the main line."

"Open Four and Seven."

"Close Two and Five."

"Is that valve open? Then start the pump."

Two petty officers sat on stools before the large dials of the depth gauges and watched the pointers move, responsive to the slight movements of the boat, which swam so lightly in its fluid element. They held her at twenty-six feet by turning the handles which controlled the horizontal rudders at bow and stern. The whirring sound of these controls was all that disturbed the uncanny silence within the boat after the commander had finished the task of trimming her. The motors had been stopped. The men spoke in low tones which seemed habitual. They were not tense or strained, but profoundly preoccupied with what they had to do. This attitude of concentration was part of the trade. Men whose wits were apt to wander had no place in a fighting submarine.

The danger in which these men toiled and lived was not so insistent an impression as the unbroken discomfort of it—most of all the cold, which had to be endured without relief. When the boat rose to the surface—and this was at night while on patrol—the air chilled them to the bone as soon as they were exposed to it. There was no means of heating their quarters below, where the temperature was always wintry. For days and nights on end they endured it—that is the only word—and were never thoroughly, comfortably warmed until they fetched port again. There is no more miserable feeling than this, to be always on the point of shivering, and in a space so cramped that physical exercise to stir the blood is impossible.

There was, of course, no such thing as sleeping or living rooms. The three officers were permitted the luxury of shelf bunks which pulled out from the lockers in which they stowed their clothes. They even had a curtain, which could be drawn to shut them off from the crew. As for the men, they slept on the floor, in nooks and corners among the intricate and numerous machines that filled the boat, or in suspended canvas hammocks in impossible places, and slept like bats dangling from the roof of a shed. They cooked after a fashion on tiny electric stoves and managed to keep the teapot going at all hours, a strength and solace to the Briton in any stress. There were no complaints. That a man in a submarine should complain about anything is a patent absurdity.

Gazing into the eyepiece of the periscope, the somber sea was disclosed with startling distinctness; as was the small image of the destroyer a thousand yards away, the foam breaking white in her wake. A turn of the periscope, and another submarine came into the field of vision, no more than a blur. She, too, was awaiting the moment to launch a practice torpedo, but she might have been a U-boat sighted in this manner. The illusion was perfect. It was possible to perceive what one of these encounters would look like, nothing more to see than this at the surface, and nothing whatever visible as soon as the attacking submarine should house its periscope and dive.

The commander of P 76 was watching and biding his time, imperceptibly maneuvering his craft until a final glimpse persuaded him that his bow tubes bore on the mark of the moving destroyer, calculating his deflection to allow for the speed of the target. Crouched far forward, the torpedo gunners flooded the tube and stood by the gearing. The commander fired the terrific missile from where

(Continued on Page 55)

THE NEW ITALY—By Isaac F. Marcosson

The Fight for Freedom From German Economic Bondage

I WAS on my way back from the Italian Front. All day I had watched the duel of guns across the Carso. Now, after a wonderful sunset that flooded the Adriatic with fire and revealed Triest white and shining in almost dazzling relief, night was coming on. Already the searchlights licked the shell-swept hills with telltale tongues of radiance.

My guide, an Italian captain, began to talk of the future Italy. He was a temporary officer whose command of languages equipped him peculiarly for headquarters duty. In peace he controlled an industry that employed ten thousand men and women; in war he was merely a cog in the military machine.

"No matter what dangers we face, Italy will come out of the war more united, more efficient, and with a whole new economic future that will make her a world trade factor," he said.

The boom of cannon punctuated his remarks. Artillery, ammunition and supply trains rattled up and down the road we traversed. We were in the midst of actual war. Yet he looked ahead to peace and the reconstruction that would come with it. What my companion said crystallized the sentiment of the New Italy. It was the voice of a nation being remade in the crucible of the war. The high hope uttered on the edge of the maelstrom is echoed throughout the gallant kingdom, which even then was approaching the most acute crisis in its history.

In the thrill of our own part in the war in France and the glamour of kinship with England we are very apt to forget that, with the possible exception of Germany, no European country has so strong an actual racial link with the United States as Italy. We owe her much. In the first place, it was an Italian who discovered America. Secondly, millions of her citizens live and work in our midst. Their energy is written on endless highways, far-flung railway mileage, tunnels and skyscrapers without number. There are more Italians in and about New York than in Rome. During the year preceding the war nearly 300,000 immigrants left the shores of Italy to take refuge upon our own. More than 2,500,000 Italians call America home. To the average Italian the whole world outside his native country begins and ends with the United States. It is the land of promise; often the field of rich fulfillment.

When I was at the Italian Front it was no infrequent experience to have a private soldier step up, salute and say: "I helped to build the New York Subway," or "I worked on the Hudson River Tube." One day at Gorizia—then temporarily among the redeemed—a superb-looking young sergeant, who resembled a Gascon knight in his steel helmet, approached me with a smiling face and said: "My wife and children are at Warren, Ohio, my brother is in the first American draft, and I am going back to the United States if I come out of the war alive."

This typical confession shows how close is the physical relationship between two countries that industrially scarcely understand each other and that in a big business way could have much in common. What is the future of Italy? What can we do to establish an enduring economic kinship with her? What are the concrete opportunities for American trade?

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The New Italy Will be Ruled by Young Men of the Type of Marconi

Before we can go into economics, however, we must first take a swift survey of the human and historic approach to that great hour when Italy broke away from the Triple Alliance and cast her lot with the Allies. Just as it is impossible to establish trade in France without knowing the French people and their needs, so is it equally impossible to get an adequate conception of what commercial Italy means to us without knowing her antecedents or comprehending the Germanic grip upon her. In this explanation is an illuminating lesson not without a vital significance for every man, woman and child in the United States.

To begin with, the average untraveled American is too apt to look upon Italy only as a place of the past, as the treasure house of art, the sanctuary of an immortal romance that breathes of Beatrice and yet is sinister with the intrigue of Borgia. For decades this was true. Italy drowsed in the reflected glory of other days. She was literally oppressed by her traditions. But she was not alone in that luxurious dissipation. We duplicated it in our own South. One reason why the whole region on the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line stood industrially still for years after the Civil War was that it dreamed and lived "the good old days." The people in power were of a departed generation. The moment they awoke to the realities of the strenuous and practical hour in which they lived, shook off costly sentimentality, and thought of the future they became efficient and prosperous.

So with Italy. So long as the country remained a glorified art gallery and was content to specialize in tenors and tourists, she was a back number in the category of progress. As soon as she adopted German methods of commercial organization she found a greater glory in Marconi than in Petrarch. She began to print the reproduction of a modern, standardized motor factory instead of the Pantheon on her picture postcards.

Rome wanted an up-to-date tramway system, so she bored a tunnel under her famous ruins. The archæologists howled with horror at the sacrilege, but the service was improved. This is the evolution of Italy. She has a virile and animated present, and with it is linked the promise of a rich future. The glories of Mazzini and Garibaldi are linked with the achievements of Pirelli and Perrone. Realism has succeeded Romance.

It was the poet D'Annunzio who uttered the eloquent and ringing trumpet call that roused Italy to the break with Austria. The picture of the dramatist, wearing the uniform of an aviation officer and standing on the balcony of a hotel in Rome urging the nation to fight, is the incarnation of the Italy that is. Thought and action have been transformed by the war.

We have a curious and little-known comradeship with Italy in the fact that, like the United States, she has a North and a South, with as distinct a boundary line as ever divided Yankee Land from Dixie Land. She, too, has her conflict of tongue and temperament. She is a melting pot. It would be difficult to find a country of wider racial contrasts. The industrialized North is the stronghold of commerce, peopled by hardy, industrious and persevering clans. In the South are the languorous, who would rather raise olives and immigrants than become part and parcel of the national unity. They are the prey of politics, the victims of absent landlords.

Some of us look upon the Italian as a "wop," a "dago" or any other thing that you may call the ditch digger from the southern provinces, because he happens to be the type with which we are most familiar. Yet not every Italian wears overalls and sweats mud. And you will find the Italian people proud and sensitive—attuned to the fine things. Huxley once said that the Italian brain was the keenest in the world. When you meet the leaders of the war you realize that he was not wrong.

Remember, too, that the Italian is a worker. Wherever he has labored he has taken root; he generally becomes a good citizen.

The moment you begin to study Italian business you cross swords with Germany, because Germany is Italy's commercial mother. From now until the end of our pilgrimage we clash with Teutonic craft and propaganda. The mailed war fist had no more fitting prototype than the iron economic heel that pressed down on Italy.

All that happened economically in Italy before and during the war will be duplicated by Germany on a world-wide scale when the conflict ends, if possible. This is why our excursion into the domain of Latin commerce is so filled with meaning for the whole United States. Just as we are now the target of German hate, so shall we become

the stamping ground of German economic penetration with peace.

How did Germany forge the economic shackles on Italy? There was a definite reason—a curious kink of Fate—which you must know in order to comprehend fully the why and the wherefore of Teutonic domination of Italian finance and industry.

If you have read the preceding articles in this series you know that in England and France the German is out of the trade picture. He is either interned, imprisoned or a fugitive—a distinct enemy alien, and treated as such. All German influence in business has been eliminated. So far as the present is concerned it is a lost art.

The Crown Prince is the Wolf in the Fable of the Wolf and the Stork

With Italy it is different. The vast secret and relentless ramifications of German commercial intrigue impregnate the whole national body of business. To tear them out at once would rend the structure asunder. It would be business suicide. This is the reason why Italy as a nation has had no inherent antagonism toward Germany, why she delayed going to grips with her, why the task of emancipation from economic serfdom will be as colossal as winning the war itself. I do not see how she can ever be free without American help.

The All-Highest's Soap Samples

UP TO this war Italy and Germany were as close as two peas in a pod. It was a mateship born of a common dream of expansion. The German Empire and United Italy were practically framed by the same statesmanship. Bismarck, unifier of modern Germany, had as colleague the brilliant Cavour, Italy's greatest statesman. What is now the Italian Kingdom was a mere group of states before the Franco-Prussian War. France might have become their foster mother and welded them into a sisterhood that would have been a worthy ally. But France had always rubbed Italy the wrong way. The weakness and cupidity of Napoleon III and his colleagues, expressed by the seizure of Nice, Savoy and Tunis, alienated Italy and shattered her confidence. England was indifferent, so Italy turned instinctively to the Prussian giant then emerging out of blood and iron into a world power for the first time.

Cavour and those who followed him hawked Italy's ambition for national unity and trade expansion throughout Europe. The only willing ear was that of Prussia. When France ceased to be a factor in Italy with her collapse before Prussia, the hour of Italian coalition struck. The year 1870 therefore witnessed the birth of the greater Germany and greater Italy. Out of this kinship of a common imperial birthday naturally came the close economic relation. It explains everything.

Thus Germany, the empire, and Italy, the federation, stepped into the sun at precisely the same hour, one to a militaristic destiny that, like a twentieth-century Samson, shook the temple of Peace to its fall; the other to a serene and constructive career among the nations of the earth. Germany chose consuming imperialism; Italy put her faith in nationalism. This is the vital difference to-day between the two peoples. The war is being fought to maintain that nationalism as expressed in the right of the small nation to live.

Why did Italy join the Triple Alliance and ally herself with her ancient enemy, Austria, whose career was one continuous purloining of Italian territory, from the Trentino to the Adriatic? Simply because the other nations would not have her. France was linked with Russia and wanted the control of the Mediterranean; Italy, for trade and territorial reasons, had to dominate the Adriatic. Single-handed this was impossible. She followed the line of least resistance and joined with the Hapsburgs, whose greedy eyes were also on those storied waters. It was easier and better to have their nominal friendship than their avowed hostility.

All the while Germany was marching to the stewardship of Continental Europe. The genius that had welded Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Würtemberg into political unity beheld the vision of a world economic empire. Now began the affinity of German economics and politics. It was this linking up of finance and industry to statesmanship that launched the world-wide campaign for Teutonic commercial control. The insidious, ceaseless and universally vigilant institution known as German economic penetration came into being. Its chancellery was the German Foreign Office; its capital stock was intrigue joined with ready money; its secret service was embodied in nearly every German salesman, no matter where he went; the government was full partner in the enterprise and the whole globe was the field of operation. Field marshal of this army of commercial conquest was the Kaiser himself.

German economic penetration was in full swing when Italy, through Crispi, sought German help. She was an economic foundling on the doorstep of Europe. She had little cash and less credit. The great mass of her people were wedded to the soil and content with a pittance. The dissatisfied emigrated to the United States or elsewhere. Italy became the business pupil of Germany. She offered her country as the schoolroom, little dreaming that the birch rod would become the big stick. The canary began to play with the cat. Before many years had passed the bird was inside the animal.

The Kaiser became the exalted advance agent of this militant business aggression. He made frequent visits to Italy. On one of his trips occurred an amusing but none the less significant incident: The All-Highest went to see some archæological excavations. With what seemed to be a touch of imperial humor he ordered cakes of the royal soap to be distributed among the workers. The next week German salesmen appeared in the community selling the identical article that had been bestowed with such kingly grace. In other words, the Emperor had simply been a glorified sample distributor.

A Postcard Showing a German Killing the Fowl That Laid the Golden Eggs

Italy built up a big commerce, but it was German-controlled; the North bristled with industry, but it mainly used German machinery and was in charge of German experts; her banks were owned by Italian stockholders but dominated by German financiers; her ships sailed the seven seas, but under the green, white and red of the Italian flag was always the unseen but indelible black, white and red of Germany.

All this subserviency grew out of the sad fact that when Italy bared her economic bosom to Germany she did not reckon with the thing that is German trade ambition. In business as in war German might is right.

Almost before she realized it Italy had signed away her commercial future. She became the vassal of a business Prussianism. Instead of gaining economic independence she was delivered hand and foot into the most uncompromising of all slavery—the bondage to wealth.

The story of Germany's conquest of Italy is one of the most remarkable trade adventures in all history. There is no space here to present it in detail. What concerns us is the way it was done, the results it achieved, the struggle now going on to cast off the fetters, and the part we can play in the drama of deliverance.

The Financial Invasion of Italy

THE first real outpost of the German trade offensive against Italy was reared with finance. Italy needed a great bank, and Germany filled that need in characteristic fashion. In Berlin were those gigantic engines of development, the Deutsche and Dresdener Banks and the great house founded by Bleichroeder, the Disraeli of German finance. Under their direction, but more particularly with the patronage of the latter, the Banca Commerciale Italiana was started at Milan. When this bank threw open its doors in 1895 the drive wheel of the power plant that was to energize a whole new Teutonic commercial ascendancy was started. Thenceforth that marble palace in Lombardy was to be the real capital of Italian commerce. The name of this bank before the war was synonymous with German industrial authority.

The Marble Palace of the Banca Commerciale Italiana, at Milan, Was the Real Capital of Italian Commerce and Had its Finger in Every Business Pie

The beginning was interesting. Germany seldom made mistakes with her imperial trade policy. Though Italy had come to her hat in hand, she knew Italy's needs long before they were voiced. The sleepless system of German trade espionage—as necessary to trade development as it was to the military machine—had Italy charted and diagramed, ready for exploitation. Germany began her conquest of Italy in the Italian language and with Italianized Germans. She picked the two men best equipped to be both pathfinders and builders. They were Otto Joel and Frederick Weil.

In the middle of the seventies Joel and Weil, then in their teens, left their homes in Germany to make their fortunes in Italy. They secured positions with the Banca Generale of Genoa, where they learned the banking business. They also learned a great deal about Italy and the Italian temperament. The Banca Generale failed just about the time that Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin decided to establish a bank in Italy. Through the underground system which reached from every patriotic German throughout the world back to the capital, Joel and Weil were known and therefore booked for

service. They were put in charge of the baby bank at Milan; they made it the financial giant of Italy.

Joel was the strong man of the combination. He was almost Lincoln-like in appearance and had some of the great emancipator's wit, foresight, shrewdness and humor. He wielded a power such as a combination of J. P. Morgan, James Stillman, George F. Baker and Thomas F. Ryan would have spelled. These Americans represent interests that sometimes war on each other. Joel, on the other hand, was head and front of a trust that brooked no opposition—certainly not for many years.

The Banca Commerciale Italiana began with a capital of five million lire, or a million dollars in American money. This capitalization grew to a hundred and fifty million lire. Now the interesting and illuminating feature of this capitalization—and it applies to nearly all German-endowed enterprises in Italy—is this: Practically the only German money actually put into the bank was the original investment. Just as soon as the business expanded, this capital was withdrawn and supplanted with Italian money. The power and prestige of the institution, however, remained with the German director and his associates and were employed for German promotion. This was the backbone of German penetration in Italy.

Why did the Italian stockholders stand for this procedure, you naturally ask? Simply because the average Italian stockholder is no different from any other stockholder the world over. So long as he gets his dividends regularly he does not concern himself about management. This kind of director who does not direct permitted the abuse of corporate power that led to the insurance and kindred exposures in the United States.

Italy had no Hughes to put the probe into dizzy finance. The Banca Commerciale Italiana was so intrenched in power that its mastery of the Italian situation was complete. It could do no wrong.

Now you can understand the astounding fact that though Germany was the economic master of Italy her actual cash investment in the country was less than that of any other nation doing business there, including Switzerland. According to the most reliable statistics prior to the war the investments of foreign countries were approximately as follows: Belgium, $37,000,000; France, $30,000,000; England, $22,000,000; Switzerland, $16,000,000; and Germany, $6,000,000. Yet with this paltry $6,000,000 she was able to influence industry and control or have some kind of interest in nearly all the 783 stock companies in Italy, whose combined capital was not less than $900,000,000.

Strong-Arm Finance

TO BE specific—and I use the figures given to me by the present head of the bank—the institution has definitely aided in the organization and control of 19 chemical and electrochemical industries, 25 engineering companies and shipyards, five mineral companies, 21 textile industries, 24 transportation lines, nine building and building-materials industries, 16 general industries, three huge concerns for the production of foodstuffs, and four hotel companies that operated everywhere.

How was this supremacy achieved? Study Italian financial and industrial enterprise and you soon get the answer. No man or group of men in Italy could make corporate headway without the aid or consent of the Banca Commerciale Italiana. I will tell you why. The bank was the Italian partner of the famous Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft of Berlin, better known as the A. E. G.—the great German electric-machinery trust that could give American monopoly cards and spades and beat it in the great game of business freeze-out. If you know anything about German business you know that the A. E. G., like the Hamburg-American Line, the North German Lloyd Steamship Line and the Potash Trust, was among the Kaiser's business pets. It operated in every Continental country and usually got what it wanted. It was literally the dynamo of Europe.

The Banca Commerciale Italiana put the A. E. G. into Italy. Otto Joel made himself president of the Italian company, and Weil was an associate. It was financed, of course, by the bank, which means that it became a province of the German industrial hierarchy.

The Fable of the Eagle and the Turtle is Applied to Bulgaria

Sour Grapes: The German Fox Gazing at a Vine Representing the Allies

What happened? I can perhaps best illustrate with a concrete story:

A group of men got together at Milan and organized a company to supply electric power in a certain district in the north of Italy. They went to the Banca Commerciale Italiana to get the capital.

After they had stated their case and shown how profitable the enterprise would be, the bank official said: "We shall be very glad to finance the scheme."

"How soon can we get the money?"

"Good!" replied the promoters. "How soon can we get the money?"

"Have you arranged to get your electrical machinery?" asked the banker.

"We have made a very excellent contract with a French house," answered the spokesman.

"I am extremely sorry to hear this," retorted the banker. "In that circumstance we cannot let you have the capital."

"But why?" asked the promoter.

"Because we never lend money to electrical enterprises without providing the electrical machinery ourselves," was the explanation.

The promoters had to have the money. With it was a string that tied up a contract with the A. E. G. for all the machinery needed. German capital is always exacting.

In this episode, which I could duplicate by the score, is revealed the secret of the influence wielded by the Banca Commerciale Italiana. What was true of the electrical industry was true of nearly every other industrial enterprise. When the bank did not lend money it obtained voting control by paying a certain sum to represent individual stockholders at directors' meetings. Thus corporate plans and prospects became an open book. The Banca Commerciale Italiana had its finger in every business pie; to every loan it made was attached some reservation that produced business for German firms and put money into German banks and German pockets. Alongside its activities the Standard Oil Company in its palmiest days as trade autocrat was an innocent child, while the so-called American Money Trust, with its system of interlocking directorates, was nothing less than an altruistic institution.

The control of the electric industry carried with it a peculiar prestige. Italy has no coal mines. Even before the war the problem of fuel supply was difficult. Now it is acute. The industries of the country had to turn to water power. Under normal conditions Italy has an estimated total water power of nearly five million horse power. The Germans began to exploit it, and for a variety of reasons: First of all, it meant the employment of German electrical machinery; second, it enlisted German engineers; third, and more vital to Teutonic trade ambition, the more independent Germany made Italy of British coal the greater would be Italy's dependence upon the output of German forges and factories. With the Banca Commerciale Italiana to finance, and the A. E. G. to provide equipment, the drive to establish and develop water power succeeded admirably.

The first sign of industry that I saw when I crossed the frontier last autumn from France to Italy was an electrical power station in the Alps, equipped with German machinery, generating power through German wire and on iron posts made in Germany. It told the whole story. Though the Germans were nominally gone, their works remained behind.

German Control of the Italian Press

ELECTRIC-POWER control gave Germany still another vital weapon. When you sell electricity you have access to every man's house. This means that the agents of the Electric Trust had the complete and undisputed run of the country. Arsenal, fortress, factory and home alike came under the scrutiny of German commercial development, which was the full working partner of military ambition.

I can give you no more convincing evidence of the completeness of the espionage system before the war than to repeat what an Italian officer, recruited from industry, told me at Udine, the charming little town in the mountains which was once the general headquarters of the Italian Supreme Command. Summed up it was this: Ninety-five per cent of the electric horse power in the province of Venetia, which touches the Austrian frontier and which subsequently became the line of attack at the outbreak of hostilities, was in German hands. Before a blow was struck the enemy knew every square yard of land and had in its possession the plans of every structure of the slightest military importance.

The Banca Commerciale Italiana did its job thoroughly. It not only influenced politics but reached out and annexed the press. Read any account of the Germanic commercial invasion of Italy—and I refer you, for example, to a chapter in William K. Wallace's Greater Italy—and you will see

(Continued on Page 93)

The Tortoise, Representing the Allies, Beating the German Hare to Victory

A Postcard Cartoon Which Adapts the Familiar Fable of the Dog, the Piece of Meat and the Water

THE COUNTRY MOUSE

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR FREDERICK

I BROUGHT it from the office last night and forgot to hand it over," Mr. Peabody apologized across his Sunday dinner table and went fumbling in his pocket until he had brought out the cheap pink envelope, engraved with the Annister crest, which had come nearly a month ago and introduced the Fluff idea into West End Avenue.

"I dropped it into a drawer and intended to read it every day—only got at it yesterday afternoon," he went on as he scratched his sparse red curls and puckered his little eyes. "It's easy enough to understand, once you get Sophie's system."

"Can't I see it, mother?" The pretty girl turned her black eyes appealingly.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," acknowledged the placid third at table; and old Garry Peabody handed over the scrawly sheet.

Dearest Nan: I was both pleased and surprised to receive your letter inviting my little girl to visit yours, because it came as a happy shock to know that after these years you still have some interest in us.

Of course she will come and most gladly, for the Great City lures her as it does all girls; and for my own part I am glad to have her go, as there is a most undesirable young man, who is so persistent in his attentions that despite the great number of admirers she has—and has had ever since her hair was up!—I am a little afraid she might take him, and as he has nothing and you are a mother yourself I know you will understand my being glad to have her diverted.

With my love to your dear girl, and thanking you for your thought of your little country relative, and my regards to Garry, Affectionately, SOPHIA ANNISTER.

"Mrs. Roman Sutler, Up the Lake, Makes All My Clothes," Confided Fluff. "She Copies the Patterns Out of the Fashion Magazines, and They Do Say She Improves Them a Lot"

Being responsible for the approaching Fluff, Rosa said nothing.

"Doing anything to entertain her?" asked old Garry.

"Rosie's been arranging the parties," explained the calm Mrs. Peabody. "Fluff gets here to-morrow noon. And I do hope she has a good time." This seemed her main concern.

"Good time!" snorted Garry. "Turn a country girl loose in New York with nothing to do but see the wheels go round—she's got to have a good time. Nan, do you remember when I first took you to see the Eden Musée?"

His wife gave him an affectionate glance for this. She was plump, blue-eyed and pleasant to look upon; and there was something comfortable about her, too, in keeping with the petunia-colored plush curtains and the pot-bellied Peabody silver on the golden-oak sideboard.

"Things have gotten pretty complicated since then," she resumed her worry. "Sophia Annister has lived so long up state—I don't know what notions she's got about what's proper for Fluff ——"

"As I remember it, Sophie wasn't such a dead one in her day," the millionaire druggist pointed out; and was sorry he said it.

"The Annisters aren't so well off as they used to be," resumed Mrs. Peabody, finishing her soup. "I can see that by the snippy way she answered my letter. I don't know how she can afford clothes for Fluff. And she'd eat her heart out if she thought her girl wasn't as well gotten up as the next one."

"You haven't forgotten the time when you were little girls and Sophie visited the farm up at Penn Yan?" Garry asked his wife, and winked at Rosa.

"She was proud as a peacock, I'll admit," said Mrs. Peabody, bridling slightly. "She used to put on her party clothes to watch pa milk the cows; you'd thought she'd never seen a cow before. The Burgeonville Whipples were very superior in those days."

"*Tempus fugit*," philosophized the druggist from out his meager store of Latin. "And now the main thing is to give Fluff a pleasant week of it and make her think her duds are as stylish as the next one's. Rosie, why don't you put Boly Pawley on the reception committee? He's a tango lizard with nothing on earth to do."

"Oh, Boly!" Rosa shrugged her slender shoulders at the mention of J. Bolingbroke Pawley.

"You've got to use Boly for something, even if you refuse to marry him," old Garry chuckled.

Mrs. Peabody diverted the conversation into impersonal channels until the end of the dinner, which was as substantial as everything in that prosperous pressed-brick house. And after the meal had come to its symphonic conclusion upon fruits and nuts the Peabodys rose and took their separate ways. The Sunday nap was in vogue among the Peabodys. Rosa, who favored moderate eating and exercise, was the exception to the rule; as soon as chairs were pushed back she went into the small glass-inclosed space off the dining room and lingered awhile amid her mother's horticultural exhibit. They called this room the fernery, though it was more nearly a rubber plantation. Thriving and glossy along the glazed walls were rows of cyclamens, bleeding hearts, fuchsias, geraniums and a great variety of foliage plants, which Mrs. Peabody tended with a countrywoman's passion for growing things. Rosa was in the act of clipping a cluster of pink geraniums for her room when her father came in.

"Suffering from insomnia, dad?" asked she, looking up.

"I need exercise," he apologized rather sheepishly, caressing the bulge in his waistcoat. "What say we pick out a lover's lane ——"

"Oh, if it's bad as that I'll take you to Grant's Tomb and back," she responded, and flew for her fur-trimmed coat and hat.

As they walked toward Riverside Drive she kept wondering what had come over dad. He hated exercise; it was evident he wasn't walking for the fun of it. He blinked and yawned with every step. It was not until they had joined the endless Sunday procession, marching and countermarching along the Drive between Seventy-second Street and the architectural pudding dish which shelters the bones of Fort Donelson's conqueror, that he cleared his throat and began unburdening his mind.

"Was it your mother's idea, asking Fluff down from Burgeonville?"

"No; it was mine," explained Rosa. "I've been intending to for a year."

"How did the notion ever get into your head?"

"Last winter, when I was coming down from Canada, the train got blocked at a funny-looking station. I didn't think it was Burgeonville at first. Then I saw the sign and it dawned upon me that here was the place where I was born. I got to thinking of the funeral, the time we saw Fluff and her mother eleven years ago. Do you remember the big, tumbledown house with the weeds in the yard and the broken urns on the gateposts?"

"Only too well," replied old Garry, quite without his humor.

"Well, looking from the station last winter it struck me Burgeonville was the saddest place I had ever seen. I asked mother about Fluff as soon as I got back to New York. I wanted to have her right down for a visit, but grandma was ill then. So I began coaxing mother again this year."

"Of course you always take a chance," commented Peabody in that unnatural voice.

"Why—aren't they nice?"

"Sophie Whipple was very lovely when she was young," said Rosa's father, and he was gazing straight ahead of him.

"Fluff must be very pretty by now."

"She would be. H-m-m. Her father was regarded as an unusually handsome man."

The echo of a buried jealousy rattled in the voice of this undersized millionaire with the commonplace figure.

"And Rosie," he went on impulsively, "all I'm afraid of is that you're biting off more than you can chew."

"In what way?"

"I'm a country boy," said Peabody, "and your mother's a country girl. You can't realize the feeling, never having been put in that position; but it's a horrible torture for folks who don't know the ropes to be dropped, cold-handed, right into the midst of a crowd who do. It makes 'em unhappy, and proud and cross-grained—and mighty contrary! I'll never forget the time I found myself in that fix. A cousin of Sophie's was being married—it was called a rainbow wedding—very swell in those days. Everybody there dressed to kill. A lot of dudes and belles prancing round, giving each other the masonic sign, showing that I was a Rube and didn't belong to their lodge. I guess I'd have frozen to the wall if your mother hadn't come round and thawed me out."

"Poor dad! It must have been awful."

"Not so bad—that was the night I proposed to mother."

"If I'd been there I'd have fallen in love with you myself," she enthusiastically assured him, clinging to the broad sleeve of his overcoat.

"Hush your blarney!" He pretended to be annoyed. "What would Boly Pawley be doing all that time?"

"You know, dad, I'm awfully fond of Boly."

"When you begin that way I know you're going to knock. What's the matter with him?"

"I think he amuses me too much."

"That can be done," agreed her father, coming back to a broad grin.

"I'd be lonesome if he didn't show up once in a while. But he doesn't seem to mean much to me."

"That's the woman of it." His smile faded.

"You're talking like an old cynic to-day," she scolded. "Anybody would think you were unhappily married or something."

"That would be a pretty erroneous impression, wouldn't it?" he yielded.

"I hate those half-baked remarks about women. Leave that sort of wise stuff to old young men like Boly."

"Say on—I'm listening."

"If I told you my theory about Boly Pawley you'd be shocked to death."

She stopped in her walk and faced her father with an air which hinted that she had found Boly to have two stomachs or a secret passion for astrology.

"You can't shatter any of my illusions." He smiled.

"Well, then: Love is Nature's process of selection for the benefit of the race. I know this sounds a lot like the book I got it out of, but you can't deny it. I've watched Boly Pawley for a long time—and I've heard a lot about him too. He's a bright talker in a small way, and a good dancer, and he simply adores clothes. But his talk merely covers his cockney New York ignorance, just as his good dancing and well-cut trousers try to make up for his skinny little calves. He hates the sight of work; the only mental effort he ever makes is spent on wheedling money out of his father; his constitution and his conscience are both badly undermined."

"That's quite a list, I will admit," her sire conceded.

"As a business proposition—honestly, dad—would you take a man like that into partnership?"

"He represents quite a bit of capital," demurred the successful retail druggist.

"He won't represent it long, once he gets his hands free," she pointed out.

"Well, I shouldn't call Boly a very safe investment."

"Would you take into your family a very dubious business proposition with a broken constitution and bad habits?"

"See here, Rosie!" He threw up his hands. "I never asked Boly to marry you."

But she would not be diverted from her relentless cross-examination.

"Do you think a man like J. Bolingbroke Pawley is a fit candidate to be the father of my ——"

"Land of Canaan!" swore old Garry Peabody. "Your mother and I didn't talk like that the night we met at the rainbow wedding."

"Nature probably did the talking for you," she told him.

"We'd better change the subject," he broke in, attempting to be firm. "But while we're at it, Chuck, I want to tell you that you're just about on the right track. Not that I believe in this eugenics rot—you can't improve the race by incubating a lot of little Eugenes, born perfect and with no chance of getting any better. But this Boly Pawley is small fry, I agree."

"I really want to get married, daddy," she wailed. "I'm getting along—past twenty-three—and I don't seem to have any patience with the little dancing fellows that show up, whole fraternities at a time."

"Save 'em for your Cousin Fluff," suggested old Garry with characteristic frugality.

"I've already asked Boly to be good to her, and he behaved just as he always does when you ask him to be decent."

They paused a moment and looked over the coping. The Sunday procession, each item furred or plumed or top-hatted, presented to the superficial eye the effect of an endless plutocracy. Peabody and his daughter leaned their elbows on the stone wall and gazed toward the Hudson, a wintry stream upon which polar ice packs floated down from Poughkeepsie way while fussy tugs churned round the hulls of war-gray destroyers.

"I guess Florence will be quite a job," said her father at last, casting a timid glance.

"Perhaps not; anyway I'm glad she's coming."

"I haven't said much to your mother about it. You girls are about the same age, and it'll be easier for you to understand. You've got to expect her to be sort of shy. It'll be up to you not to allow her to be shoved into a corner. If her clothes are a little bit shabby and behind the style you must remember it's harder for the Annisters to get things than it is for us. Sophie Annister has probably worked her fingers to the bone, making over old things. She's proud as Punch ——"

"Dad!" Rosa's face brightened. "I'll solve the clothes situation."

"Then I've been wasting my lecture." He grinned.

"I'm going to lend her some of mine."

"You're the real thing, Chuck," he told her huskily.

They said very little as they walked back to the pressed-brick house in West End Avenue. Weaving daintily among the winter's third crop of snow, shocked grimily along the gutter, came the nice figure of Boly Pawley. He wore light-topped boots, a silk hat and pallid gloves. Boly's little knobby face, with its tiny fur patch for a mustache and its poppy eyes, always reminded Rosa of a Boston terrier. "I've walked twice round the Island looking for you," he scolded.

"We've been arranging a program for Cousin Fluff," said old Garry, his good nature returned as he winked at his daughter. "You're to be chairman of the entertainment committee."

"Have a heart, Mr. Peabody!" pleaded Boly. "I'll take her to prayer meetin' and show her the family album if Rosie insists. She wants me to be good to Fluff for her sake. Well, I'm a wise bird. When a girl asks you to be good to another girl for her sake it indicates one of two things: Either the other girl is a lemon or the girl thinks you're such a boob she doesn't care whether she loses you or not ——"

"You are indeed a wise bird," agreed Mr. Peabody with genuine sadness as he walked away toward his Sunday evening at the Apothecaries' Club. The humiliation and the triumph of his thirty-fifth year were following his footsteps to-night.

You would never have thought of this smooth and comfortable little person, waddling along through Manhattan's snow piles, as the ancient battleground of two loves. Peace had come to him in a curious victory before the nineties were well on their way.

Garry's father had driven a hack to and from the Burgeonville station, and Garry, having studied pharmacy at Buffalo, had clerked in Robb's drug store and finally taken the establishment for his own. Almost from the first day of proprietorship over the Burgeonville establishment Garry had begun introducing vaudeville into the ancient and honorable profession of pill-mixing. His corner was the first of the Jumbo Drug Stores—later famous—and his peace-destroying window displays were the wonder and amusement of the countryside.

"There's nothing sacred about the price of quinine," was one of his favorite sayings. "Why can't I cut rates in drugs, same as in sugar?"

Nobody could tell Garry exactly why. Yet Burgeonville had its gasp when the Jumbo offered a beautiful souvenir bottle of cologne with every prescription of fifty cents or over filled on Wednesdays or Saturdays. Borrowing from the arts of the patent-medicine faker Peabody found a stranded minstrel performer, blacked him up, put him in the window to demonstrate a lot of razors, bought at a bargain from a bankrupt in Syracuse. The Jumbo seemed to be handling almost anything but drugs, yet prescriptions were carefully compounded as per sign.

It was notable that Garry was headed toward doom. The seven wise men of the town whispered: "He's borrowing money like water." Yet when things collapsed they fell from the outside in; before Jumbo's second Christmas two rival firms had succumbed, and Garry, who was substituting real cigars for the traditional drug-store article, was asking cheerfully: "What's the matter with running Jumbo through Syracuse and Buffalo and maybe down to York?"

The growth of factories in the Burgeonville region had caused the town to flourish and there was reasonable elbowroom for Garry's expanding ambitions. He might have married any of a dozen pretty, sensible young ladies; but Garry's love for brilliant effects took him far astray in one particular.

Sophia Whipple returned from finishing school with a fashionable figure and a come-hither in her eye. The Burgeonville Whipples held themselves very high in those days. Not at all like their poor farm-grubbing cousins, the Penn Yan Whipples—mercy, no! There was a dear, dead Whipple ancestor, buried somewhere in Rhode Island, who had borne a crown title and been an eminent somebody. Of course the Penn Yan Whipples might have held a claim to that stock, too, but the Penn Yan Whipples weren't claiming very much.

Across the allurements of his show window Garry Peabody beheld Sophia walking down the street, wearing the first tailor-made suit the town had ever seen in—or on—the flesh. It was made of broadcloth, drawn in very tight at the waist, with little tails sticking out back and great leg-o'-mutton sleeves puckered at the shoulders. This she wore arrogantly, a little gravy boat of a hat perched upon her reddish curls. Actually she looked not half so absurd as the ultrafashionable young lady of to-day.

Garry had just introduced his new crystal soda fountain, from which he could draw such exotic beverages as Sea-Breeze Cream and Tutti-Frutti Cobbler; and he gave the pampered Sophia Whipple his very personal attention when she wandered in on a dull afternoon and chose to use her eyes for his undoing. They were handsome, shallow brown eyes, which carried with them a more dangerous languor than anything Garry could furnish out of bottles. They maddened him to ambitious dreams; he even went so far as to ask if he could call, and her consent turned him into a silly slave. Garry Peabody had never cared much about clothes until this perplexing point in his career; but after his first call at the Whipple house the fires of his new cravat vied with his blushes.

Garry possessed a saving caution which kept his Jumbo from pining utterly away from neglect; but it was certain that his business didn't prosper under the influence of Venus. When he wasn't with Sophia, Garry was taking lessons on the guitar from a local teacher, hoping to sing college glees for her pleasure. His singing voice was like that of a mournful calf; indeed, the local Circe was making a very poor animal out of the hero. The Burgeonville Republican in its society column was now referring to her as "our reigning belle." College boys from up the lake, a trifle more wary than poor Peabody, flitted round, displayed their superior accomplishments and drove the smitten druggist to distraction. And still he was her handy man. His perpetual talk about chain drug stores bored Sophia to the point of insult. It was a great comedown for the Whipples to endure this plebeian; and yet his red-headed persistency got a solitaire ring on the third finger of her left hand one winter afternoon. The arrangement brought a sort of ease to Garry Peabody, who went back to his drug store and was sane for a space of time.

Then Eric Annister graduated from Yale. He came back in June covered with fraternity pins, displaying wonderful patterns on his puffy Ascot ties, wearing trousers wider and stiffer than ever before seen in those parts, shoes with exaggeratedly pointed toes, a flat straw hat of the type then known as buzz saw; and he was leading a dangerous bulldog named Hickory. A conquering spirit, a credit to the small nobility of the county! Photographs of

"After All, We've Got to be Alone Sometimes or We'll Never Get Married," Rosa Sagely Reminded Her Mother

the splendid Annister, showing the bare calves of a varsity oarsman, were sticking in the mirrors of many dainty bureaus round the lake. He could dance any dance, round or square, that Lorena or the Washington Post ever harmonized to an enchanted ballroom. It became Burgeonville's daily upliftment to see Eric's well-matched tandem team drawing his high-wheeled dogcart between the wooden urns of the Annister gateposts.

Heigh-ho! thought old Garry Peabody on this Sunday afternoon as he passed moodily along West End Avenue. It wasn't so many years ago that he had gone to Eric's funeral and walked down Main Street, Burgeonville, as far as the dilapidated gatepost marked "27." The bronze figures hung loosely on their nails. One of the wooden urns had been split some time since; the broken piece had probably gone for Annister firewood. The iron gate had been tied with a piece of rope. On that day he had seen the ugly shape of the old Annister mansard, leprous for lack of paint, the lawn shaggy with burdock and chickweed. Down the lovely slope, rolling to the Feeder, which overflowed into the lake, crimson globes were weighing down stalwart branches of an apple orchard which no longer belonged to the Annisters. And through the corner of the lawn there was worn a little footpath, convenient to small boys hurrying to the Feeder with bent pins, intent to angle for baby sunfish as innocent and artless as themselves.

The behavior of Garry Peabody upon the first onslaught of Eric Annister had been a lesson in unpreparedness. The able local druggist knew nothing about the game which was instinctive to the awe-inspiring collegian. Garry should have made the best of it, but it is hard for a fly, stuck in fresh asphalt, to make the best of an approaching steam roller.

Had the high-rolling young Annister come home for the direct purpose of winning Sophie Whipple he could not have gone at it better. Whom the gods destroy they first make mad; and Eric drove her crazy forthwith. He got out his spanking tandem and his dogcart with the Yale-blue wheels; and in this equipage he stopped at every prosperous gatepost round the lake—except the Whipples'. He danced with Sophia just enough to show her that they weren't two-stepping like that at the Prom that year, then he forgot about her for several fortnights while he busied himself elsewhere. During this period Garry, nursing the foolish masculine fancy that she would get over it, was as dirt under her feet. But the sight of Annister disporting his worldly charms right under her nose was to Sophie Whipple like snatching fresh meat away from a hungry cat. Garry being the nearest at hand got the scratches.

It was on the day when the Jumbo proprietor was arranging a window display of Peabody's Eczema Cream that he looked across the street just in time to realize his doom. A spirited tandem team went prancing by, and above the violent blue of the high wheels sat Sophie Whipple, giving the benefit of her killing eyes to the sportively clad gentleman at her side, who, due to constant practice, could drive tandem with one hand.

A spinster of the Whipple connection was married to a clergyman at about that time. All the Whipple stock were invited to the wedding, and that had to include at least one of those awful Penn Yan Whipples. Little Nan was wished upon the Burgeonville branch for the week of festivities; and, Sophie, branding it as an outrageous impertinence on the part of Nan's bucolic mother, saw visions of her country cousin arriving in a sunbonnet. It wasn't so bad as that, Garry remarked from his show window as he saw her driving in from the station and saw the blooming young face above a somewhat obsolete garment. Sophie was to be a bridesmaid that night and had commanded Garry to escort her, exerting her royal prerogative. He hadn't the heart to ask her why Eric didn't volunteer.

The sacred union of the elderly Miss Whipple and the still more withered divine was made the excuse for an evening party of a type much in vogue in the early nineties. It was called a rainbow wedding. To these affairs the bridesmaids came two by two, each pair imitating in China crêpe one color of the heaven's spectral arch—with a difference. And at the wedding of Second Cousin Betty Miss Sophie Whipple was a baby-blue bridesmaid with an orange ribbon. After the knot was tied she caught the bride's bouquet under the jealous observation of Garry Peabody, who had been shoved into a corner, and had the bitter satisfaction of seeing Eric Annister, wearing a Gordon sash with his evening clothes, peering into her handsome eyes and declaring that he wasn't superstitious.

"By George—I Believe You've Never Been Kissed Before!"

Poor Garry wasn't dancing that night. He had come there filled with a renewed hope and desperately resolved to show the world that the belle of Burgeonville was still engaged to him and that he had, in spite of everything, some rights on earth. Instead of which the baby-blue coquette went whirling away in the arms of the dancing knight. Sophie had lightly promised to give Garry the second dance; but at the second dance and the third she was again found reclining on Annister's well-tailored shoulder. Once as she whirled toward him she tried to give Garry an appeasing smile, but he turned his eyes away. He had noticed in a glance that she no longer wore the solitaire which he had purchased from the best dealer in Syracuse.

The entire rainbow had turned red to him and he had been considering some romantic foolishness when a little girl in a funny brocaded gown came and sat beside him. He was through with Sophie Whipple, and the thought gave him a wonderful relief. Also, the girl in the next chair had childish eyes of an honest blue and cheeks bright as the Penn Yan orchards. She seemed a little confused and confessed that she didn't know how to dance. So they sat together and watched the world go by. Later he became gallant and brought her a supper of chicken salad and mild punch. He found himself glorying in her simplicity and honesty and natural flavor; it was as though he had sickened with the perfumes of his drug store and had fled to the open air and the sweet orchards. He was reckless with the overzeal of a new convert.

And when he had taken her home to the Whipple gate after the dance and she had released the modest touch of her little hand from his sleeve he paused a minute before blurting: "I know this is sudden, Miss Whipple. But I'm going to ask you to marry me"

Sophie Whipple in the ensuing weeks paid very little attention to her ex-adorer's frequent visits to Penn Yan. The gossip got round town, but she was entirely absorbed in retaining Eric's exclusive attention. It was somewhat at variance with her nature that she didn't even once reach out and try to snatch back poor Garry.

Garry and Nan were married sensibly in the spring of 1898. Sophie managed her own affair so skillfully that her wedding with Annister came in the fall of the same year. No doubt that Garry's insurrection left a wound in the iridescent thing she called her heart, and it is probable that she hurried matters a bit with Annister. The Annister-Whipple wedding was billed as a function by the Burgeonville Republican. It packed a church and brought a high-priced organist all the way down from Buffalo. The young Annisters—Garry heard this vaguely at his hard-working prescription counter—took their honeymoon at one of New York's most fashionable hotels, which was then in the pre-dreadnought period. And they came back to Burgeonville to live in great state with Annister's opinionated mother, who bossed the square house under the mansard roof.

The young Peabodys took a small house less than two blocks away from the Jumbo Drug Store. During the forthcoming years both Garry and Eric borrowed money, Garry on his character and Eric on his lack of it. Garry, in fact, had taken to business junketings about the state; and when folks came into the Burgeonville Jumbo and reminded its proprietor that bigger and newer Jumbos were appearing in Syracuse and Buffalo the news was received with interest but without astonishment. In fact, there was an epidemic of Jumbos creeping yellow-fronted and violent from city to city. About the time Rosa was born Garry was spending most of his time on the road, only giving his week-ends to the family he adored. And on a bright Wednesday morning, scarcely bidding the town a decent farewell, they closed the Burgeonville house and moved to New York. Link by link a shining chain of Jumbo Cut-Rate Drug Stores was now working its way across the island of Manhattan.

Garry Peabody's reflections, following his habit-driven feet, had now taken him past Central Park along Fifty-seventh Street. Automatically he was turning into Fifth Avenue toward the Apothecaries' Club, of which he was charter member and life president.

"Poor Sophie was cut pretty deep," he kept thinking remorsefully, as though it were some fault of his own.

He couldn't forget the details of Eric Annister's funeral, to which a stubborn loyalty had drawn him in the early years of the twentieth century. Eric had given the town the opportunity for a splendid funeral, ostentatious and insincere, as everything must be which touched upon Eric Annister. The weedy Annister fortunes and the shame which Eric had brought his wife seemed to make no difference. Burgeonville's finest beau with all his showy incompetence lay upon his bier. The best people in the district came to the ceremony, a fashionable preacher gave his services and delivered a sermon which was dramatic

(Continued on Page 66)

THE NIGHTMARE OF PEACE

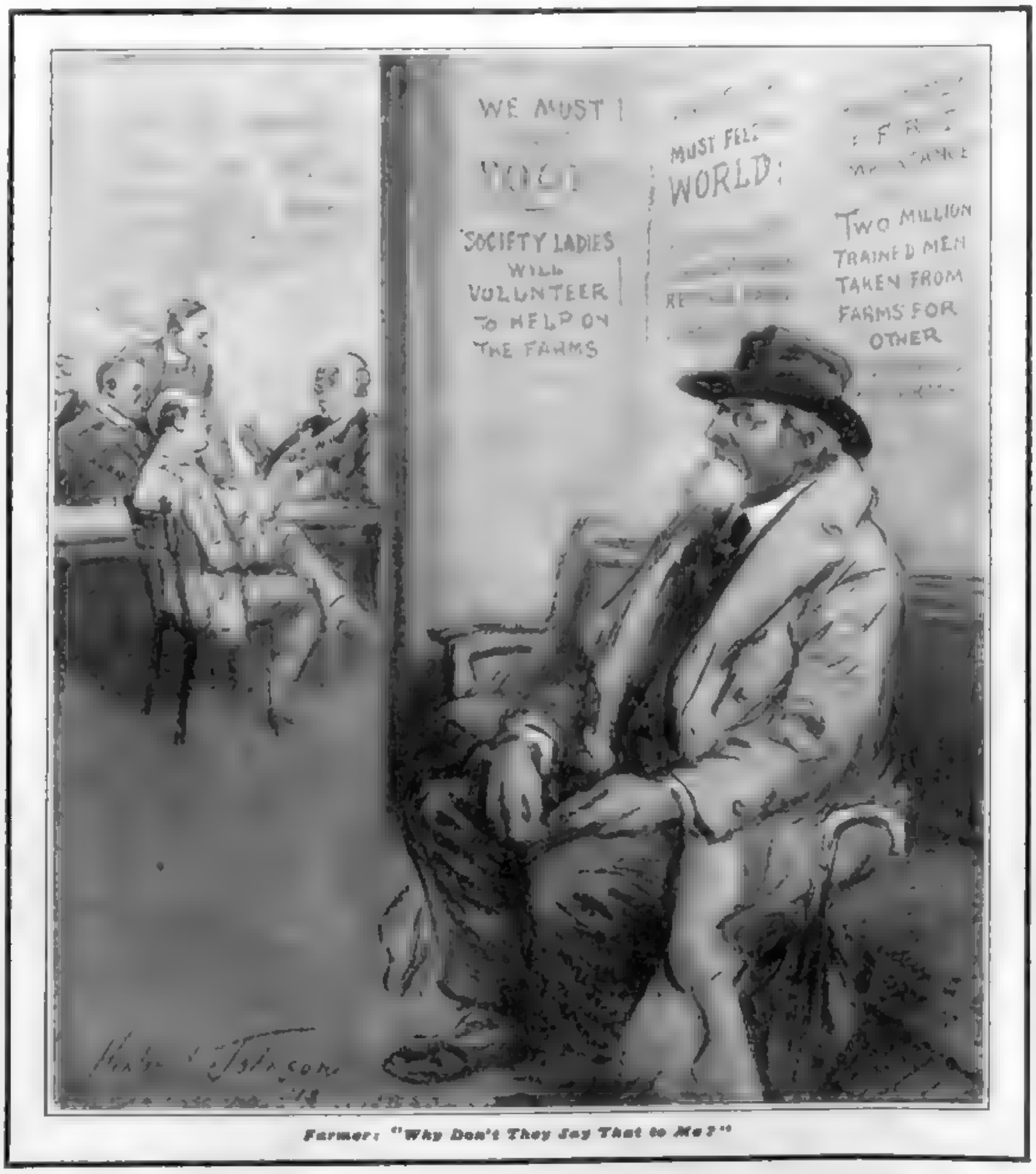
By Carl W. Ackerman

SOMETHING is always worrying the German Empire. In 1914 it was Belgium; in 1915, Russia. Last year it was "peace" and to-day it is "What is going to happen to the Fatherland industrially when the war ends?"

Throughout the forty-three famous years of Hohenzollern peace the nation was troubled because her place in the sun was not big enough. During the winter of 1917, after the wise men of the realm had conducted a three-year "crusade of defense" with armies and submarines against the rest of the world, they were troubled because all the "victories" failed to bring peace. To-day the enemy fears an economic earthquake, and the ghosts of a belligerent past goose-step in the night, disturbing the silent slumbers of a thousand Teutons.

Food shortages were difficult and distressing, but there were endless substitutes. When wool and cotton became scarce paper cloth was used; when the people's shoes began to wear out and the nation was "run down at the heel" shoe cards were distributed; when money decreased in value and more bills were needed new presses were set to work; when enthusiasm for the war subsided a propaganda of hate was launched; when foreign markets were closed to the great manufacturers the government assumed control. For everything there was a substitute.

To-day it is different. There is a universal feeling of uncertainty as to how the industries will stand the shock of no more war orders; how the millions of discharged soldiers will find employment and how welcome a German merchant will be outside the Central Powers when the tumult and shouting for Von Hindenburg are over. For this the enemy is seeking a solution or a substitute. Before the war a German business man could go anywhere, from Greenland to South Africa and from Alaska to the Falkland Islands. For three and a half years he has been shut up in Middle Europe. Now that the Kaiser has no more nations to conquer and therefore no more armies to supply, he is restive. Raw products are almost exhausted. The machinery is wearing out. Wages are high, taxes higher and the future is black. The industrial leaders see no more fortunes in war and they are beginning to talk of what they are going to do when peace is signed.


WE MUST !
SOCIFTY LADIES WILL VOLUNTEER TO HELP ON THE FARMS
MUST FEE
WORLD!
TWO MILLION TRAINED MEN TAKEN FROM FARMS FOR OTHER

Farmer: "Why Don't They Say That to Me?"

Uneasiness Over the Commercial Future

FORESEEING the dangers from an uncontrolled industrial army William II chose Dr. Karl Helfferich, former vice chancellor, secretary of the treasury, banker and railroad builder, to plan the reëstablishment of German business throughout the world. Helfferich is the Kaiser's new field marshal who is to prepare the business invasion of the world's markets. With an economic offensive he is to begin where the army stops, or, rather, where the army is stopped!

Behind a barrage of boasts Helfferich begins. After opening an office on Unter den Linden and selecting Doctor Albert—the same Doctor Albert who came to New York with a letter of credit for four million dollars to influence American public opinion—Herr Helfferich granted the Berlin correspondent of the Neue Wiener Tageblatt an audience and declared:

"The position which we and our allies occupied in the world before the war must be rebuilt, fortified, and in every possible way be made secure against new attacks of hate, robbers and deceivers."

"But, excellenz," inquired the newspaper man, "how will the business relationship between the Central Powers, the neutrals and the enemy be buttoned together again?"

"We must try in a coöperative way to establish the free and unrestricted economic relations throughout the world without government control and without hatred. A certain transition period will, of course, be necessary; but that which is absolutely certain is that we must send merchants to the front. As soon as possible we must give them every freedom of movement in the world markets. There dare not be and there will not be an economic war after this war. We must come out of this war with a powerful economic position, and in the peace negotiations we must be abundantly secured against the economic war lusts of the others."

"Merchants to the front!" "Freedom of movement!" These are the battle cries for the enemy after the war! But as Excellenz Helfferich announces his platform, is it camouflage or fact?

During the war Germany has survived because of her economic unity—because the government controlled the production, the manufacturing and the distribution of everything. Coal could not be mined or sold; iron ore could not be made into pig iron; wheat and grain could not be planted or harvested; cattle could not be bred or slaughtered—without a government order; and though hens could not be ordered to lay eggs, still the authorities controlled the product as soon as the farmer emptied the nests.

To accomplish this thousands of government bureaus had to be created, for the nation became the greatest producer and consumer in the world's history. To understand the tremendous extent of Germany's economic organization in time of war one needs but to be informed that to take care of the problems involved in the textile industry alone, according to the 1917 handbook of the German cotton industry, sixty-two separate government offices exist!

During the war the government took over the coal mines, the great industrial establishments, the shipbuilding yards and the farms. Unified industrially and economically during the war everything has been running smoothly, as smoothly as possible under the pressure of the Allied blockade. Merchants, manufacturers and farmers have made millions of marks. Judging from the deposits in the banks and savings institutions the people, too, have become wealthy. Everyone except the unfortunate middle class, which has had to work for unchanged wages, has made a fortune out of the war.

On the seventh of December the Berlin National Zeitung printed the following statement:

November brought an increase of 10,000,000 marks to the accounts of the Berlin savings banks. There were 6700 new savings books issued. Since the beginning of the year [January 1, 1917] 96,000,000 marks more were deposited than withdrawn, compared to 29,000,000 during the preceding year. The deposits at the present time, deducting the subscriptions to the war loan, amount to 477,000,000 marks, nearly half a billion! To-day there are 877,000 savings books in circulation.

A Furniture Famine

THIS money the German people have made out of the war. Judging from the bank accounts the war has been a paying business for the nation; and still it is the German Government which, day after day, claims in its newspapers that the United States entered the war to make money out of it! Simplicissimus, the Munich comic weekly, in its Christmas number printed a cartoon of President Wilson and the German peace angel, entitled Wilson's Christmas Dream.

"See, I bring you great happiness," remarks the peace dove; to which the Germans have the President reply: "How much has the dollar gone up?"

Now that the German Government boldly tells the people the war will end in 1918, business men, bankers, manufacturers, shippers and people alike are wondering whether the Imperial goose with the golden eggs is going to disappear.

Usually when an economic fight after the war is mentioned the phrase is accepted and forgotten like water at a meal. No one takes the trouble to define it and almost everyone has a different idea of what will happen. In a similar way few know the factors entering into the economic life of a nation at war. We read about shortages in Germany and wonder when the end will come. Finally in desperation we ask: "Is there no end to anything in Germany? Are there sufficient numbers of fig leaves and apples to keep the nation from freezing and starving?"

Looking out upon the enemy from my observation tower in Switzerland I see the following: A furniture famine in Dantzic which has compelled the city authorities to go into the furniture business and control the buying and selling of all new and secondhand household articles, such as chairs, tables, beds, rugs and curtains. Writing in the Berliner Tageblatt, City Councilman Doctor Gruenspan declares that municipal ownership of furniture is the only solution for the present shortages. New furniture, he states, costs from two to three times what it did before the war, while old furniture, which could always be bought reasonably, now costs from five to six times its normal price. He quotes the price of a plain kitchen chair at fifteen marks—a chair which formerly cost one mark and fifty pfennigs. An old bed with a mattress, he declares, which sold for fifteen or twenty marks in 1914, costs at least one hundred marks to-day. Engaged couples, he maintains, cannot get married because it is impossible to furnish new homes! "Our returning soldiers will suffer the most," he concludes, "because they will want to reëstablish their homes and will not be able to do so."

The Vienna newspapers print a column and a half of instructions concerning the distribution of shoes and prescribe the number of pairs each person is entitled to. To encourage the populace it is stated that large quantities of shoes are stored in various crownlands and that as soon as freight cars can be obtained from the military authorities these supplies will be shipped to the capital.

The Berlin papers state that knitting yarn during 1918 will be sold by card only, and that people who desire it will have to bring the worn socks or garments which they wish to repair to the government bureaus, to show that they need the yarn. The Kriegskleidestelle—war clothes bureau—announces that during 1917 the government bought 1,000,000 marks' worth of old clothing, which it cleaned, repaired and sold to the ragged population.

And almost daily the courts of Denmark, Switzerland and Holland listen to arguments in smuggling cases. It is very seldom that these trials are reported in the German newspapers; but on December 31, 1917, the Berliner Tageblatt printed the following article, headed: The Smuggle Journey of a Berlin Countess:

According to a dispatch from Arnhem, Holland, telegraphed from Darmstadt, Countess von Platen [born Baroness von Alden zu Ridderbeck], who lives at the home of Undersecretary of State and Mrs. von Stumm, appeared before the county court.

On the thirtieth of October there arrived at the Dutch border and custom station, Zevenaar, eleven trunks belonging to the baggage of the countess. During the day an official of the Dutch Ministry of Foreign Affairs in The Hague telephoned the custom officials at Zevenaar that the countess was en route, that she should be handled with care, and it was requested that no personal examination be made. The German consul also announced by telegraph her coming.

Even from other sources the countess was announced, but when she appeared at the border, accompanied by her daughter and the governess, with five large traveling bags, a brigade commander of the royal Dutch police notified her that he had been instructed officially to make a thorough examination of her baggage. The countess protested bitterly against the examination and referred to her references, but it did not help.

The examination disclosed that she was trying to smuggle two hundred pounds of wearing apparel. Besides this, there was a great deal of food. There were also a large number of shoes, one hundred new rubber nipples for babies' milk bottles, a quantity of children's clothes and women's underwear. Altogether the goods were valued at one thousand gulden. Everything was immediately confiscated.

Shortly afterward a sister of the countess arrived with a similar number of trunks, and they were confiscated.

The public prosecutor at Arnhem contended that the manner in which the countess had attempted to smuggle such a mass of articles, the export of which is forbidden, showed a brutal violation of the law. By misusing her position she had expected to take the articles across the border. The prosecutor demanded two months' imprisonment and the permanent confiscation of everything in the trunks.

The decision of the court has not been announced.

Thus even the German nobility, aided by influential German officials in Holland, attempts to smuggle articles from the Netherlands. If this affair shows nothing else than that there are great shortages of clothes in the enemy country it is significant; but what must the poorer people of Berlin conclude when they read that a noblewoman, evidently related to the undersecretary of state for foreign affairs, has been arrested as a smuggler?

From my observation platform I see also that great network of state railroads stretching across the Fatherland and into the occupied territories like an Imperial spider web. An official notice by the secretary of state for public works, who directs the operations of the railways, states that because of the shortage of coal and the inability of the government to make repairs to the roadbeds and cars a tax of one hundred per cent will be placed upon all railroad tickets. Only those in the army, navy or active government service do not have to pay the extra fare.

In December the German newspapers printed pictures of the new Hamburg-Amerika Linie freight ship Rheinland, "the largest ship in the German merchant marine exclusively for freight," the announcement stated. This ship of 16,000 tons was launched at Bremen and the official notices stated:

It is indeed a happy indication of the life power of the German shipping industry, so long repressed, that such a large ship could be built and launched during the war.

If the Rheinland is the only ship this one-time great transatlantic line built during the war the announcement is a joke. If this line, however, has built other ships for use after the war the only safe conclusion is that Germany is preparing for an economic war on the seas.

Perhaps the best proof of a shortage of raw materials is the decline in the profits of the great war industries. Despite the fact that during 1917 the war was being fought on more fronts and by more men than in 1916, the big firm of Fried. Krupp, A. G., in Essen, made a net profit of only 40,976,456 marks as compared to 49,657,308 marks in 1916. This shows a decrease of nearly 9,000,000 marks net profit in one year. The Chemische Fabrik Hoenningen, A. G., one of the factories producing chemicals for war purposes, showed a business of 4,430,000 marks during 1917 compared to a business of 6,170,000 marks in 1916.

The Krupp report indicates other interesting conditions which exist: The value of new and unused machinery on hand is given at 2,351,290 marks compared to 5,400,558 marks in 1916, which would seem to indicate that the corporation has had to draw heavily upon its supplies of machinery without being able to replace what has been used up. But as far as war supplies—half finished and finished war materials—are concerned, the report shows war goods on hand worth 584,225,177 marks compared to 241,628,788 marks the previous year. This would seem to indicate an unusually large stock of guns, shells and ship cannon from which Von Hindenburg and Admiral von Holtzendorff may draw this year.

As the war reaches the middle of the fourth year these conditions are beginning to worry the nation. If the war cannot go on forever and if the war profits will cease when peace comes, what is going to happen? For Germany two things are certain: First, Germany will have to buy billions of marks' worth of food and raw materials outside of the territory now controlled by her armies, because the supplies in these fields are exhausted. Besides making these great purchases she will need ships. Second, being an industrial nation, Germany will have to manufacture and sell her products abroad in order to provide work for her millions of soldiers who return from the Front, and in order to reëstablish her business and financial connections with the outside world. *(Continued on Page 105)*

INFAMOUS INOCULATION

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

ON FRIDAY, the thirtieth day of November, nineteen seventeen, at half past four in the afternoon, a young man clad in the belted overcoat and soft-felt hat of the period swung out of the building known as the Thirteen Hundred Block in the city of Paragon City and swung himself aboard the first trolley car that came along. His appearance, his manner, his freedom and buoyancy of movement—all attested the apparent fact that he was in the best of health. He was about twenty-four years old. There was nothing unusual about him—he was a fair sample of the average type of well-looking, well-dressed American youth. A woman would have glanced at him twice; a man once, or not at all. He paid his fare and asked for and received a transfer. This he scrutinized closely after he had procured a seat.

Once upon the car, close inspection would have revealed the fact that his manner had undergone a change. His face, ruddy and untroubled before, now paled. His manner became fidgety, nervous. He glanced about him at his fellow passengers with quick jerks of his head. It is probable that he was much relieved at seeing no one whom he knew. The car rapidly filled up, chiefly with women shoppers. They were all of middle age; the young man kept his seat, though several women were standing in the aisle. He rode upon this car for perhaps the space of twenty minutes. At a trolley junction he alighted and boarded another car. This car carried him along an unknown avenue into a strange part of town. By this time it was completely dark. The conductor of this car called out the names of streets as the car proceeded on its way. The young man took his station near the rear door, where he could the more clearly hear these names. He asked no questions. After a ride of about twenty minutes more he heard the street name he was listening for. He rode two blocks beyond this street, alighted from the car, and then walked back two blocks.

A few moments later he sauntered slowly past an attractive bungalow that stood on a side avenue snuggling cozily behind luxuriant foliage. There were two entrances to this bungalow that were visible from the street: a main entrance and a side entrance round the corner of the wide veranda. Above this side entrance a bright porch lamp was already lighted. Upon the portal of the door beneath this light was a name done in square black letters upon a plate-glass sign. The young man could easily read this name from the sidewalk as he sauntered past. He sighed with satisfaction—shuddering at the same time—as he read it: Alexis Arany, M. D. It was the name he sought.

The Young Man Made Up His Mind That If He Found the Doctor Busy He Would Beat an Immediate Retreat

The young man walked on to the next corner, turned and strode swiftly back again. As he walked he turned up his coat collar and drew down his soft hat over his face. He objected to the scrutiny of a group of waiting patients—he made up his mind that if he found the doctor busy he would beat an immediate retreat, trusting to another time to find the coast completely clear. He reached the bungalow, turned in at the cement walk and pressed the button. In another instant he found himself ushered into the doctor's outer office. He breathed a second sigh of relief; he turned down his coat collar and removed his hat.

The name of this young man was Oliver T. Bones.

The room he entered was unoccupied save for the presence of the nurse who had admitted him. She was an attractive young woman, whose sympathetic manner at once placed him at his ease. She had a wonderfully clear complexion and a sparkling eye. She had an almost imperceptible and altogether charming accent. She was Norwegian possibly, or perhaps a Dane. She held out her hand to the visitor.

"You will give me your card, please," she suggested.

The young man shook his head. "I have no card," he said. Then he added: "I am a stranger to the doctor. My name is Fredericks."

The young woman nodded, disappeared for an instant and immediately returned. She held an inner door open invitingly; the young man brushed against her as he passed through this door. It closed noiselessly behind him. He was in the doctor's private office.

The doctor—it has already been stated that he was a practitioner of the name of Arany—sat at his desk. He was a tall, spare man, of a somewhat foreign stamp. His face was long and pale, lined with fatigue. He was freshly shaven, but the blue-black of his beard stood out in startling contrast to the pallor of his countenance. He wore huge rubber-rimmed glasses, which became him well. He was all black and white from head to foot, this man, with one exception—the edges of his nostrils were curiously reddened. His eyes were half closed and his large head with its artistically tousled hair was resting on one hand.

Suddenly he took note of the advent of the young stranger. He cast a glance at the newcomer through his thick glasses—a glance quick, nervous, hurried—almost startled, so it seemed.

"Be seated, sir," he said, rising.

The chair he indicated was under a strong overhead light. The young man took it without hesitation. The physician's nervous manner had the effect of placing the young man quite at ease. He began to feel more or less the master of the situation, without knowing exactly why he felt so. The doctor stretched his arms; he sighed with weariness. His eyes were dull and heavy. But his face twitched, and he jerked his head from side to side.

"Office practice," he mumbled, as though half to himself, "not what it's cracked up to be. I need exercise—lots of it. Brisk walks—golf. I don't get it. Excuse me for a moment, please."

He stepped into an anteroom and closed the door. The young man retained his seat under the strong light but turned his head to watch the doctor as he disappeared. For the moment he was uncomfortable, feeling that he might be the subject of scrutiny from some unseen point of vantage. He wanted to smoke, but forbore to light a cigarette; there was no evidence that the physician smoked or permitted smoking in this private room. The physician suddenly returned; his step now was light, springy. He dropped into his armchair—worked his shoulders, breathed deep once or twice.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Better—much better! A dash of cold water on my eyes. Works like a charm."

Unquestionably he had changed—his lagging spirits had miraculously revived. The young man did not then know what had wrought the difference. Months later, in a courtroom in the post-office building in Paragon City, where the young man sat crouched down weakly in a chair by the counsel table, he learned for the first time what it was that had so suddenly rejuvenated the physician. It was enough that the doctor felt himself again. He glanced keenly at his visitor; his eyes glowed. His face was a peculiar face, the face of this specialist, Arany. It was a gambler's face—the face of a man born to take chances. He and the young man eyed each other furtively, doubtfully, for an instant; but neither flinched.

"What is your difficulty, sir?" queried the physician.

The young man glanced about him at the two closed doors. He leaned forward and spoke in low tones.

"I was told," he returned, "to say that I had come from Portugal."

The doctor flashed a glance of understanding.

"I should like to know," he said, "your name."

"Harry J. Fredericks," returned his visitor without a moment's hesitation.

The doctor smiled grimly and shook his head.

"Your real name, and address," he insisted. Then he added, holding out his hand: "Suppose you let me see your registration card."

The young man flushed, but he met the doctor's glance. "Is that necessary?" he queried.

"To me—absolutely," returned the physician. "I must know with whom I deal."

"All right for you, but how about me? Where do I get off? That's what I'd like to know."

The physician waved his hand. "You have come here to consult me as your doctor, I take it," he explained. "Well and good. You are my patient; I am your physician. Communications between us are privileged. But in a way you are quite right. Before we go further let us face the facts. Discovery is fatal—for you, for me. It would mean ten years at hard labor in a Federal prison—for you, for me. Let us both remember that and be discreet. I am in your hands—you are in mine. In view of that," he queried, "are you willing to proceed?"

The young man pondered. "I wouldn't be here," he said at length, "unless I was willing to take the risk. That ten years gives a man a jolt."

"It depends upon you and no one else," said the doctor reassuringly. "If you are discreet there will be no chance of going wrong. Nothing can happen—nothing. You may rest assured of that."

He held out his hand for the registration card; the young man passed it over. The physician made inquiry as to the address, the age, the height, the weight of Oliver T. Bones.

He made no attempt whatever to enter upon a physical examination of his young visitor. "Your face," he said, however, "has a healthy pallor. Light a cigarette. I see you want to smoke. You smoke a good deal. But I take it the habit has in no wise affected your iron constitution. You are healthy, so far as you know?"

"Dog-gone the luck, I should say I am!" returned the other.

"How do you know?"

"My doctor; he examined me some months ago."

"When?" queried the specialist Arany.

"Once before the fifth of June."

The doctor smiled broadly. "The other," he said, "a few days before the twentieth of July."

"How'd you know?" queried the youth.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Two significant dates," he returned. "You wanted to be sure. Who is your doctor?"

The youth told him.

"He found you in prime condition, I take it?" queried the specialist.

"Dog-gone it!" said the youth.

"You are not a drinking man?" queried the physician.

"Dog-gone it, no!" returned his patient. "Don't I wish I was."

"You do not use drugs?"

"Do I look crazy?" queried the youth.

The professional man considered that point interestedly for an instant, then dropped it.

"No examinations since last July?"

"No."

"That simplifies matters," mused the physician. "Within the last four months anything might happen to a healthy man. You might get run down from overwork—or cigarettes. What did you tell your doctor when you asked him to examine you? The truth; it's quite important to us both."

"Told him," answered the visitor, "that I wanted to be dead sure there was nothing to keep me from going to the Front. What do you think I'd tell him?"

The specialist nodded in satisfaction. "How did you fare in the draft of July twentieth?" he queried.

"There's the point," answered his visitor; "I was so far down the list that I knew the war'd be over before they ever called me. Now ——"

"Now," interposed the doctor, "the war is not over, and the new registration scheme knocks your calculations skyhigh."

"For all I know I may be the first man called," assented the young man.

The doctor stepped to an open safe. From a pigeonhole he took a folded printed paper, somewhat bulky in appearance.

"This questionnaire ——" he began.

"Is that one of them?" queried the youth, holding out his hand. "Like a magazine, eh? Do you mind my taking a look at it? Didn't know you could get 'em; didn't know they were out."

"You cannot get them," smiled the physician, "and they are not out. None will be sent out until the fifteenth of next month. On that date they will be sent to five per cent of the registrants; on the day following five per cent more; and so on—five per cent a day for twenty days."

"Suppose I'm in the last batch?" queried the young man.

The physician shook his head. "You may still be the first man drawn."

When She Had Finished Her Brief Task the Girl Turned, Looked Full at Dexter and Brushed Past Him as She Left the Room

He rose and strode round the corner of the desk, peering at the printed questionnaire over the young man's shoulder.

"You are in the real-estate business, you say?" he queried.

"You bet," said the young man.

"The real-estate business is one not particularly essential to the maintenance of the United States Government; you therefore would not be kept here in your job. You are, I take it, unmarried?"

The young man nodded. "Old man's game," he said. "Do you think I want to be tied down at my age? Not so!"

"You are without dependent relatives?"

"Dog-gone it!" said the young man.

"Being in first-class physical condition, a single man, without dependent relatives, and engaged in the real-estate business—that places you in Class One at once. The chances are you go to war, unless ——"

"When would I go, if I went?"

The physician shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody knows; they need you at the Front right now."

The young man handed back the questionnaire, and the physician resumed his seat.

"You're sure you can pull this stuff across?" queried the young man.

The specialist nodded. "And," he added, "I am the only man who can."

"What's the treatment?"

"One injection—in stubborn cases, two—with a hypodermic needle."

"What's the stuff?"

"A compound specific—chemically prepared by me. The formula is secret. I am its inventor. Its presence in the human system cannot be traced."

"Does it make you very sick?" queried the visitor.

The physician shook his head. "There will be slight discomfort—and a cough. That's all. This condition will cover a period of weeks, possibly months. This is fortunate, since it gives the condition apparent permanence and enables it to stand up under successive examinations."

"The result?" queried the young man.

"Positive—and absolute," said the doctor. "They will decline to pass you. You will not be called to go to war."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely sure!"

"How much will it cost?" queried the youth.

"How do you stand financially?" asked the doctor. "How much do you make a year?"

The young man told him. The doctor nodded.

"On that state of facts," he said, "I should have to charge you five hundred dollars at the very least."

"Wow!" exclaimed the other. "Five hundred dollars!"

The doctor once more shrugged his shoulders, but was silent. The young man thought it over.

"You would guarantee that I do not go to war?"

"Beyond question, you will not go to war."

"One jab, and five hundred; and all over?"

"The other way round," smiled the physician. "Five hundred, and one jab; all over."

The young man rose. "I'll be back," he said, "to-morrow afternoon."

The next afternoon he returned. Meantime, unknown to him, Dr. Alexis Arany had instituted and completed a very thorough investigation of the young man, Oliver T. Bones. He had found his statements substantially correct. The doctor was ready for him when he came.

The young man drew forth a roll of bills and handed it to the physician. "Had a devil of a time raising it," he said. "I told you I was in the real-estate business. Well, I am, when there is any. There ain't any just now. Anyway, I got this wad for you. You'd better count it and see it's there."

The doctor counted it, placed it in a drawer in his safe and locked the drawer.

He turned to a stationary washbasin and thoroughly washed his hands.

"Take off your coat," he said to his visitor, "and roll up the sleeve of your left arm."

He selected an area on the young man's forearm and thoroughly disinfected it. He picked up a hypodermic syringe.

"Ready?" he queried.

"Shoot!" exclaimed the young man. He braced himself, and then he added: "Wow!" He said it several times. When he had donned his coat he turned his slightly troubled countenance toward the specialist.

"Just what condition will this create?" he queried. "How will it fool 'em?"

"I thought," returned the doctor with some impatience, "that I explained all that. You've heard of inoculation against disease. Vaccination against smallpox is the well-known form. To-day they inoculate against fevers—typhoid, scarlet fever—the diseases that are likely to ravage military camps. But there is no inoculation against tuberculosis. To the specialist that discovers that prevention there will come immortal fame. Let me get back to inoculation. Were I to inoculate you against typhoid—and were you to present yourself to an examining medical

officer with a claim that you were suffering from typhoid fever—you would lose. He would apply tests, wait for several days and apply more. It would be a simple matter to prick your bubble. But he knows—we all know—that there is no inoculation against tuberculosis. Therefore he must accept as genuine any apparent case of tuberculosis that responds to all the tests. The compound specific that I use creates all the apparent symptoms of the disease; it has baffled, and will continue to baffle, all their experts. Now," he went on, "a few brief directions: Do not come to me again—unless no symptoms appear before you go before the board for physical examination. The symptoms will appear. The instant that they do, go to your family physician, tell him exactly how you feel. He will prescribe for you. Purchase the prescriptions—but do not take them."

Once more from his safe he drew forth his printed copy of the questionnaire. He leafed it over.

"You will find here," he said, "a division devoted to your physical qualifications—height, weight, your general physical condition. Note Question Number Two."

The young man read it carefully: "Q 2. Are you in sound health, mentally and physically? A 2.———— [to be answered Yes or No]."

"In answering that question," said the doctor, "be sure and make your answer Yes."

"No matter how I feel?"

"Yes. Suspicion is apt to be directed toward the registrant who makes the claim that he is ill. Answer all the questions truthfully except that one. Claim health instead of illness, no matter how you feel."

The young man held out his hand. The doctor took it. The young man started off, and then came back.

"I can't get that five hundred out of my head, doc," he remarked. "Easy money. As I tell you, I'm in the real-estate business; but there's nothin' doing just now. But I'm a crackajack salesman when there's any buyers to be had. I was just thinking. I might send you two or three other chaps—from Portugal."

"On—what terms?"

"A straight twenty-five per cent commission basis," replied the young man promptly.

The doctor nodded, smiling. "The more the merrier," he returned. Then he, in turn, held the young man back before he left.

"Tell me," queried the physician, "why it is that you don't want to go to war."

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "Let George do it!" he responded. "Why in hell should I go to war?"

II

IT WAS said of Mrs. Peabody Standish, of Paragon City, that she wore her heart upon her sleeve. She said what she felt, said what she wanted to say, and kept on saying it. True it is that at times she stopped short in her mad career, reversed herself without warning, and energetically traveled in the opposite direction, without apology and quite regardless of the embarrassment she may have caused. She was past mistress of pointed language; what she said made good copy and stood repetition well. She was always listened to. What she said frequently went. She was one of the richest and most charitable women in the city, and perhaps the ablest leader of the female vote. She had used her influence to make the state bone-dry, and when a few café keepers kept up their trade in defiance of the law she joined the dry squad in its raids. Once she jerked an automatic from her hand bag and actually fired a shot at the most defiant saloon-keeper of them all. She let the chips fall where they might. She had enemies galore. Her enemies claimed that her great passion was an undying regard for Mrs. Peabody Standish. They conceded that she stood for the greatest good to the greatest number, but they intimated strongly that to her distorted vision the greatest number looked like Number One.

One week after Oliver T. Bones had called for the second time upon Dr. Alexis Arany, Mrs. Peabody Standish sat in the tastily decorated living room of her attractive town house in Paragon City, vis-à-vis with a gentleman in uniform. He was a middle-aged man, wearing the short military mustache of modern cut. There was about this man a comfortable air, readily explained when it is understood that he was a medical man, who had been family doctor and general practitioner in Paragon City for nearly a quarter of a century. He was an army surgeon stationed at the nearest military camp. His name was Haddon.

"You are worried, major," said Mrs. Standish solicitously. The major glanced into the next room, in the Standish household called the music room. Through the half-drawn curtains the major caught sight of someone moving to and fro. There was someone. It was not past ten o'clock in the morning, and one of Mrs. Standish's servants was setting things to rights. The name of this servant was Bertha. She was a young German. The major glanced at Mrs. Standish.

"Nobody but Bertha," explained Mrs. Standish as though that settled the matter.

"I am worried," conceded the army man at length. "We've got a tuberculosis scare over at the camp. Serious too. Most of them local men—from here. One or two of 'em I know. Can't understand it. They all passed the exemption boards last fall, and passed our doctors at the camp. Suddenly they're stricken. No reason for it, no explanation. We've had mild weather. The camp's dry—set in that grove of pines. We've got to discharge the whole bunch—send 'em all back home. It's a rotten shame!"

"Possibly," suggested Mrs. Standish, "it's not tuberculosis."

The doctor's glance strayed to the portières of the music room. One of them swayed slightly. But the young servant had ceased bustling to and fro.

The doctor shook his head. "It responds to all the known tests," he went on. "That's my errand here today. I came up to take Dakers back with me. He's the best lung man on the Pacific Coast. I can't understand about those boys."

The Major Was Not at All Disturbed, Nor Did He Caution Her That There Might Be Someone Listening Behind That Swaying Portiere

"How many are afflicted?" queried Mrs. Standish.

"Too many," returned the surgeon. "Even with you I am not at liberty to go into more details."

"That is the worst of war," exclaimed the widow. "There's some excitement in standing up and getting shot; but to lie in camp and rot! Ugh! How I hate it—war!"

There was some reason for this outbreak of the widow's. She was a native of the East; so had her husband been. They had married there. Her husband's life had been lost in the Spanish-American War. Against her frantic protest, at a time when their only child had reached the age of five, Captain Peabody Standish, of the state militia, had gone South with his regiment. He got as far as Chickamauga—died there of typhoid fever. She had never been able to justify his going. In her frantic, impulsive effort to get away from the memory of it all she had left New England—its cold winters were making inroads, too, upon the boy's health—and had fled to the Pacific Coast. She had lived in Paragon City for twenty years. This made her one of its oldest inhabitants. She knew more about the city than nineteen-twentieths of its population knew or even cared to learn. She had money—the Standish fortune and her own. She had invested well and wisely in large properties in the Western city. She was worth two or three million dollars. She was a business woman, with all the instincts of a business woman. Her son, Dexter Standish—young, handsome, smooth-faced slender giant that he was—possessed all her common sense. He had inherited New England ability to make money. To this end he managed with marked success the big real-estate-and-development corporation that his mother owned and controlled. He had great faith in Paragon City, and his policy was aggressive and progressive to the extreme—but his judgment sound.

"Look at Dexter!" exclaimed the widow hopelessly to the major. "First my husband; and now Dexter. And no help for it this time. My money won't help me. I'm bound, hand and foot. And so is Dexter. He must go to war. I feel as though both of us were being squeezed to death by some huge, powerful, unseen hand."

The major was not at all disturbed or astonished at the vehemence of her speech. Nor did he caution her that there might be someone listening behind that swaying portière. He merely nodded gravely.

"Dexter Standish, doubtless," said the major gravely, "doesn't feel as you do, I dare say."

"Neither did his father," wailed the widow. "They're both alike."

The major rose. "I'm due at Dakers' now," he said, looking at his watch. "If he confirms our diagnosis—and he'll do it—these boys will have to come back home. I can't understand it," mused the major; "I can't place my finger on the reason for the thing."

"One minute," cried the widow, "till I get my hat and bag. This is my Red Cross day. You can drive me there; it's only half a mile or so, and not far from Doctor Dakers' house. I won't keep you but a minute, Major Haddon."

The major waited, and waiting watched the curtain that had swayed. It was quiet enough now—hung motionless. The major stole swiftly across the room and drew aside the curtain. The music room was empty; there was no one there.

The widow immediately rejoined him and they left the house. The major's car stood under the porte-cochère. It was driven by a soldier in the national uniform. At her destination the widow alighted and held out her hand.

"You give my love to Rita," she exclaimed. "Tell her I never see her and never hear from her. And my regards to Rita's aunt. It's well Rita's got a chaperon, even though she is engaged. Dexter's at your house every night in the week and all day Sunday. Says he just can't keep away from her, that's all. I give him loads of messages for Rita; and probably she gives him loads to give to me. I never get 'em, if she does. And when I call she's out; Girls' War Bazaar, I take it. And when she calls I'm out. That reminds me," she went on: "I've got to arrange a jiujitsu fight for the tobacco fund. A fight to the finish—I believe that's what they call it; and I've got to do the work."

"A very proper kind of a fight—to the finish," laughed the major. "You arrange it. I'll see it. I'm aching for a fight."

"I'll be there myself—in the front row," laughed the widow as she left him.

She bustled into the chapter meeting, took her allotted place, hastily doffed her furs and donned her uniform. She was late, and worked like mad for awhile, silently, to catch up with the rest. Silently also, because she was thinking, girlishly, of that Captain Peabody Standish who had gone to war some twenty years before. Finally she had time to look about her, and, as was her wont, began to talk.

"It's a shame," she ejaculated; "I'd give every dollar I possess if I could only keep my boy from going to war."

Two or three of her friends turned to her in amazement.

"And you a Standish!" they cried in unison.

"My husband was the Standish," returned the widow. Then she added: "Terrible line of talk, isn't it? But I've got to say it. I'd give every dollar if I could keep my boy at home."

Mrs. Standish's advent started the ball a-rolling. The Red Cross chapter immediately plunged full-tilt into the war. Scandal, gossip, rumor, tragedy, blessing, condemnation, invective—all these filled the air. Six women present

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WHEN THE SEA-ASP STINGS

By IRVIN S. COBB

BECAUSE the Tuscania rode high out of the water and wallowed as she rode, because during all those days of our crossing she hugged up close to our ship, splashing through the foam of our wake as though craving the comfort of our company, we called her things no self-respecting ship should have to bear. But when the other night we stood on the afterdeck of our ship, we running away as fast as our kicking screw would take us, and saw her going down, taking American soldier boys to death with her in alien waters, we drank toasts standing up to the poor old Tuscania.

I was one of those who were in at the death of the Tuscania. Her sinking was the climax of the most memorable voyage I ever expect to take. Five days have elapsed since she was torpedoed, and even though these words are being cabled across from London to the home side of the ocean, at least three weeks more must elapse before they can see printer's ink. So to some readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST this may seem like an old story; but the memory of what happened that night off the Irish coast is going to abide with me as long as I live. It was one of those big moments in a man's life that stick in a man's brain as long as he has a brain to think with.

The Sober Departure

TRANSATLANTIC journeys these days aren't what they used to be before America went into the war. Ours began to be different even before our ship pulled out from port. It is forbidden me to tell her name, and anyhow her name doesn't in the least matter, but she was a big ship with a famous skipper, and in peacetimes her sailing would have made some small stir. There would have been crowds of relations and friends at the pier bidding farewell to departing travelers; and steamer baskets and steamer boxes would have been coming aboard in streams. Beforehand there would have been a pleasant and mildly exciting bustle, and as we drew away from the dock and headed out into midstream and down the river for our long hike overseas, the pierhead would have been alive with waving handkerchiefs, and all our decks would have been fringed with voyagers shouting back farewells to those they had left behind them. Instead we slipped away almost as if we had done something wrong. There was no waving of hands and handkerchiefs, no good-byes on the gangplanks, no rush to get back on land when the shore bell sounded. To reach the dock we passed through trochas of barbed-wire entanglements, past sentries standing with fixed bayonets at entryways. When we got inside the pier our people bade us farewell at a guarded gate. None but travelers whose passports read straight were allowed beyond that point. So alone and unescorted each one of us went soberly up the side of the ship, and then sundry hours later our journey began, as the ship, like a big gray ghost, slid away from land, as quietly as might be, into the congenial gray fog which instantly swallowed her up and left her in a little gray world of sea mist that was all her own. After this fashion, then, we started.

As for the first legs of the trip they were much like the first legs of almost any sea trip except that we traveled in a convoy with sundry other ships, with warcraft to guard us on our way. Our ship was quite full of soldiers—officers in the first cabin, and the steerage packed with khakied troopers—ninety per cent of whom had never smelled bilge water before they embarked upon their great adventure overseas. There were fewer civilians than one formerly might have found on a ship bound for Europe. In these times only those civilians who have urgent business in foreign climes venture to go abroad.

I sat at the purser's table. His table was fairly typical of the ship's personnel. With me there sat, of course, the purser. There were not very many women on our passenger list. Of these women half a dozen or so were professional nurses, and two were pretty Canadian girls bound for England to be married on arrival there to young Canadian officers. There were only three children on board, and they were traveling with their parents in the second class.

Except for a touch of seriousness about the daily lifeboat drill, and except that regimental discipline went forward, with the troops drilling on the open deck spaces when the weather and the sea permitted, there was at first nothing about this voyage to distinguish it from any other midwinter voyage. Strangers got acquainted one with another and swapped views on politics, religion, symptoms and Germans; flirtations started and ripened furiously; concerts were organized and took place, proving to be what concerts at sea usually are. Twice a day the regimental band played, and once a day, up on the bridge, the second officer took the sun, squinting into his sextant with the deep absorption with which in happier times a certain type of tourist was wont to stare through an enlarging crevice at a certain type of Parisian photograph. At night, though, we were in a darkened ship, a gliding black shape upon black waters, with heavy shades over all the portholes and thick draperies over all the doors, and only dim lights burning in the passageways and cross halls, so that every odd corner on deck or within was as dark as a coal pocket. It took some time to get used to being in the state in which Moses was when the light went out; but then, we had time to get used to it, believe me! Ocean travel is slower these days, for obvious reasons. Personally, I retired from the ship's society during three days of the first week of the trip. I missed only two meals, missing them, I may add, shortly after having eaten them; but at the same time I felt safer in my berth than up on deck—not happier, particularly, but safer. The man who first said that you can't eat your cake and have it too had such cases as mine in mind, I am sure of that. I can't and I don't—at least not when I am taking an ocean voyage. I have been seasick on many waters, and I have never learned to care for the sensation yet.

Crossing the Danger Zone

WHEN I emerged from semiretirement it was to learn that we had reached the so-called danger zone. The escort of warcraft for our transport had been augmented. Under orders the military men wore their life jackets, and during all their waking hours they went about with cork flaps hugging them about their necks fore and aft, so that they rather suggested Chinese malefactors with their heads incased in punishment casques. By request the civilian passengers were expected to carry their life preservers with them wherever they went; but some of them forgot the injunction. I know I did frequently. Also, a good many of them turned in at night with most of their outer clothing on their bodies; but I followed the old Southern custom and took most of mine off before going to bed.

Our captain no longer came to the saloon for his meals. He lived upon the bridge—ate there and, I think, slept there too—what sleeping he did. Standing there all muffled in his oilskins he looked even more of a squatty and unheroic figure than he had in his naval blue presiding at the head of the table; but by repute we knew him for a man who had gone through one torpedoing with great credit to himself and through numbers of narrow escapes, and we valued him accordingly and put our faith in him. It was faith well placed, as shall presently transpire.

I should not say that there was much fear aboard; at least if there was it did not manifest itself in the manner or the voice or the behavior of a single passenger seen by me; but there was a sort of nagging, persistent sense of uneasiness betraying itself in various small ways. For one thing, all of us made more jokes about submarines, mines and other perils of the deep than was natural. There was something a little forced, artificial, about this gayety—laughs came from the lips, but not from points farther south.

We knew by hearsay that the Tuscania was a troopship bearing some of our soldiers over to do their share of the

(Concluded on Page 41)

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

It Was at Night That the Little House of Mercy Bloomed Like a Flower, But Sara Lee Would Have Been Astounded to Have Been Told That She Was Helping the Morale of an Army

X

FROM Dunkirk to the Front the road, after the Belgian line was passed, was lightly guarded. Henri came out of a reverie to explain to Sara Lee. "We have not many men," he said. "And those that remain are holding the line. It is very weary, our army."

Now at home Uncle James had thought very highly of the Belgian Army. He had watched the fight they made, and he had tried to interest Sara Lee in it, but without much result. She had generally said: "Isn't it wonderful!" or "horrible," as the case might be, and put out of her mind as soon as possible the ringing words he had been reading. But she had not forgotten, she found. They came back to her as she rode through that deserted countryside. Henri, glancing back somewhat later, found her in tears.

He climbed back at once into the rear of the car and sat down beside her.

"You are homesick, I think."

"Yes. But not for myself. I am just homesick for all the people who have lost their homes. You—and Jean, and all the rest."

"Some day I shall tell you about my home and what has happened to it," he said gravely. "Not now. It is not pleasant. But you must remember this: We are going back home, we Belgians." And after a little pause: "Just as you are."

He lapsed into silence after that, and Sara Lee, stealing a glance at him, saw his face set and hard. She had a purely maternal impulse to reach over and pat his hand.

Jean did not like Henri's shift to the rear of the car. He drove with a sort of irritable feverishness, until Henri leaned over and touched him on the shoulder.

"We have mademoiselle with us, Jean," he said in French.

"It is not difficult to believe," growled Jean. But he slackened his pace somewhat.

So far the road had been deserted. Now they had come up to a stream of traffic flowing slowly toward the Front. Armored cars, looking tall and top-heavy, rumbled and jolted along. Many lorries, one limousine containing a general, a few Paris busses, all smeared a dingy gray and filled with French soldiers, numberless and nondescript open machines, here and there a horse-drawn vehicle—these filled the road. In and out among them Jean threaded his way, while Sara Lee grew crimson with the effort to see it all, and Henri sat very stiff and silent.

At a crossroads they were halted by troops who had fallen out for a rest. The men stood at ease and stared their fill at Sara Lee. Save for a few weary peasants, most of them had seen no women for months. But they were respectful, if openly admiring. And their admiration of her was nothing to Sara Lee's feeling toward them. She loved them all—boys with their first straggly beards on their chins; older men, looking worn and tired; French and Belgian; smiling and sad. But most of all, for Uncle James' sake, she loved the Belgians.

"I cannot tell you," she said breathlessly to Henri. "It is like a dream come true. And I shall help. You look doubtful sometimes, but I am sure."

"You are heaven-sent," Henri replied gravely.

They turned into a crossroad after a time, and there in a little village Sara Lee found her new home. A strange village indeed, unoccupied and largely destroyed. Piles of bricks and plaster lined the streets. Broken glass was everywhere. Jean blew out a tire finally, because of the glass, and they were obliged to walk the remainder of the way.

"A poor place, mademoiselle," Henri said as they went along. "A peaceful little town, and quite beautiful once. And it harbored no troops. But everything is meat for the mouths of their guns."

Sara Lee stopped and looked about her. Her heart was beating fast, but her lips were steady enough.

"And it is here that I ——"

"A little distance down the street. You must see before you decide."

Steady, passionless firing was going on, not near, but far away, like low thunder before a summer storm. She was for months to live, to eat and sleep and dream to that rumbling from the Ypres salient, to waken when it ceased or to look up from her work at the strange silence. But it was new to her then, and terrible.

"Do they still shell this—this town?" she asked rather breathlessly.

"Not now. They have done their work. Of course ——" he did not finish.

Sara Lee's heart slowed down somewhat. After all, she had asked to be near the Front. And that meant guns and such destruction as was all about her. Only one thing troubled her:

"It is rather far from the trenches, isn't it?"

He smiled slightly.

"Far? It is not very far. Not so far as I would wish, mademoiselle. But, to do what you wish, it is the best I have to offer."

"How far away are the trenches?"

"A quarter of a mile beyond those poplar trees." He indicated on a slight rise a row of great trees broken somewhat but not yet reduced to the twisted skeletons they were to become later on. In a long line they faced the enemy like sentinels, winter-quiet but dauntless, and behind them lay the wreck of the little village, quiet and empty.

"Will the men know I am here?" Sara Lee asked anxiously.

"But yes, mademoiselle. At night they come up from the trenches, and fresh troops take their places. They come up this street and go on to wherever they are to rest. And when they find that a house of—of mercy is here—and soup, they will come. More than you wish."

"Belgian soldiers?"

"Only Belgian soldiers. That is as you want it to be, I think."

"If only I spoke French!"

"You will learn. And in the meantime, mademoiselle, I have taken the liberty of finding you a servant—a young peasant woman. And you will also have a soldier always on guard."

Something that had been in the back of Sara Lee's mind for some time suddenly went away. She had been thinking of Aunt Harriet and the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church. She had, in fact, been wondering how they would feel when they learned that she was living alone, the only woman among thousands of men. It had, oddly enough, never occurred to her before.

"You have thought of everything," she said gratefully.

But Henri said nothing. He had indeed thought of everything with a vengeance, with the net result that he was not looking at Sara Lee more than he could help.

These Americans were strange. An American girl would cross the seas, and come here alone with him—a man and human. And she would take for granted that he would do what he was doing for love of his kind—which was partly true; and she would be beautiful and sweet and amiable and quite unself-conscious. And then she would go back home, warm of heart with gratitude, and marry the man of the picture.

The village had but one street, and that deserted and in ruins. Behind its double row of houses, away from the enemy, lay the fields, a muddy canal and more poplar trees. And from far away, toward Ypres, there came constantly that somewhat casual booming of artillery which marked the first winter of the war.

The sound of the guns had first alarmed, then interested Sara Lee. It was detached then, far away. It meant little to her. It was only later, when she saw some of the results of the sounds she heard, that they became significant.

But this is not a tale of the wounding of men. There are many such. This is the story of a little house of mercy, and of a girl with a dauntless spirit, and of two men who loved her. Only that.

The maid Henri had found was already in the house, sweeping. Henri presented her to Sara Lee, and he also brought a smiling little Belgian boy, in uniform and with a rifle.

"Your staff, mademoiselle!" he said. "And your residence!"

Sara Lee looked about her. With the trifling exception that there was no roof, it was whole. And the roof was not necessary, for the floors of the upper story served instead. There was a narrow passage with a room on either side, and a tiny kitchen behind.

Henri threw open a door on the right.

"Your bedroom," he said. "Well furnished, as you will see. It should be, since there has been brought here all the furniture not destroyed in the village."

His blacker mood had fallen away before her naïve delight. He went about smiling boyishly, showing her the kettles in the kitchen; the supply, already so rare, of firewood; the little stove. But he stiffened somewhat when she placed her hand rather timidly on his arm.

"How am I ever to thank you?" she asked.

"By doing much good. And by never going beyond the poplar trees."

She promised both very earnestly.

But she was a little sad as she followed Henri about, he volubly expatiating on such advantages as plenty of air owing to the absence of a roof; and the advantages of the stove, which he showed much like a salesman anxious to make a sale. "Such a stove!" he finished contentedly. "It will make soup even in your absence, mademoiselle! Our peasants eat much soup; therefore it is what you would call a trained stove."

Before Sara Lee's eyes came a picture of Harvey and the Leete house, its white dining room, its bay window for plants, its comfortable charm and prettiness. And Harvey's face, as he planned it for her—anxious, pleading, loving. She drew a long breath.

If Henri noticed her abstraction he ignored it. He was all over the little house. One moment he was instructing Marie volubly, to her evident confusion. On René, the guard, he descended like a young cyclone, with warnings for mademoiselle's safety and comfort. He was everywhere, sitting on the bed to see if it was soft, tramping hard on the upper floor to discover if any plaster might loosen below, and pausing in that process to look keenly at a windmill in the field behind.

When he came down it was to say: "You are not entirely alone in the village, after all, mademoiselle. The miller has come back. I shall visit him now and explain."

He found Sara Lee, however, still depressed. She was sitting in a low chair in the kitchen gazing thoughtfully at the stove.

"I am here," she said. "And here is the house, and a stove, and—everything. But there are no shops; and what shall I make my soup out of?"

Henri stared at her rather blankly.

"True!" he said. "Very, very true. And I never thought of it!"

Then suddenly they both laughed, the joyous ringing laugh of ridiculous youth, which can see its own absurdities and laugh at them.

Henri counted off on his fingers.

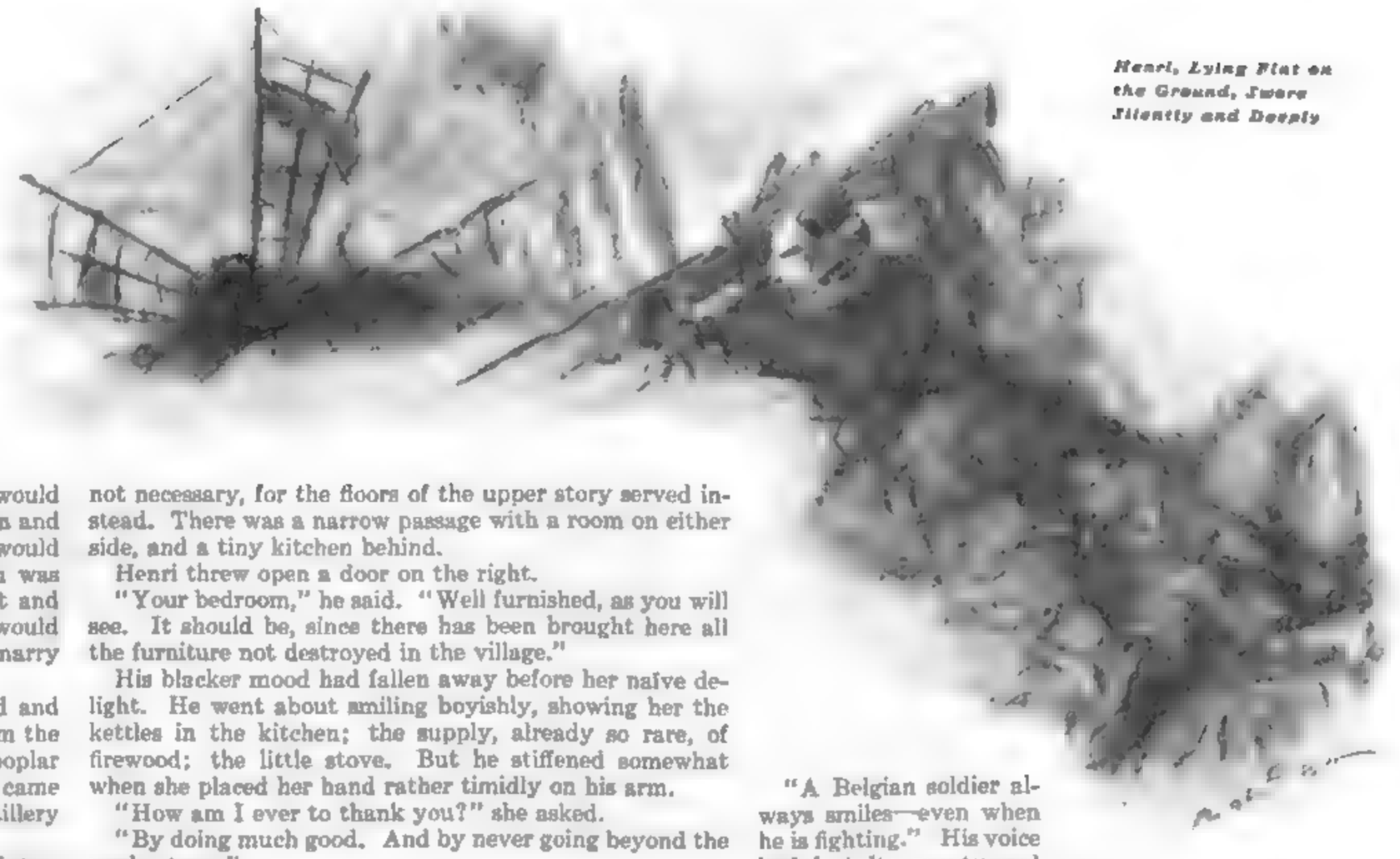
"I thought of water," he said, "and a house, and firewood, and kettles, and furniture. And there I ceased thinking."

It was dusk now. Marie lifted the lid from the stove, and a warm red glow of reflected light filled the little kitchen. It was warm and cozy; the kettle sang like the purring of a cat. And something else that had troubled Sara Lee came out.

"I wonder," she said, "if you are doing all this only because I—well, because I persuaded you." Which she had not. "Do the men really need me here?"

"Need you, mademoiselle?"

"Do they need what little I can give? They were smiling, all the ones I saw."



Henri, Lying Flat on the Ground, Swore Silently and Deeply

"A Belgian soldier always smiles—even when he is fighting." His voice had lost its gayety and had taken on a deeper note. "Mademoiselle, I have brought you here, where I can think of no other woman who would have the courage to come, because you are needed. I cannot promise you entire safety"—his mouth tightened—"but I can promise you work and gratitude. Such gratitude, mademoiselle, as you may never know again."

That reassured her. But in her practical mind the matter of supplies loomed large. She brought the matter up again directly.

"It is to be hot chocolate and soup?" he asked.

"Both, if I find I have enough money. Soup only, perhaps."

"And soup takes meat, of course."

"It should, to be strengthening."

Henri looked up, to see Jean in the doorway smiling grimly.

"It is very simple," Jean said to him in French. "You have no other duties of course; so each day you shall buy in the market place at Dunkirk, with American money. And I shall become a delivery boy and bring out food for mademoiselle, and whatever is needed."

Henri smiled back at him cheerfully. "An excellent plan, Jean," he said. "Not every day, but frequently."

Jean growled and disappeared.

However, there was the immediate present to think of, and while Jean thawed his hands at the fire and Sara Lee was taking housewifely stock of her new home Henri disappeared.

He came back in a half hour, carrying in a small basket butter, eggs, bread and potatoes.

"The miller!" he explained cheerfully to Sara Lee. "He has still a few hens, and hidden somewhere a cow. We can have milk—is there a pail for Marie to take to the mill?—and bread and an omelet. That is a meal!"

There was but one lamp, which hung over the kitchen stove. The room across from Sara Lee's bedroom contained a small round dining table and chairs. Sara Lee, enveloped in a large pinafore apron, made the omelet in the kitchen. Marie brought a pail of fresh milk. Henri, with a towel over his left arm, and in absurd mimicry of a Parisian waiter, laid the table; and Jean, dour Jean, caught a bit of the infection and, finding four bottles, set to work with his pocketknife to fit candles into their necks.

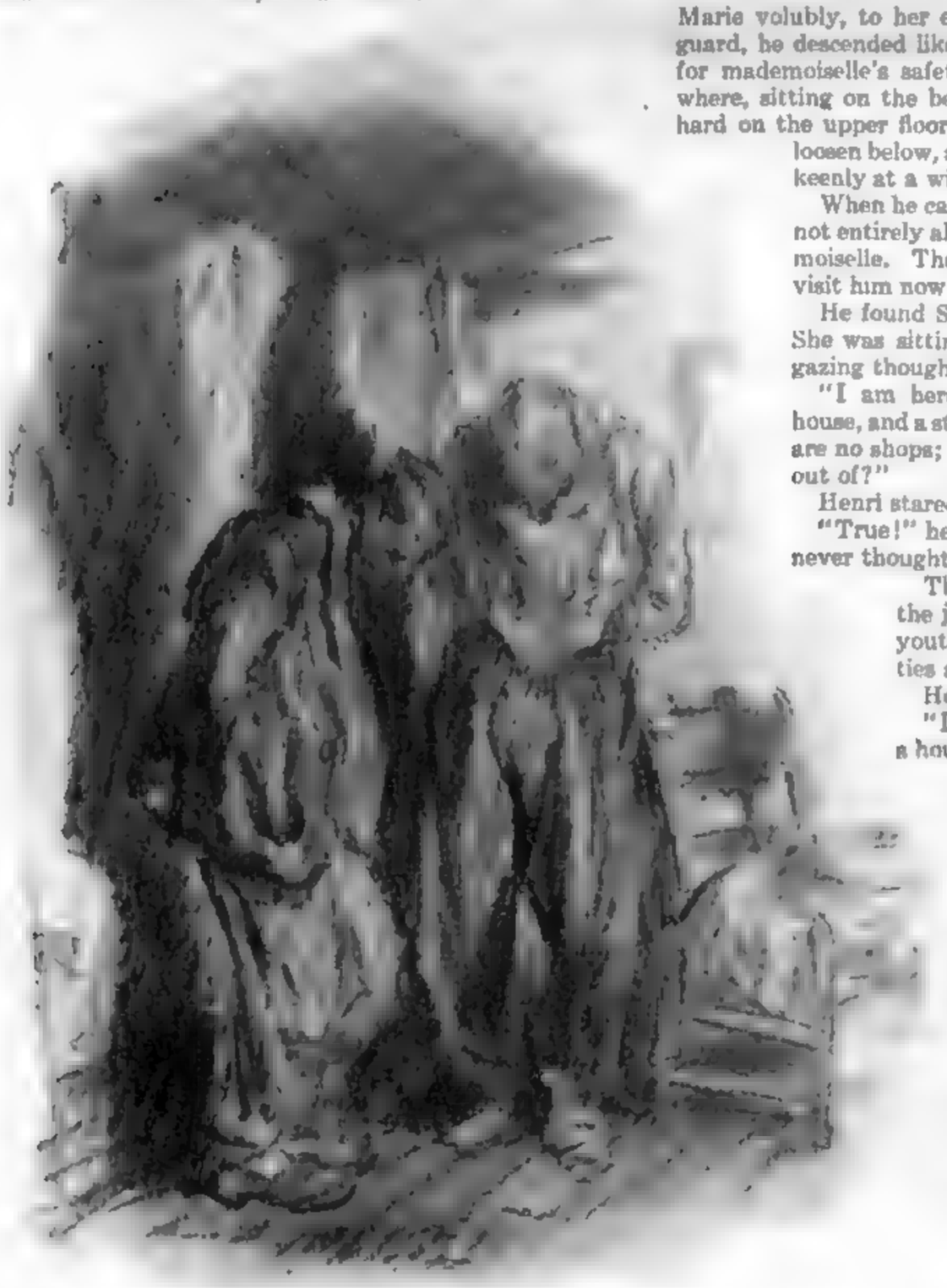
Standing in corners, smiling, useless against the cheerful English that flowed from the kitchen stove to the dining room and back again, were René and Marie. It was of no use to attempt to help. Did the fire burn low, it was the young officer who went out for fresh wood. But René could not permit that twice. He brought in great armfuls of firewood and piled them neatly by the stove.

Henri was absurdly happy again. He would come to the door gravely, with Sara Lee's little phrase book in hand, and read from it in a solemn tone:

"'Shall we have duck or chicken?' 'Where can we get a good dinner at a moderate price?' 'Waiter, you have spilled wine on my dress.' 'Will you have a cigar?' 'No, thank you. I prefer a pipe.'"

And Sara Lee beat up the eggs and found, after a bad moment, some salt in a box, and then poured her omelet into the pan. She was very anxious that it be a good omelet. She must make good her claim as a cook or Henri's sublime faith in her would die.

It was a divine omelet. Even Jean said so. They sat, the three of them, in the cold little dining room and never



So It Was That Sara Lee Saw, for the Last Time, the Miller and His Son

knew that it was cold, and they ate prodigious quantities of omelet and bread and butter, and bully beef out of a tin, and drank a great deal of milk.

Even Jean thawed at last, under the influence of food and Sara Lee. Before the meal was over he was planning how to get her supplies to her and making notes on a piece of paper as to what she would need at once. They adjourned to Sara Lee's bedroom, where Marie had kindled a fire in the little iron stove, and sat there in the warmth, still planning. Sara Lee had quite forgotten that at home one did not have visitors in one's bedroom.

Suddenly Henri held up his hand. "Listen!" he said.

That was the first time Sara Lee had ever heard the quiet shuffling step of tired men, leaving their trenches under cover of darkness. Henri threw his military cape over her shoulders and she stood in the dark doorway, watching.

The empty street was no longer empty. From gutter to gutter flowed a stream of men, like a sluggish river which narrowed where a fallen house partly filled the way. Not talking, not singing, just moving, bent under their heavy and mud-covered equipment. Here and there the clack of wooden sabots on the cobbles told of one poor fellow not outfitted with leather shoes. The light of a match here and there showed some few lucky enough to have still remaining cigarettes, and revealed also, in the immediate vicinity, a white bandage or two. Some few, recognizing Henri's officer's cap, saluted. Most of them stumbled on, too weary even to glance aside.

Nothing that Sara Lee had dreamed of war was like this. This was dreary and sodden and hopeless. Those fresh troops at the crossroads that day had been blithe and smiling. There had been none of the glitter and panoply of war, but there had been movement, the beating of a drum, the sharp cries of officers as the lines re-formed.

Here there were no lines. Just such a stream of men as at home might issue at night from a coal mine, too weary for speech. Only here they were packed together closely, and they did not speak, and some of them were wounded.

"There are so many!" she whispered to Henri. "A hundred such efforts as mine would not be enough."

"I would to God there were more!" Henri replied, through shut teeth.

"Listen, mademoiselle," he said later: "You cannot do all the kind work of the world. But you can do your part. And you will start by caring for only such as are wounded or ill. The others can go on. But every night some twenty or thirty, or even more, will come to your door—men slightly wounded or too weary to go on without a rest. And for those there will be a chair by the fire, and something hot, or perhaps a clean bandage. It sounds small? But in a month, think! You will have given comfort to perhaps a thousand men. You—alone!"

"I—alone!" she said in a queer, choking voice. "And what about you? It is you who have made it possible."

But Henri was looking down the street to where the row of poplars hid what lay beyond. Far beyond a star shell had risen above the flat fields and floated there, a pure and lovely thing, shedding its white light over the terrain below. It gleamed for some thirty seconds and went out.

"Like that!" Henri said to her, but in French. "Like that you are to me. Bright and shining—and so soon gone."

Sara Lee thought he had asked her if she was cold.

XI

THE girl was singularly adaptable. In a few days it was as though she had been for years in her little ruined house. She was very happy, though there was scarcely a day when her heart was not wrung. Such young-old faces! Such weary men! And such tales of wretchedness!

She got the tales by intuition rather than by words, though she was picking up some French, at that. Marie would weep openly, at times. The most frequent story was of no news from the country held by the Germans, of families left with nothing and probably starving. The first inquiry was always for news. Had the American lady any way to make inquiry?

In time Sara Lee began to take notes of names and addresses, and through Mr. Travers, in London, and the Relief Commission, in Belgium, bits of information came back. A certain family was in England at a village in Surrey. Of another a child had died. Here was one that could not be located, and another reported massacred during the invasion.

All That Night They Worked, a Ghastly Business

Later on Sara Lee was to find her little house growing famous, besieged by anxious soldiers in uniform who besought her efforts, so that she used enormous numbers of stamps and a great deal of effort. But that was later on. And when that time came she turned to the work as a refuge from her thoughts. For days were coming when Sara Lee did not want to think.

But like all big things the little house made a humble beginning. A mere handful of men, daring the gibes of their comrades, stopped in that first night the door stood open, with its invitation of firelight and candles. But these few went away with a strange story—of a beautiful American, and hot soup, and even a cigarette apiece. That had been Henri's contribution, the cigarettes. And soon the fame of the little house went up and down the trenches, and it was like to die of overpopularity.

It was at night that the little house of mercy bloomed like a flower. During the daytime it was quiet, and it was then, as time went on, that Sara Lee wrote her letters home and to England, and sent her lists of names to be investigated. But from the beginning there was much to do. Vegetables were to be prepared for the soup, Marie must find and bring in milk for the chocolate, René must lay aside his rifle and chop firewood.

One worry, however, disappeared with the days. Henri was proving a clever buyer. The money she sent in secured marvels. Only Jean knew how much of Henri's steadily decreasing funds went to that buying. Certainly not Sara Lee. And Jean expostulated only once—to be met by such blazing fury as set him sullen for two days.

"I am doing this," Henri finished, a trifle ashamed of himself, "not for mademoiselle, but for our army. And since when have you felt that the best we can give is too much for such a purpose?"

Which was, however lofty, only a part of the truth.

So supplies came in plentifully, and Sara Lee pared vegetables and sang a bit under her breath, and glowed with good will when at night the weary vanguard of a weary little army stopped at her door and scraped the mud off its boots and edged in shyly.

She was very happy, and her soup was growing famous. It is true that the beef she used was not often beef, but she did not know that, and merely complained that the meat was stringy. Now and then there was no beef at all, and she used hares instead. On quiet days, when there was little firing beyond the poplar trees, she went about with a basket through the neglected winter gardens of the town. There were Brussels sprouts, and sometimes she found in a cellar carrots or cabbages. She had potatoes always.

It was at night then, from seven in the evening until one, that the little house was busiest. Word had gone out through the trenches beyond the poplar trees that slightly wounded men needing rest before walking back to their billets, exhausted and sick men, were welcome at the little house. It was soon necessary to give the officers tickets for the men. René took them in at the door, with his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and he was as implacable as a ticket taker at the opera.

Never once in all the months of her life there did Sara Lee have an ugly word, an offensive glance. But, though she never knew this, many half articulate and wholly earnest prayers were offered for her in those little churches behind the lines where sometimes the men slept, and where often they prayed.

She was very businesslike. She sent home to the Ladies' Aid Society a weekly record of what had been done: So many bowls of soup; so many cups of chocolate; so many minor injuries dressed. Because, very soon, she found first aid added to her activities. She sickened somewhat at first. Later she allowed to Marie much of the serving of food, and in the little *salle à manger* she had ready on the table basins, water, cotton, iodine and bandages.

Henri explained the method to her.

"It is a matter of cleanliness," he said. "First one washes the wound and then there is the iodine. Then cotton, a bandage, and—a surgeon could do little more."

Henri and Jean came often. And more than once during the first ten days Jean spent the night rolled in a blanket by the kitchen fire, and Henri disappeared. He was always back in the morning, however, looking dirty and very tired. Sara Lee sewed more than one rent for him, those days, but she was strangely incurious. It was as though, where everything was strange, Henri's erratic comings and goings were but a part with the rest.

Then one night the unexpected happened. The village was shelled. *(Continued on Page 49)*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1918

Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands. For the same reason newsdealers' supplies may also at times be late.

Insurance and Pensions

ONE thing, certainly, the Government has done right. By the end of January it had written more than five billion dollars of life insurance on its soldiers and sailors. There is no flavor of charity or of demagogic vote-catching about this. The men pay the Government a premium sufficient to cover the cost of insuring their lives under the ordinary risks of civil occupation. The additional cost of the war risk—whatever that may be—the Government itself assumes, as is proper. Except for this extra risk, which they undergo in the country's defense, the men pay for what they get.

Up to 1916 the total amount of ordinary life and industrial insurance in force in the United States was twenty-two billion dollars. In less than one year, dealing with only six per cent of the male population above twenty-one years of age, the Government wrote nearly one-quarter as much insurance as had been written up to that time—indicating the extent to which the country was underinsured. The twenty-two-billion total ought easily to have been forty billions.

The country has paid more than five billion dollars in war pensions; not too much—but paid under the worst system, because ever since Cleveland's time both parties have regarded the pension roll primarily as a bait with which to catch votes. Many a soldier's widow and children, directly after the war, knew straitened circumstances; later many a wirepuller who did not deserve a pension got one.

With its scientifically planned life insurance and scheme of indemnities for bodily disability, the Government has started right in the present war. It remains to keep politics in its cheaper and more corrupt manifestations out of that field.

Stopping the Leaks

DIRECTOR McADOO'S ruthless order that members of the state legislatures, their families, friends and retainers are no longer to ride free on railroads within state lines is an inspiring exhibition of national power. We seem to remember that some state governments, with a revolutionary daring which the Bolsheviki might well admire, had already cut off the politician from his intrastate free-pass graft; but we are unable at the moment to lay hands upon authoritative evidence of it, and the notion may be only a fond dream which had gradually shaped itself as reality in our recollection.

Director McAdoo might now turn his economical eye in another direction. Five years ago, in its habitual mood of sanctioning any sort of investigation that excites any member's curiosity, Congress ordered a physical valuation of the railroads. Since that time a large corps of appraisers has been making an inventory of engines, cars, tracks, spikes, ties, coupling pins, lead pencils and the million other items of physical property used in the operation of railroads. The appraisal has not yet reached a definite objective in any direction, and from all accounts is not likely to for several years. Meanwhile the rails, spikes and ties which were appraised at first have all been worn out and replaced.

The fair physical value of a going concern is what it would cost to reproduce it, and even within eighteen months reproduction cost has risen thirty or forty per cent. A valuation of almost any item of railroad property made three or four years ago would mean little now. It has been said that, besides the large cost to the Government, this appraisal is costing the railroads at least fifty million dollars. Whatever it finally produces, four or five years hence, will be of merely academic interest.

Director McAdoo might well tell Congress that this waste of money and energy should be stopped.

The Scrap Heap

THERE has been a prodigious cutting out of deadwood in Europe the last three years. Nowhere has it gone further than in England. It began there in the war department very early. Mossy methods and rut-worn minds had to go. The railroads were taken over and unified. Gradually but inexorably tighter organization extended through every department of industry. It was no question of choice. England had to cut out the deadwood, take up the lost motion, or fail. Her industrial scheme had been even looser, more individualistic than that of the United States. Under the crucial test of war it would not answer. In three years the whole scheme has been practically made over. Incidental symptoms of the process appear from time to time in notices of the consolidation of banks, steamship lines, and so on; but the bigger fact is that practically every business in England is now so organized that it can act as a unit. Coöperation runs through the whole machine from end to end. England will no doubt be a more formidable competitor in peace than she was before August, 1914. At the same time, like all the other warring nations, she has developed a great reserve of labor power.

The inexorable discipline of war is operating here, too, though as a newcomer and because the pressure is not so exigent with us it has by no means gone so far in the United States as elsewhere. The longer war lasts the further it will go. Our antitrust laws, in the spirit in which they were framed and have been administered, are going to the scrap heap, however loath professional politics may be to give up its favorite occupation of trust-busting. We have got to unsay that unrestrained competition is the only mode of doing the nation's business. Even now we all know it is not true. Every step we have taken to get greater efficiency out of the industrial machine has been in the opposite direction.

We may hope also that a government organization that makes for waste and incompetence will go by the board. About two-thirds of the accustomed peacetime ways of doing things at Washington belong on the deadwood pile. For every nation the size of its deadwood pile will about measure the extent of its offsets to the losses of war.

Political Extremes

IT IS odd that the two places in Europe where democracy is most expressly rejected are Berlin and Petrograd. The whole German Junker press flouts "parliamentary" government. It hates and fights the Prussian Franchise Bill, though that would fall infinitely short of introducing parliamentary government on the British or American model. Its acknowledged ideal is a nation ruled by the so-called upper classes. Just as frankly, the Bolsheviki despise parliamentary government. They throw out the democratically elected constitutional assembly with hardly an apology. Their present ideal is a proletarian dictatorship—a nation ruled by workingmen. They are even more thoroughgoing than the Junkers. They would exclude property owners from any share whatever in government, whereas the Junkers would go so far as to admit propertyless citizens, in a carefully regulated minority, into the lower house of the national legislature—which, however, must be mostly a mere debating society with very little real power. The two ideals—an aristocratic militarist dictatorship and a proletarian dictatorship—glare at each other from opposite sides of democracy, for which neither of them has any present use. German militarism does not expect democracy to adopt its system, but Russian revolution does. The Russian plan contemplates that its proletarian dictatorship will soon make everybody propertyless; then everybody may be admitted to the government and democracy will come about. Militarism expects to prevail only as far as the sword will reach, and it hardly hopes to conquer the whole world.

Two Ways to Pay Debts

THE London Statist—organ of the banks and the stock exchange—has been eloquently urging a sort of ransom for large fortunes. It proposes that individuals and corporations having an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year or more form some kind of association—presumably under act of parliament—and say to the government substantially:

"Within five years after the end of the war we will pay off five billion dollars of the national debt provided you agree at the end of another five years to pay off another five billions by a levy on all property alike, without exemptions or graded rates; also provided the interest on both five billions be paid into a sinking fund for further redemption of the debt. At a certain further time the operation will be repeated, we paying five billions and you paying five billions. That, with the sinking fund, will extinguish the debt or reduce it to comparatively small proportions."

The Statist argues that this is not only good economics but good politics, because there is bound to be much unrest and dissatisfaction after the war. Very likely there will be some industrial reaction, with unemployment, a fall in wages and like causes of resentment among the working classes; in which case the wealthy should give a convincing demonstration of their patriotism.

It may be doubted whether the demonstration would convince. If there is such resentment as the Statist imagines, working classes would probably reply to the wealthy, "You pay off the first five billions and the second five billions too."

There are only two ways in which a nation or an individual can pay a debt—by realizing on property through selling it, and by saving income. Realizing on five billion dollars of property at one time, or within a short period, seems out of the question, for there are no purchasers with cash for such a quantity of property. As for applying saved income to the debt, that is what the income tax does.

The Statist's proposal is significant of a disturbed state of mind in financial circles.

A Good Time to Start

A RESOLUTION introduced in the Senate last August by Mr. Owen directs the President to invite all Ally and neutral nations to send delegates to a conference for the purpose of discussing a league of nations to maintain peace.

There was no difficulty in getting representatives of the United States and Ally nations to a conference at Paris for the purpose of discussing war measures. A conference to discuss international organization presents hardly greater difficulties.

Organizing a régime of international law and order is a big and difficult task—probably the biggest task to which statesmanship has ever addressed itself. Many pregnant details must be considered. Many differences of opinion will develop. Which is all the more reason for making a beginning. It need distract no particle of energy or attention from the prosecution of the war.

On the main point an overwhelming majority of the people of every country in Europe and America agree—the point that the world must be intelligently safeguarded, by some system of international organization, against a repetition of this calamity. A few individuals here and there may speak differently; but they represent no considerable body of opinion anywhere in the world. A government or an official that dissents from the main point does not represent the people.

There must be a preliminary conference sometime to sketch a plan. Such a conference now could agree upon an outline; and an outline, of however general a nature, agreed to by a representative international conference, would be a capital stroke for speedy and acceptable peace. Its influence, within Germany and without, would be important.

Unrepresentative government pushed the world into this war. Unrepresentative government is not unknown at times even among democracies. Mere governmental indifference has defeated many a good project. All governments will be busy enough directly after the war. The favorable juncture for launching an international organization may slip by—which would be a betrayal of the people of the whole world.

A start—a definite beginning—is necessary. Public opinion should demand it.

THE RICH POOR MAN

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THIS country is now passing through one of those remarkable periods in which the ownership of the larger corporations becomes enormously diffused and democratized; or, speaking more plainly, the idea that only rich and wealthy men are the owners of America is due for another jolt. For a number of years title to those imposing and concentrated units of private property that we know as large corporations has been passing gradually but steadily from the few to the many. As Wall Street expresses it, they are being split up. Inspiring indeed is the fact that this movement becomes impressive, almost impetuous, when the security markets are most depressed and discouraged.

The great body of thrifty and industrious people with a little money to invest apparently have faith in their country and its industries. They are bulls on the United States. This is proved not by the ringing words and patriotic appeals of platform orators or editorial writers, but by the more prosaic figures on the transfer books of stock companies and the memoranda of odd-lot brokers. It is the quiet but ceaseless demonstration, not of rhetoric, but of the open market.

Learned men have wrangled for years over the distribution of wealth. What percentage of the total wealth do the rich own? How many rich people are there? Do they constitute two per cent or ten per cent of the population? How many poor people are there and how much do they own? The economists, statisticians and sociologists discuss and do not arrive anywhere, because they have not enough facts. But one fact we can cling to is the relentless increase from year to year in the number of property owners.

Less than a generation ago Andrew Carnegie had sixty-odd partners, and his rivals were equally few in number. To-day these same properties constitute a corporation whose direct owners number more than a hundred thousand. Hardly more distant were the days when John D. Rockefeller, along with a dozen partners, started a new industry. To-day there are at least ten thousand partners in his enterprise. Even in fifteen years the owners of scores of great concerns have trebled, quadrupled, and multiplied yet tenfold. In that time there has sprung up an entirely new national army of property owners, the small stockholders and bondholders.

Rich Men's Panics, Poor Men's Opportunities

FOR it is true that the rich man's panic, which has come every few years, has spelled opportunity, has been bargain day, not for the poor man exactly, but for the rich poor man, for him with a few thousand dollars or even a few hundred laid by. Here is the unsung hero, with none of that fascination for the reading public which surrounds the millionaire. There is nothing picturesque, spectacular or dramatic about the small investor, for he is neither a society Croesus on the one hand nor on the other a member of the hundred neediest cases about which the charity organizations tell us so feelingly at Christmastime. He—or she—is no more than a fairly successful barber in Pasadena, a dentist in Brooklyn, a small grain dealer in Omaha, a traveling man working from Chicago, a rather uninteresting widow in Worcester, Massachusetts, a physician in Grand Rapids, the proprietor of a gentlemen's furnishing store in Oil City, Pennsylvania, or a schoolteacher in New Jersey. The small investor is merely an average American citizen.

It was primarily and chiefly the panic of 1907 that so vastly widened the base of our industrial structure. It was the small investor, the odd-lot buyer, who came to the rescue in those dark days and made possible the rebirth of confidence in the nation's transportation system and its larger industrial units. Nor was the bargain hunter animated by any such large motives as patriotism or a desire to restore confidence. He bought because stocks and bonds were cheap. It was the same sort of citizen who made it possible to reopen the Stock Exchange in December, 1914; and, unless all testimony is at fault, it is the same industrious, thrifty, fairly ambitious, normal average American who is once more coming to the rescue of his country's business institutions.

Perhaps the financial sinews of a nation can be revealed only through calamity. It is a commonplace of experience that sorrow and trouble bring out the best qualities of the individual. The shocks of 1907 and 1914 showed us solid granite underneath. Someone once said that the wealth of the world grew more in the last century than in the twenty that went before. Wealth has been piling up quietly but sleeplessly with us. The little capitalist—thousands, millions of him—was not exactly a new creature; but he had never been reckoned with before or even recognized as an existing or potential force. At times this mighty host sweeps all before it, a ten-share torrent. Again it waxes slowly, bit by bit, like the work of a beehive, but always gathering and accumulating.

Impressed as we are, as a people, with merely big things, with our many and celebrated fortunes and with our big corporations, banks and insurance companies, I believe there is no danger of overestimating or exaggerating the total investments of the little fellow. But, even if there were, he would be worth all that can be said of him, because he stands for public opinion, for the action of great masses of people, and the power of the majority. More and more the big fellow seeks to follow and interpret this public opinion and use it as a guide and warrant for his own operations.

So it is that a true perspective shows how for some years the whole financial system has been turning, moving, shifting, until now it pivots, imperfectly perhaps and yet to an amazing extent, about the small investor. A whole new industry, that of investment banking, has sprung into existence. In less than twenty years at the outside these bond merchandisers have multiplied literally by the thousand. Once they sought out only the big life-insurance company or savings bank; to-day the greatest boast of any such firm is that it has a big list of individual clients, and has reduced to a science the work of reaching and selling the ultimate consumer; which means, in this case, the moderate or small investor.

Ten years ago the country was overrun with a type of low gambling concern, the bucket shop; or it might be more correct to say that the bucket shops, with their chains, syndicates, exchanges, boards and clearing houses, instead of overrunning the country, underran it, like the roots of a malignant growth. Brokers only in name and pretense, these shops did not buy and sell stocks, but merely bet on the prices made by buyers and sellers on the real stock exchanges. Now practically every bucket shop is closed, through the efforts of state and federal agencies, and a huge volume of business that went to them has come to the legitimate brokers. Much of this buying and selling is speculative in nature, but there is conclusive evidence that thousands of persons who formerly dabbled in bucket-shop allurements have now become the real owners of securities.

Nor has the cultivation of the small investor been left entirely to the broker and bond merchant. To a great extent the ordinary bank-and-trust company has been building up a business by purchasing stocks and bonds for its customers. It is safe to say that in thousands of banks in small towns the purchase of securities for depositors is far greater now than it was fifteen years ago.

At the very time when the banking and brokerage business was being broadened and revolutionized to meet these new conditions the corporations themselves awoke to the same problem. The United States Steel Corporation is only the largest and most conspicuous of great companies that have enlisted their workers as stockholders in the last ten or fifteen years. Here are hundreds of thousands of a new type of small capitalist, fifty thousand of them in one company alone. One of the largest of the tire and rubber companies boasts the fact that ninety-five per cent of its stock is owned by employees, and several thousand of them attended its last annual meeting.

Another class of corporations, the gas and electric concerns, meantime have been seeking to establish customer ownership; and, in sections of the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast especially, the movement has gone a long way. The householder buys stock in the local gas company and pays for it gradually, month by month, just as he pays his gas bills.

Nor has the really truly small investor been overlooked. For him the partial-payment plan of buying stocks and bonds has been devised and developed on a big scale. For him the hundred-dollar bond has fought its way into prominence and the postal-savings system has been established. Altogether, the striking fact cannot be denied that the whole system of private ownership of property has been heading directly toward democracy for ten or fifteen years now.

Perhaps the most potent and, at the same time, the least-known single agency through which wealth has become widely distributed is a bit of private business enterprise, a piece of technical jobbing machinery with which the public never comes in contact. Its owners are hard-headed men, with not the slightest intention of being reformers; but through this curious institution, developed solely in response to a business need, through this group of only four or five private firms known as odd-lot dealers, the mightiest of social forces have been at work.

The Hundred-Share Unit

THEORETICALLY there is no reason why one should not be able to buy a share of stock in a railroad or a manufacturing enterprise with the same directness and simplicity that characterizes the purchase of a pound of candy or a rocking-chair. Indeed, a share of stock in even the biggest corporation may cost less than a good strong rocking-chair. But most stocks in well-known companies can be had only on the stock exchanges, and none but regularly admitted brokers may enter therein.

Indeed, this business of buying and selling stocks has developed in such a way that it has become practically a monopoly of one private institution, the New York Stock Exchange.

If you live in Minneapolis and wish to buy for investment one share of stock in the Great Northern Railway you cannot go on the floor of the Stock Exchange and make your purchase. Six armed guards would jump on you and ring for the police. Nor can your broker make much of a success of such a purchase. He might have to hunt for two weeks before finding anyone who had a single share to sell. Naturally he couldn't afford to take so much time, because you couldn't afford to pay him more than a few cents or, at the most, a dollar for his services; while he might just as well be buying thousands of shares for other clients in just as short a time.

Stock exchanges are forced to have units of trading, just as a grocer must have a unit when he sells sugar—one pound in his case. The grocer cannot sell sugar by the single grain—at least we haven't come to that yet—because it would clog his business too much. So the brokers on the Big Board have one hundred shares as a unit. It has been so for a hundred years. Thus the brokers buy and sell one-hundred-share lots, or multiples thereof, and practically nothing else is recognized.

There have been times when a customer could not persuade his broker to buy him even a hundred shares of stock, so huge were the operations on the Stock Exchange. In the great speculative mania of 1915–16 a man literally had to have a pull to find a broker to buy so few as one hundred shares. Brokers rushed half crazed from the floor of the Exchange, waving their arms above their heads and vowing they never would work at that job again, so nerve-racking had been their exertions in attempting to execute orders in the pandemonium then reigning.

Stocks can be bought or sold in an active market only by detailing a broker actually to watch the course of prices and jump in at just the right moment. No broker could

be employed to watch one share when he might just as easily be watching a thousand. If one share were the unit, or if ten shares were the unit, it would be necessary to sell thousand-share lots in one or ten shares at a time. This would mean the complete breakdown of an active market. Besides, the price made for one share, or even for ten, would have no real significance in the reports and would convey a false impression of value. Nor could the banks attend to the physical details of accepting loans based on one-share certificates. If ten shares were the unit it would be almost impossible for a man to buy thirteen or seventeen shares; for, though he might get the ten easily enough in a dull market, he would wait weeks perhaps before finding the odd number.

The mere human limitations of the telegraph operators and the physical limitations of their machines seem to preclude the use of the small unit. At the opening of the market, which means the first ten or fifteen minutes after the gong booms at the stroke of ten o'clock, as many as fifty or sixty thousand shares of stock of a single company are often hurled upon the market, or a hundred brokers fight madly to buy that many. At such times the telegraphers must bunch even thousand-share orders, and sometimes even ten-thousand-share orders. They cannot report ten shares or a single share.

Yet one or three or thirteen shares, or any other amount of stock, can be bought by the small investor almost as quickly and easily as a pound of candy; and even when the market is frantic he can get his stock about as easily as the writer can get a pound of sugar at the present time. Anything less than a hundred shares is an odd lot, a fractional lot, a broken lot, or, as the Scotchman said, a cracked lot; and it is just as easy, contradictory as the statement may seem, to buy or sell one of these broken parcels as to buy or sell a full or board lot. This is because there are four wholesale dealers in odd lots who handle them on a scale so vast that they are able to breast the torrent, however swollen it may be.

Big Business in Odd Lots

THERE are more than five hundred brokerage firms on the New York Stock Exchange, and only four of these regularly handle odd lots. Yet these four houses are normally responsible for about one-fifth of the entire volume of business on the Exchange, and the senior partner of the oldest of the four houses is the president of the Exchange. One of them has handled as high as one hundred and seventy-five thousand shares of stock in a single day, which would represent anywhere from ten to twenty-five million dollars. For long periods of time two of these firms have been responsible for at least one hundred thousand shares a day each. Stocks pass through their offices almost like toys through a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores.

The public never comes into contact with the odd-lot dealer, because he is forbidden to buy or sell stock for anyone except a member of the Exchange. Any broker on the Exchange will take an order from an outsider for an odd lot, but he simply turns it over for execution to one of the four dealers. The outsider usually pays twelve and a half cents a share more if he buys, or gets that much less if he sells, an odd lot than he would pay for a full lot. Sometimes he does not pay a cent more or get a cent less than for full lots. In any case, the odd-lot dealer undertakes to deliver the stock at once, which normally means within twenty-four hours, meantime having it transferred on the books of the corporation to the name of the new owner. He always stands ready to buy and sell, deliver and transfer any stock in broken lots, up to a daily aggregate that may run all the way from three or four thousand to two hundred thousand shares.

When an odd-lot dealer buys an accumulation of broken lots he puts them together into hundred-share certificates and sells the hundreds in the regular market. When he sells a variety of broken lots he must go into the regular market and buy hundreds. Now as the investing and speculating public, through its five hundred different brokers, is inclined to flock at one period to the buying side and at another to the selling side, the odd-lot dealer is constantly obliged to risk a great sum. If the public is buying preponderantly the dealer is forced to deliver thousands of different small certificates of stock, though the market may go much higher before he has a chance to cover these orders by the purchase of hundred-share certificates. And when the public is madly flinging bales of stock at him, prices may take a sickening drop before he has an opportunity to get out from under the hundreds he has pieced together from the odds.

So the odd-lot dealers either make big profits or sustain big losses. They are nearly always obliged to take a position involving enormous sums. In reality their business at any given moment appears to be the height of speculation; yet if they were not ready thus to speculate there would exist no market whatever, except in dull times, for small lots of stock. Even in slack periods these dealers employ as many as two hundred clerks, and two of the firms each occupy three complete floors of large office buildings. Each of these two houses has twenty brokers stationed at strategic points on the floor of the Exchange. As seats on the Exchange have cost all the way from forty to ninety thousand dollars in the last fifteen years, it will be seen that each of these firms has a capital ranging from eight hundred thousand to one million eight hundred thousand dollars tied up solely in the privilege of doing business.

Many large corporations, for one reason or another, close their books for many days at a time to the transfer of stock to new owners. If a dealer happens to have bought a quantity of stock in any particular company just before its books close he is prevented from transferring them to the buyers, and may be obliged to employ extensive capital in merely carrying them over. The severest strain comes during the thirty days when the books of the United States Steel Corporation are closed for the annual meeting. The dealer's work is complicated by the fact that stocks bought on Friday and Saturday are not delivered until Monday, and by the further fact that odd lots do not go through the Stock Exchange Clearing House as hundred-share lots do.

No odd-lot dealer has ever failed. Indeed, the very nature of the business requires such strength and large capital that in panicky times, when ordinary brokers distrust each other, they often try to sell exclusively to odd-lot dealers, knowing that contracts with those dealers are good.

Of course it is absurd to suppose that just because a man buys or sells less than a hundred shares of stock he is necessarily an investor. It is just as possible to speculate or trade in odd lots as in full lots. Wall Street's daily business is chasing fortunes—little ones as well as big. Many brokers encourage the ten-share trader, hoping he will be the hundred-share or even thousand-share operator of the future. Odd lots permit the operator to diversify and average his holdings and reduce the risk.

It was evident enough how extensively odd lots were speculated in a year or two ago, when brokers bitterly accused the dealers of taking four minutes to execute an odd lot when it was possible to execute a full or board lot in two minutes. Obviously an investor would not care whether it took two or twenty minuts to execute his order. Naturally the perfection of quick service, or execution, as Wall Street loves to call it, is attained only in gambling operations, where no property whatever changes hands.

In the summer and fall of 1915 dealings in odd lots assumed such size that the machinery nearly broke down. Brokers at times lost two thousand dollars a day because of the poor execution of the dealers—that is, poor in the sense that a great surgeon's operations would be faulty if he were suddenly forced to perform five hundred a week instead of twenty. So overwhelmed were the dealers that they would ignorantly buy and sell thousands of shares too many or too few to cover their commitments, and have no recourse but to pocket the losses.

In other words, their whole system broke down. Their men on the floor gave up trying to report back to the offices at frequent intervals, but kept bags close at hand in which they threw their order slips, unable to send them round to the offices until noon or later. And the clerks had to sleep in the offices at night to keep up with the work. Finally the speculative mania—for that was what it became—had to be checked by temporarily charging twenty-five cents instead of twelve and a half for odd lots.

But in the main the odd-lot buyer or seller is an investor. Twenty brokers were asked what proportion of full lots of stocks represented investment, and the replies, reduced to an average, made it eight and a half per cent, which tallies with much other similar data. The same brokers figured that eighty-nine per cent of odd lots represented investment. Besides, it usually happens that after a period of extensive odd-lot buying the stock books of the large corporations show heavy increases in the number of owners. The names of speculators appear more rarely on the company books, because their holdings are usually in brokers' names.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence is the fact that odd-lot buying is heaviest after a severe decline in the market, and odd-lot selling is heaviest at the top of a boom. It is not that the small investor who buys for safety and a good income is necessarily such a wonderfully intelligent being. He makes many mistakes; but in the main he buys when stocks are cheap, for the very simple reason that he buys when the dividend return is attractive; and that, of course, is when prices are low rather than high. Contrarywise, the speculator does not care a hang for the dividend itself, but merely wants to jump in when he thinks a big rise in price is coming. Naturally this is when the market boils; and it usually boils near the top.

Also, it is common experience and observation that the vast majority of buyers at the top are margin buyers, whereas most of those who purchase at or near the bottom pay cash outright. And, of course, it is a fairly safe general rule that the margin buyer is a speculator, while the outright cash purchaser is usually an investor. Brokers all testify that they receive the most cash orders when prices are low and the most margin orders when prices are high. More stocks were bought for cash in the panic of 1907 than at any other time in the history of the country, and more stocks were bought on speculative margins at or near the top of the boom of 1916, when most prices were at the highest point on record, than at any other time or place in the history of the world.

Small Investors Buying Good Stocks

ODD-LOT dealers say that, though there has been a steady stream of buying in the last few months which has far exceeded the selling, it has not been so preponderant and overwhelming as in 1907 and 1914. But it is rather suggestive of the economic strength and prosperity of the West that the largest volume of odd-lot-buying orders has come through two or three of the great wire houses, which have both correspondents and branches all the way to the Pacific Coast. One of these houses has twenty branches, stretching from New England to California, and probably an even larger number of correspondents from whom it takes orders in bulk without any attempt to discover how many individual buying accounts are included.

The senior partner of one of these wire houses testified before a Congressional committee a year ago that at that time he was carrying as much as three hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock and borrowing twenty-eight million dollars. Of course this was largely speculative business, most of which has since departed; but the figures give some idea of how extensive are the facilities and operations of a firm whose private and leased wires reach nearly all parts of the country. This firm, along with several others, has recently been turning over to the odd-lot dealers orders running up to several thousand shares a day each for small cash lots of the highest-grade railroad stocks. It is said that several firms have asked to have as many as two hundred and fifty lots of stock transferred in a day.

Still other causes besides the increase in wealth and financial intelligence, along with the attractiveness of panic-time prices, have brought about a more widespread ownership of stocks and bonds. The dissolution of the oil and tobacco trusts and the break-up of a large number of ambitious schemes for railroad control, such as the Northern Securities Company, the Union-Southern Pacific merger and the community of interest idea—all these have resulted in a tremendous decentralization of ownership, if not of management and control.

Innumerable efforts have been made to learn how many owners of stocks and bonds, both direct and indirect, the country boasts. But all these excursions into statistics are attended with extraordinary and insurmountable difficulties. To begin with, no one has ever

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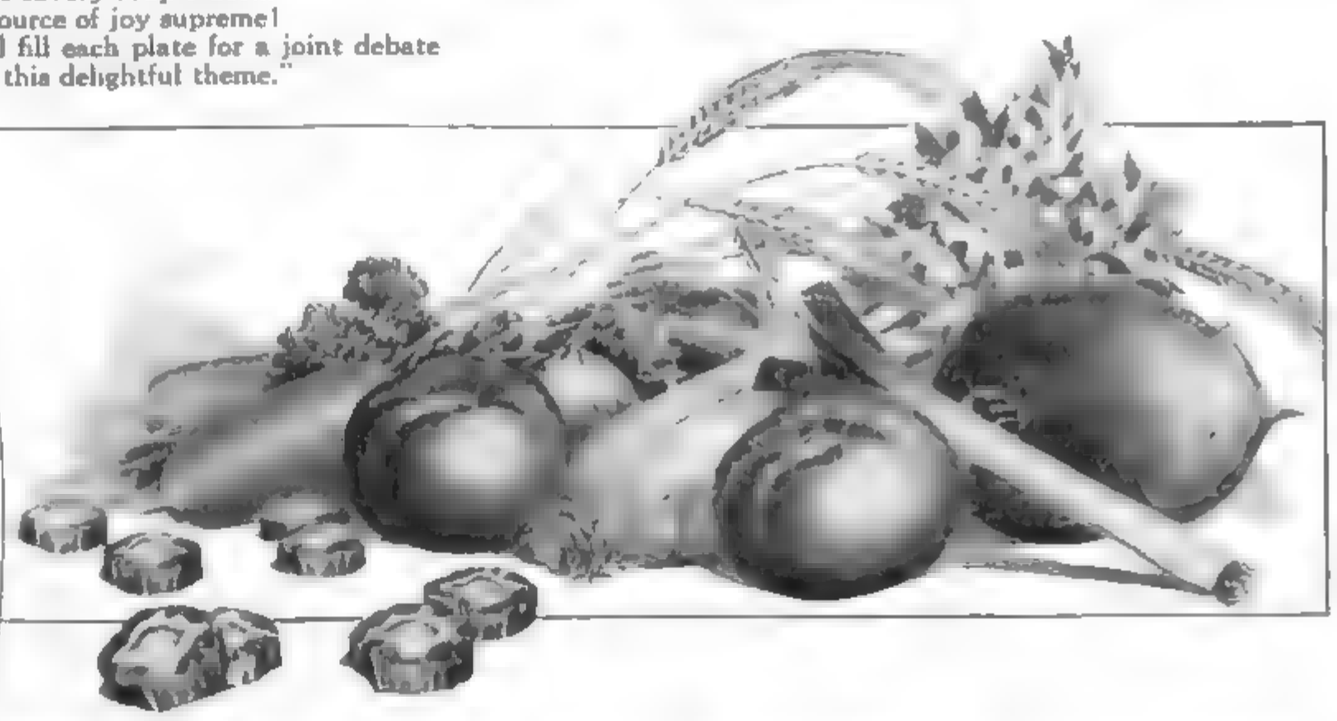

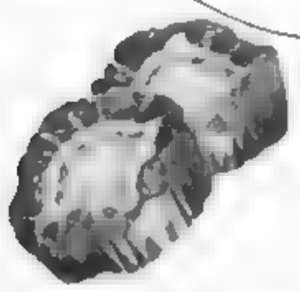

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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE DARK PEOPLE

By Ernest Poole

Millions of Children Like These are in Need of Real Schools

INTO a Russian village some seventy miles from Moscow I had come late at night with a Russian friend. At the neighboring monastery they had refused to take us in. A light rain was falling, and all the huts in the village were dark, except one near the end of the principal street, where a light shone out of the low square window. My friend knocked at the door, and after a moment a little woman with bright black eyes appeared with a candle in her hand. When told of our wish she hesitated, then said she could give us a place to sleep.

In the hut the air was heavy and hot, and the log walls literally crawled with flies. There were two small rooms. In the kitchen, by the window, was a table with a dirty cloth, on which stood a lamp and a tall brass samovar; near by hung a ragged curtain concealing the pots, kettles and pans; and there was an immense square stove of white tile with a platform overhead, where the family slept in winter. The stove extended through a partition into the small room in front. There we found a little girl asleep on a mattress on the floor; and on a long low chest by the wall an old woman with bare dirty feet lay on her side, wheezing painfully. The windows were shut—it was stifling; and we asked if we could not sleep in the barn.

The little woman said we could, but insisted on giving us supper first. Tired and hungry, we sat down, while she bustled about in her bare feet. In the tall brass samovar she soon had the water boiling, and into it she dropped six eggs—three for each of us, she laughed, because that was a holy number. She made tea and brought out an earthenware jar of rich cool milk, a pat of fresh butter and a loaf of dark-brown bread, or black bread, as they call it. In the other room the old woman snored. The lamp sputtered and burned low, and in the semidarkness I noticed now a tiny light before the icon which hung in the corner. Our hostess lit a candle and placed it on the table, and then she poured our tea for us and sat down while we had our supper. When we asked her to join us she said with a smile that she had been mowing from early morning until ten o'clock that night. "My bones all ache in such a way that I don't want to eat," she said.

She looked stunted by work. Her small breast was flat and her shoulders stooped; she had big overdeveloped arms, and the nails were worn half off her stubby little fingers.

A Peasant Woman's Story

BUT she was not too tired to talk. When she heard that I was an American her small black eyes grew doubly bright. She threw out rapid questions; she wanted to know all we had seen. On her narrow face with its sharp nose the color heightened. She was soon talking eagerly.

"Everything in Russia is so mixed up these days," she said. "The army is in a terrible state. Now many deserters keep coming here; but they go at night past the villages, and by day they hide in the woods. They know we do not like them! We are against the people in towns. They give us nothing that we need for our great new life in Russia! The work in the fields grows worse and worse. We have hardly any plows and tools; and besides, our peasants do not know how to do best with what they have. We are dark people—we must learn. But we will never return to the Czar! The good God granted him twenty-three years to rule over us—and every day what a chance to do good! He did nothing; he made promises only to take them back again—to tease the dog! But the peasants are not dogs. They have waited and waited till now they are sure—and we shall never take him back, no matter what he promises. Gifts from a warm hand are good, but from a cold hand they mean nothing at all. And the Czar is dead in Russia!"

She leaned forward in the candlelight and talked on swiftly, eagerly. From time to time she shook with a cough. Now it was after midnight. In the front room the old crone woke up, and her frowzy head appeared in the doorway. She muttered something angrily, but her daughter laughed and said to her: "Don't expect all strangers to be bad. If you think they are good they will treat you well."

"Not in these days of the devil," the old peasant woman growled. "Take these *barins* out to the barn."

Her daughter quickly assented and led the way in her bare feet down the road and across a field to a row of a dozen little log barns. And there until nearly daylight we sat on the log sill of her barn, while in true Russian fashion she poured out her soul.

"I have never had a chance in my life to talk like this to anyone—and I may never have it again," she said.

She went far back of the revolution into the life of the great dark people, and her own life here as a child. The rain had stopped and a big pale moon hung over the trees on the river bottom. She coughed and coughed, then hurried on. Her story did not come out all at once, but in disconnected passages, for her memories of the past were mixed in with her thoughts of the present and with her groping into the future that the revolution would bring. I shall try to piece it together here.

I was born in the hut where we live. That was thirty-one years ago. I am always glad when I hear my child laugh, for I laughed so much when I was small. My mother beat and scared me, but my father was my friend. The bitterest tears in the world, he said, are the tears of children—so they should be made to laugh instead. When she beat me and I cried he would take me away to the fields or the forest, and there he would always quiet me. "Just see how good everything is," he would say.

Teacher for All the Land

HE WORKED alone in such a peaceful way that the neighbors thought him weak-minded; but often when they got into a fix they would come to my father, and he would always help them. He would never listen to all the little scandals that go about in a village like this. When they tried to pry into his life he said, "My stomach is not a glass bottle, so don't try to guess what is there." He said if you treat people kindly they will do the same by you. He made me glad to obey him and try to guess ahead what he wished. I know that often I guessed wrong—but it made no difference, for he would always tell me, "That's exactly what I wanted." He liked to take me into the forest and tell me old, old stories.

Many hundred years ago, he said, the peasants used to kill their old men in order not to feed them. This had become the law of their land. But the sons of one old man loved him very deeply, and so they hid him in a cave, and there they took him food at night. One spring he said to them, "My sons, the summer season will be wet, so plant your seed on the mountain side." His sons obeyed, and their neighbors laughed. But the rains came and the valley was flooded, while the crops on the mountain were saved.

The next year the old man said to his sons, "This summer will be very dry. You must plant in the swamp." And so they did, and their neighbors laughed. But the summer's sun burnt up the land, and only in the cool wet swamp was there any yield of grain. Then the peasants begged the sons to tell where they got their wisdom. The sons said they would tell who the wise man was if the peasants would ask him to come there and live. And the peasants promised, and then the sons brought their father down from the mountain, and he was the teacher for all the land.

"And so it is," my father said. "It takes a long life to

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Catherine Breshkovsky, Known as "Babushka," the Little Grandmother of the Revolution. Above: A Village Street in North Russia

The Comfort Car

Hupmobile

THE WILL MAKER

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

BEDFORD is a little old brick-red sun-baked town in middle Georgia which has seen better days but is now so ugly that it appears to be making faces at the whole world. This is due to the fact that for fifty years the people have been cutting down expenses, saving paint and repairs—an embarrassing economy which always warps the weatherboarding and wrinkles the nose of a community. There are still a few fine old houses in the place, set far back from the street, with diamond panes on either side of the front doors, that widen into fanlights above as if these gray old mansions wore spectacles.

But modern architecture in Bedford tends toward thrift and hideousness, dingy cottages barely separated from the sidewalks by calico borders of petunias. Odors of poverty and trade pervade the business section. The Square is an open-air warehouse of every smell peculiar to commerce in a small town. If you sit beside the front window in my office you inhale gasoline smoke from a garage. If you are the very judge on the bench in the courthouse nothing can preserve Your Honor from the odor of garlic which emanates from a restaurant across the street. Three times daily Bedford publishes its bill of fare in the residence section on every breeze that blows.

The hardiness of the common man's nose—the indifference, not to say satisfaction, with which he inhales acrid odors suggestive of food, physical exercise and wholesale goods—is an interesting phenomenon. I have often asked myself why plain people pass through this outspoken period in regard to scents. And how do rich people avoid them? The onion, for example, is undoubtedly used in the preparation of elegant dishes, but has anyone ever detected the odor of an onion in a rich man's house, or that of boiling cabbage in the street before his door? It is only in communities where men work with their hands and women sweep their own front porches that the aroma of these plebeian vegetables becomes the adjective of atmosphere.

I am the leading attorney-at-law in Bedford. I make this statement boldly and without fear of contradiction only because no one who knows me will recognize me as the hero of this story. I have never been a hero. I am a tedious man with a disposition favorable to that which is safe and monotonous. I have reached this bald-headed period of moderation in all things without ever once appearing in the spotlight of any situation. Even now this record will show that I have played the part of an underhanded hero—a rôle often mistaken for that of the villain.

I was born forty-eight years ago in one of the old spectacled houses here in Bedford. I still live in it—alone. My first wife died twenty years ago. I always think of her tenderly as my first wife, though I have remained a widower, because a man never can tell what may happen to him in the matrimonial world, which, strictly speaking, is composed of those adult individuals of both sexes not yet removed by marriage from the incredible risks and vicissitudes of love. It is obvious that no man who has attained a second growth in celibacy during a carefully guarded widowerhood would deliberately thrust his stiffened neck beneath the yoke of wedded uncertainties. The newly bereaved widower is noticeably impressionable. He is rash, upset in all his habits, temporarily maimed by his sorrow. He returns automatically to the married relation rather than adjust himself to just himself. But if he remains single long enough to recover his identity as an integral human being he is not likely to marry the second time. He takes the homestead on his affections and protects himself so carefully that a woman cannot get so much as a scrap of paper from him upon which to base evidence in a breach-of-promise suit. He might, could, would or should have loved her—but she cannot prove it.

This has been my method in dealing with female clients. I dictate my letters and have my stenographer sign them with my name, per his name. It is legal but not incriminating even if in the course of the letter I give intimate personal advice, with that warmer tone of friendship sometimes required in soothing such clients.

I cannot deny, however, that more than one woman has appealed to the normal weaker and gentler side of my nature. So have the stars, for that matter. But it costs me nothing to maintain the stars, nor the woman who has occasionally crossed the path of my widowerhood. I am abstemious. I prefer the aloofness of the stars and the remoteness of the woman to the inevitable discomforts of a closer acquaintance. For who can tell what sort of thing a star is at close range, or what manner of being a woman is when she ceases to be the love letter of herself? As a rule, the nearer and dearer she is the more expensive she is. I do not refer to the matrimonial outlay which she requires for her comfort, but more particularly to the exhaustive demands which she makes upon the affections. She craves romantic attentions when you have ended the romance in reality because she lacks some essential hardiness of the spirit. From the moment you marry her she becomes a sort of insatiable beggar. You give her your whole heart. It is not enough. She wants it again the next day. You swear by the heavens above and the earth beneath that you do nothing all day long but think of her and love her. She eats your vow, and asks for another. She never is satisfied, though you provide her with every token of affection. She accumulates evidence against you, which proves, in spite of everything, that you do not and never did love her. She knows it now, and oh, how could she have been so blind as to believe in your affections! She has been a poor innocent fool, and so forth and so on.

I Became a Hesitation, I Doddered Back and Forth, When I Knew There Was Only One Thing a Man Ever Did Under Such Circumstances

No man can answer the arguments his wife makes in these moods, not if he is the best lawyer in the country. You simply stand aghast, and convicted, though you know you are as innocent as it is in the nature of a man to be. She makes a scene. She gives up her ghost. You resuscitate her with the most violent protestations of devotion. You squander language and strain every lying nerve in your imagination in the effort to console her. She revives, with her head upon your distracted breast. And oh, she has been such a little idiot to doubt you! You think it is over—everything settled. You relax, try to fix your mind on your business. But the paroxysm is sure to return. It is a kind of ailment from which women suffer in the married relation, and nothing can cure them of it but forty years. They are born agitators of the emotions. They will not allow your feelings or their feelings to relax and recuperate. There is something infernal about them—not wicked but partaking of that spirit which walks to and fro on the earth testing the Job in all mankind, not to mention the other people they test in him.

I have lived in a sort of longing, lonely peace for twenty years, supported by these convictions concerning the nature of women, feeling myself totally inadequate to sustain the demands or even the possible blessings of a second marriage.

My time and energies have been entirely devoted to my profession in the effort to acquire a modest competence. This has been an arduous business. The practice of law, like everything else in Bedford, is in reduced circumstances. There are no large estates to settle, no wealthy corporations to defend. And the people are so ignorant of their legal rights that they stolidly endure injustice from which the law would protect them if they would only appeal to the law. My practice therefore consists chiefly in office work, such as drawing deeds, the writing of wills, verifying land titles, making contracts, collecting debts, with an occasional case in bankruptcy or a small suit for damages against the railroad.

It is now five years since I came into my office one morning and found Thompson merely whispering in his typewriter. Thompson is my clerk—a sharp, hatchet-faced, hammer-headed young man with a brisk manner.

"Good morning," I said, advancing to the hatrack, which has a mirror in it.

"Good morning, colonel," he returned, implying by a modulated undertone that there might be good reason for not speaking in the ordinary human voice.

"What is the matter?" I asked, instinctively lowering my own voice.

"A lady is waiting for you in there," he mumbled, jerking his head toward the door of my private office.

I glanced at the door, and then at Thompson. I could see only the top of his head. He concealed his expression.

"Can't you hear her?" he snickered.

I listened and I did hear the footsteps of someone walking up and down in the next room, but not the nervous high-heeled clatter a woman makes when she paces the floor. It was the steady tread of a person with a stride long enough to measure a yard at every step.

"Who is it?" I asked, bending over the desk and dropping the question very softly.

"Miss Betty," he answered, as if that was sufficient information.

It was. If he had informed me that there was a catamount in my office I should not have been so disturbed.

"What does she want?" I asked, using the guttural tones of a dangerous male.

(Continued on Page 29)

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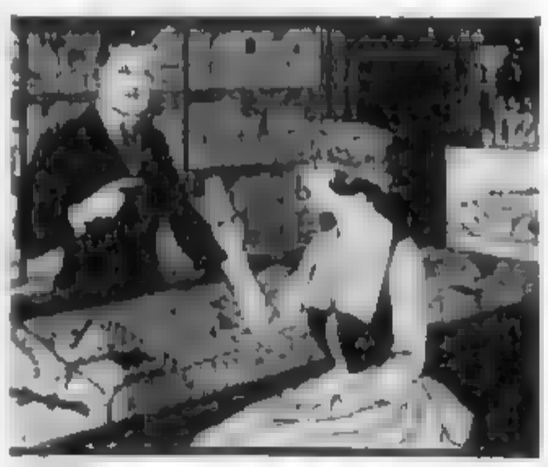

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The Summit Value in the Fine-Car Field Today

HERE is one amazing example of Mitchell factory efficiency.

A result of building complete cars—chassis and bodies—under up-to-date factory methods.

Also an evidence of how we conform to the spirit of the times.

There is nothing like it, nothing approaching it, among cars of like size, class and power.

A New-Time Car

Among countless people, in the past few years, ideas have changed about quality cars.

Once extra size and over-power were courted. In these ways a fine car seemed to show its supremacy. Impressiveness counted even more than utility.

Then came the Great War, which soon multiplied steel prices. The cost of fuel doubled. Motor car prices soared.

Later, with our entrance into war, economy came into fashion. Moderation is in vogue now—extravagance is taboo. And Mitchell, to meet that new idea, brought out this matchless Light Six.

No Retrogression

Mark that we did not go back to Fours to meet these new-day ideas. This is the day of the Six.

We made no sacrifice of needed room or comfort. The new Mitchell Light Six has a 120-inch wheelbase—a unique length in this class.

We lessened our standards not an iota. Here is the same Mitchell over-strength. Here are our shock-absorbing springs, our reversible headlights, our power tire pump, our dashboard engine primer, and most of our other extras.

We even added 25 per cent to the cost of beauty and luxury. That out of savings in our new body plant.

Simply through enormous production in an ideal plant we produced this wondrous Light Six to sell at $1250 at factory.

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What we have done is to merely eliminate waste. The ablest efficiency experts built and equipped this plant. They have worked here for years to minimize the cost of every Mitchell part.

Resident workmen—men who have homes here—have been trained in efficiency methods. Production has been doubled without addition to the plant. And now famous craftsmen build our bodies under these new-day methods. That is the secret of these incomparable values.

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Mitchell D-40—a 2 or 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor.

Club Roadster, $1250
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Three-Passenger Roadster, $1490
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See these new creations at your local Mitchell showroom. It will bring you a profound respect for the Mitchell idea in car building.

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(Continued from Page 26)

"She doesn't want anything. I think she wants to do something," Thompson answered with conviction.

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, she looked as if she were in the very act of acting. Whirled in here just now, wearing her agricultural clothes—you know the way she gets herself up ——"

I nodded. She dressed like a female country gentleman: short skirt, boots, box coat strapped loosely round her body—she scorned the weakness of cultivating a waistline! And she always wore a wide-brimmed soft hat pulled squarely down over her large round face—an atrocious costume, suitable no doubt to wear on her farm, but libelous of those gentler qualities of femininity which a man demands, like certain virtues, in woman.

"She marched up to the desk," Thompson went on in a whisper, "and demanded to know if you were here. She looked very personal to you, but not pleasant."

"She can't help her face," I put in.

"Oh, she doesn't want to help it," he sniekered. "I told her you usually came in about nine o'clock; that I was expecting you any minute.

"'It is after nine now. He ought to be here,' she said, looking at her watch."

"Why didn't you tell her I was out of town?" I hissed.

"Because you are not. You might have met her on the stairs going down. She said she would wait. I showed her in there. She closed the door herself," he said, rolling his eyes at the door.

I am a nervous man, especially when a woman shows up. Even if I were not I should have felt some degree of agitation at this moment. Any man would who knew Betty Calloway and came suddenly upon the news that she was shut up in his office waiting for him. She was one of those deplorable examples of her sex in whom the sense of independence amounts to antagonism, aggressive manner, painful positiveness of opinions. On the unavoidable social occasions, when forced to pay her those polite attentions one must sacrifice, I have always advanced to meet her in full retreat. I am then merely the rear guard of myself, holding a desperate position until relieved, usually by Miss Betty herself, who has a way of charging right and left until she has routed the whole company into an unnatural state of submission. The most charitable interpretation to be placed upon her conduct then is that she always seemed to me too large to fit the small amenities of social life.

This was the woman waiting for me behind the closed door of my inner office. I had drawn up the will of her father, by which she inherited at his death, a year before this date, a considerable fortune, including the plantation where she lived near Bedford. But the legal formalities connected with winding up this estate had been accomplished some months before this time. I was therefore at a loss to account for her visit. I was uneasy at Thompson's interpretation of her mood.

I could only do the best for myself by way of preparation for the interview. I always do that in a crisis. My belief is that many a man would meet death with more dignity and assurance if he could do so in a dress suit instead of in a nightshirt.

I moved swiftly back to the mirror in the hatrack. I seized the whisk broom and brushed my clothes frantically, adjusted my tie, wrung my neck this way and that to make sure my collar would be faithful to its duties, pulled down my vest, and buttoned my frock coat like armor across my breast. The hair on top of my head is no longer there, but by rumpling the locks above my ears it is still possible to produce an effect of bristling severity. I was thrusting my fingers in furious haste through these locks when I was assailed by an appalling apprehension. Only they who have never suffered the anguish of a timid man could possibly attribute it to masculine conceit.

"Thompson," I said, tipping back to the desk, "have we ever written any letters to Miss Calloway?"

"Several," he answered. Just that one word, without looking up.

"Formal business communications, I believe, were they not?"

"Well, yes, in a way; but they were cordial and sympathetic, such as we usually send to bereaved clients."

"But they were signed 'Wilkie, per Thompson'!" I insisted.

"Oh yes, certainly," he admitted.

"Very well then," I said, making for the door.

I will not go so far as Sir Horace Walpole and claim to have "the body of a lark," but my figure is slight, very good as far as it goes, but below medium height. I achieve the sense of my own presence and importance therefore by a bearing which, without boasting, is lofty and graceful. The fact that Thompson made a sound through his nose vulgarly suggestive of ill-timed mirth did not detract from the conscious dignity with which I threw myself out, so to speak, thrust the door open and closed it behind me.

Miss Calloway halted as I came in. She was not the kind of woman that pauses. There was too much of her; and too much striding force. She would have stepped over an ordinary feminine pause and gone on without suspecting that there was a place behind her where she should have hesitated and changed her mind. She stood in the middle of the room, her hands clasped behind her back, shoulders erect, head up, no feminine delicacy in attitude, none of that instinctive reserve with which women conceal what they want to conceal by revealing what they want to reveal. I cannot be sure, but I had the feeling that the skirt she wore was divided; certainly it was noticeably short, the more so because it did not reveal her ankles, but about eight inches of leather leggings. A tall woman, corpulent, blond, freckled, and thirty-five if she was a day. Her eyes were large, pale blue, wide open, with little rivulets of light in the pupils that glistened brighter than the blue. This was not the first time I had noticed a certain quality of violence revealed by her eyes, but this was the first time she had me at close range.

However, the moment she fixed her stare upon me I was aware of the fact that she did not see me—not with any sort of comprehension. The sternness of my countenance, the bristling horns of hair above my ears, the cool but respectful gaze with which I regarded her, were all wasted efforts. I had the feeling of being merely a pair of tongs for which she had waited impatiently and which she would presently use for her own purpose.

I was offended. No man likes to fail of his own identity in the presence of another person, however indifferent he may be to that person's opinion.

"Good morning, Miss Betty," I said, bowing formally.

"Good morning, Colonel Wilkie," she returned, not as if she cared about what kind of morning it might be.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," I said, thrusting a chair forward.

No, she would not sit down, she preferred to walk; she could always think better on her feet. I could not stand like a lackey because she would not sit, so I went round behind my desk and sat down. I felt safer. I leaned back, placed the tips of my fingers together and waited. She made the length of the room, stepping along vigorously as if that little strip of carpet was a highway. Then she turned, came back as far as my desk, thrust both hands into her pockets and looked down at me. I fixed my gaze on the third button of her coat.

"Colonel Wilkie," she began in her deep-toned voice, "I have come here on important business."

I bowed, implying that naturally it must be business.

"It concerns my happiness," she added.

I became rigid. When a woman begins to talk to you about her happiness your own is apt to be in danger. Under ordinary circumstances I should have risen at once, gone to the bookcase and chosen a volume bearing on the subject about to be discussed; but authorities in law have never produced a treatise on happiness, which is a sufficient commentary upon the ephemeral nature of it.

She took another turn up and down, apparently getting momentum for what was ahead of her.

"My father had great confidence in you," she remarked, I suppose by way of encouragement.

"I was his attorney for many years," I replied, refusing to be encouraged until the case developed further.

"I have often heard him say that you were the ablest lawyer in this section, and a man of the nicest honor in all things. He admired you greatly."

My fingers had parted by this time. I was holding the arms of my chair and staring at the top of my desk. I remained silent. But the human mind is a very busy man. Mine was running round that room as if the roof was on fire.

I make it a rule to allow a female client to circle whatever object she has in view until the centripetal force draws her into it. This saves time later, when we get down to business, because if she is not allowed to dizzy herself at first she will do it when you wish to clarify the case. The thing that alarmed me now was that I seemed to be involved in the reel of my client's thoughts.

"You know," she said, stopping abruptly once more in front of my desk, "I have lived alone on the plantation since father's death—absolutely alone," she added as if the word "alone" was a bell she tolled.

"I Have Changed It," Miss Betty Said. "I Will Not Live Fifty Years Like a Pauper on My Own Estate"

I endeavored to raise my eyes to meet hers, but they would not lift. I have lived alone myself. I know something about it. "Alone" is the name of a peculiar silence which you cannot break with the sound of your own voice, of an emptiness which you cannot fill with pleasure or riches or any achievement, though you accomplish everything.

"Now I have discovered something," she began again.

"You have?" I exclaimed, feeling a sense of relief so strengthening that I was enabled to regard her cheerfully, my thought being that in this case she had what she wanted.

"It is not good for a woman to live alone," she informed me.

I do not say that you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was already down. I was no doubt in imminent danger of developing palsy. It was with a conscious effort that I kept my head from shaking like a leaf on my shoulders.

"So long as father lived it was different," she went on. "I had him to think of constantly. I shared his interests, ministered to his comfort. We were companions, a relation which had grown for years until I may say that I had become the counterpart of his own mind and spirit. I acquired a freedom of thought and action unusual in a woman, merely by way of meeting his demands. I know that now. So you see what has happened."

My mind refused to contemplate that. It was history—private history. I was concerned more particularly with what was about to happen.

"His death has made a void in my life which I have been unable to fill," she continued without noticing the reserve with which I listened to her confidences. "I have done everything to fill it. I have made changes in the house, torn down and built up; managed the farm; planted things. They come up, bloom, multiply. But these activities only occupy my time. They do not satisfy me, humanly speaking. I cannot stand it, living out there alone. And I must stay. It is my home. I am attached to the place. I could never reconcile myself to any other environment."

"You have your friends," I interrupted feebly as she swung off and took another turn down the room.

"Yes, of course," she replied, planting herself directly in front of me again, and waving her right arm like a scythe against these persons. "But what are friends? Transients! Week-end guests, afternoon companions!

"Nobody can endure his friends all the time. You cannot assimilate them into the plans of your life. They have their own lives to live.

"No," she exclaimed with conviction, "I must have someone near and dear to me, someone who would become a part of my thoughts and hopes, whom it would be natural to love and cherish."

She paused. I knew without verifying my own sensation by looking up that her eyes were fixed upon me.

"During the day I am out of doors, because the house is empty. There is no one in it to take care of. In the evening when I come in I have to read the paper—like a man, because there is no one with whom to talk or discuss our common interests. You understand me, don't you?"

"Per-per-perfectly," I stuttered.

My body was still seated before her in the chair behind the desk, erect, dignified. I was even annoyed by the feeling that her eyes were fixed upon the bald spot on my head. But my faculties, the guardians of my life and liberty, had flown up on the ridgepole of this situation, and were regarding her with desperate alarm.

I had known Betty Calloway for more years than one cares to remember. Not, of course, as she knew herself; we never do that. Count your friends and your enemies—add them together. The sum total represents the number of portraits of you which are current in the community where you live, every one of them different, diminished or exaggerated according to the angle of vision from which it has been drawn, or according to that person's natural perversity in caricaturing his own human nature in another person. These are the ridiculous posters which you never see and by which you are recognized, rather than by that masterpiece which you have made of yourself with years of patient toil.

Miss Calloway had inspired more than the usual number of these impressionistic drawings of her character in the minds of the people of Bedford, due no doubt to the indifference she showed to the opinions of her neighbors, the freedom with which she expressed her own opinions and accomplished her own existence. She would have her rights, and even your rights if she could get them. She was a terror to the merchants and other business men with whom she dealt. There was a small circle of people in Bedford who entertained in a modest way, and who were recognized as Society. She was a member of this set. She was popular with the women, who were always ready to defend her in case she was not present, which were the only occasions when she needed defense. But I never knew a man who really wanted to remain long at her side in a drawing-room or who really wanted to take her in to dinner, in spite of the fact that she was an able talker of talk, but rather for this very reason. She had a hobnailed mind, as dangerous to her companion's as the heel of a boot. She used it to kick his ideas downstairs.

Personally I always avoided her, not openly but discreetly, as one avoids an undertaking too great for his resources. She did not appeal to me. What I mean is that the appealing quality, which is the important element of femininity so far as men are concerned, was entirely absent. She held her chin up, but she never lowered the lids of her eyes, which when the chin is elevated gives a woman an expression at once proud and modestly veiled.

I have never seen anywhere an adequate description of a woman's mouth. It cannot be done. If you call it a mouth at all you have defamed it. You may say everything possible to imagine, but it still remains a mystery, a line written there which you cannot read because she changes it every time she looks at you or looks at the other fellow. The best interpretation I can offer of this woman's mouth is that though it was a handsome feature in her plain round face—lips firm, red, the lower one straight, the upper one distinctly curved and a trifle short—you never admired it. You were always thinking of the tongue inside, not because she made a vicious use of it, which is common enough with women who have pretty lips, but because she had a purely masculine way of hitting the nail on the head when she chose to say what she thought. And she always chose to say it, and you were usually the nail she hit on the head. A man cannot fix his attention admiringly upon such a woman's mouth, no matter if it is a perfect Cupid's bow.

Meanwhile her nose was her most noticeable feature, not because it was really noticeable, but because she forced it upon your attention. It came down on her face like a little girl's nose and stopped abruptly, as if it did not care much about being a nose anyway—short, not pretty, no stamina, no bridge worth mentioning. In summer there were beads of perspiration on the end of it; in winter it was red. She had a way of calling attention to it. She was always rubbing it, dabbing it. She had no delicacy about blowing it. She would seize it in her handkerchief, make a terrific noise, shaking her head vehemently as if she hoped this time to blow it entirely away and have done with it.

Nothing could be more shocking to masculine sensibilities than this habit she had of abusing and chastising this organ as if she had a spite against it and did not care who knew it. The human nose at best is not ornamental. Originally it must have been fearfully unbecoming to man. And I still hold that if a man who had never seen himself or any other mortal should come suddenly upon the image of his own countenance he would be appalled at the sight of this deformity in the middle of his face. Doubtless the fact that mine is extremely prominent has something to do with my feelings on this subject. If I had had less nose and longer legs I should have been a remarkably handsome man.

Now this was the kind of woman who had just confided to me—practically a bachelor, certainly a single man—that she was lonely, that it was not good for a woman to live alone, that she had struggled against this desolate state, that she could no longer bear it, that she must have someone near and dear round to love

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I Was Always Prepared on These Occasions to Spring From My Car and Avert a Catastrophe. But the Event Never Came Off. She Was a Good Horsewoman

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and cherish. Put yourself in my place, a nervous and timid man who had suffered the pangs of loneliness for twenty years in order to preserve his life and liberty from feminine complications. What would have been your sensations, what inference would you have drawn from these exceedingly intimate confidences, no matter how loath you might have been to infer what you inferred?

The charge is sometimes made that masculine egotism often causes a man to place a significance flattering to himself upon the conduct of a woman who may be entirely unconscious of meaning what he thinks she means; but can a man avoid the native egotism of his sex in such circumstances?

If I had been free to think at the moment according to the detached contemplative habit of my mind I should have said that my client had made the mistake, which a woman cannot afford to make, of attempting to live an active bachelor existence, because she was a woman, therefore obviously incapable of enduring the vicissitudes of her own existence comfortably without having it standardized by the controlling element of masculinity. The fact that man was created first has not received the attention it deserves. It was a foregone conclusion from the beginning that woman could not live alone. The possibility that man might do so was obviously entertained or the experiment would not have been made. I have always believed it failed because Adam was placed in a formal garden with nothing to do. If he had started in the open he would have at once developed those industrious, acquisitive and progressive qualities which have distinguished his male descendants.

The case is different with woman. Her ideals fail, they nearly always fail, but her nature never fails. She cannot overcome it or live it down. It is a dear weakness which must be supplemented and sustained by man. She may live without him, accomplish much, but she cannot achieve herself.

My mind would undoubtedly have followed some such train of thought as this if I had been free to think. But I was not free to think.

With that buckram-clad Amazon standing on the opposite side of my desk, raking the top of my bowed head with her violent eyes, I could only feel and fear.

Suddenly I looked up, startled by a loud report. Her expression was ferocious. She was holding her nose with a handkerchief as if it were her bitterest enemy. After trumpeting a number of times she released it, seized a chair, swung it round the end of my desk, and sat down on it with an emphasis which implied that she was now ready for business.

"I have made up my mind about what to do," she said calmly; "in fact, I have already done it," she added.

"You have?" I repeated inanely. It was all I could think of to say. I was infinitely relieved, but let down, so to speak, as one feels who has prepared himself for a disaster which ignored him.

"I have adopted my niece, Mary Calloway, my brother's daughter. They live in Nebraska. He has just lost his wife. I have never seen the girl, but she is young—sixteen, I believe. She will become my child, live with me, you see."

I saw—far more than she did; but it was not my duty to remind her that it is not so easy to start out with a child, a girl child of sixteen.

Parents often find it difficult to live with one of that age, even when they have practiced living with it since its birth.

"I shall make her my heir," she explained. "I want you to write the will."

"Now?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes, of course! That's what I came for."

I thought she might have told me sooner and saved me half an hour of nervous anguish.

"But, Miss Betty," I protested, feeling that as her lawyer it was my duty to save her from an error of judgment, "you do not know this girl. She knows even less of you. I strongly advise you to wait before taking such a serious step. You might discover that she lacks those qualities which you expect to find in her."

"I am not taking her on trial, like a servant, Colonel Wilkie! I have already adopted her. She is mine. Like any other parent I wish to forestall any complications which might rise through my death, and bequeath what I have to her."

I did not think that she was like any other parent or like a parent at all; but having performed my duty I prepared the will, making her "beloved daughter," Mary Calloway, whom she had never seen, the beneficiary, and myself the executor.

When the instrument was drawn, signed and witnessed she threw herself back in the chair with a sigh, dropping her arms with a gesture implying sorrowful realization of helplessness. It was the most feminine thing I had ever seen her do.

"Do you know what I have done?" she asked, looking at me gravely.

"Settled your affairs in a businesslike way," I answered discreetly.

"I have given away everything, every dollar I possess! It is appalling."

"The will does not take effect until after your death. You may live fifty years," I said reassuringly.

"Yes, but all those years I shall know that I am only the guardian of an estate which I have given to another," she insisted.

"Well, you can change your will any time you please to do so," I suggested.

"That I can do," she exclaimed, springing to her feet and seizing the document that lay neatly folded on the desk.

Before I could realize what was in her mind she tore it straight across, laid the halves together, quartered them with another tear and tossed the fragments into the wastebasket.

"I have changed it," she said with a short laugh, moving toward the door. "I will not live fifty years like a pauper on my own estate."

I stood for five minutes where she left me, looking into that wastebasket at those tittering scraps of paper that had been a woman's will. I was preparing a sort of verbal affidavit to support convictions which I have always entertained about this sex. Then I walked out into the front office, where Thompson was clattering like a maniac on the typewriter.

"Thompson," I said, fixing my eyes upon him and clasping both hands behind me under my coat tails—a habit I have of being unusually impressive.

"Yes sir," he answered, dropping his fingers from the keys and regarding me with a polite stare.

"Remember this—it will save you a lot of trouble—all women are alike! They may differ in appearance, in conditions of life. One may have taste, wit, refinement; the other may be plain and stupid. One may have an angelic disposition and the other may be a vixen, but there is one characteristic they all have in common."

"What is that, sir?" he asked, grinning.

"Left to follow their own wills, the last one of them will change, change, change, change! They change their fashions, their furniture and their minds. They never stay put! They are the weather of mankind. Just the weather, confound it!"

"What did she do?" Thompson asked, interrupting my train of thought.

He is that kind of man. Always comes back to the point from which I have advanced. Never leaves it, in fact; holds it, like a horse, by the bridle until he gets the chance to reverse my attention. He referred now to my client, whom I had had the relief of forgetting for the moment.

"What did she do?" I sneered.

"Yes. I thought everything had gone off happily. She appeared to be in a high good humor about something when she came through here just now," he explained.

"She was," I answered bitterly. "In the first place she consumed thirty minutes misleading me as to the object of her visit. It was the most appalling half an hour I have ever spent in my life. Then she disclosed the fact that she had come to make her will—which no man could have inferred from her prefatory confidences. I endeavored to dissuade her from choosing an heir at random, a niece whom she has never seen, and whom she has adopted. She was firm. She was determined to settle everything once for all and get it off her mind. I spent three hours preparing the instrument which you copied and witnessed.

"Then she had a fit; realized all of a sudden that she had given away everything she possessed—that she would be henceforth only the keeper of her estate, not the owner. I tried to reason with her. It is always a ticklish moment with testators, you know, when they sign up. By way of letting her down easy I suggested that the will was only a piece of paper so long as she lived—that she could change it any time. Can you imagine what she did?"

Thompson shook his head.

"Took me at my word, snatched the thing from the desk, tore it into fragments and walked out. That is why she looked so well satisfied. She had just enjoyed the peculiar feminine relaxation of changing her mind!"

"I see," Thompson answered, laughing. "Well, she will come back presently to make another. They always do, once they get started at it."

All this happened in November. I saw nothing of Miss Betty during the winter. I was out of Bedford attending sessions of the Superior Court most of the time, and I was too much engaged with my own affairs to indulge in the arid social diversions of the place when I happened to be at home. However, Thompson occasionally referred to Mary Calloway, the ward. Thompson is an inveterate gossip. He said that she was a startling replica of Miss Betty, only more so. A large, strapping, raw-boned girl with a "sun smile." I use his own terms of description. I never saw the young woman myself. He said she whinnied when she laughed and that she had a way of smacking Miss Betty on the back when they rounded up at some social affair. Everybody was standing off with their hands over their mouths, figuratively speaking, watching to see which one of them would break the other in. Thompson thought Miss Betty was as forceful as ever, but soberer.

"Leaves the young one to do the talking when they go out together," he said. "But she is doing a sight of thoughtful thinking. I am betting on the old girl."

"Thompson," I said severely, "I cannot allow you to refer to any client of mine as an 'old girl.' It is unprofessional."

"Beg pardon, sir," he replied, and lapsed into one of those significant silences which are so often the offensive weapon of a subordinate when he wishes to attribute a meaning to what you have just said which is foreign to every instinct of your nature.

What I really thought was that Betty Calloway would become one of those seismic old ruffian women who, with one foot in the grave, keep the other foot on the neck of their chosen relative. What Thompson pretended to think was that this defense of my client implied a personal interest.

I spent the month of February in Florida. When I returned to the office, one morning early in March, Thompson informed me briefly that he had taken the liberty of making an appointment for Miss Betty, who was impatient to see me on a matter of important business.

"Decided to make her will again, I suppose," I said indifferently.

"But not in favor of the niece she had when you were here. That one deserted—went back to Nebraska a month since. She's got another one out there now," he informed me.

"Another niece?" I asked, interested.

"Can't say, but I understand she is a relative—squenched-up old maid, very timid, pale. Skin-and-bone effect. Looks at you as if she wanted to mew like a starved cat. A sort of companion ——"

Whatever else he might have told me was cut short by the entrance of Miss Betty.

"Good morning, Colonel Wilkie. Glad to see you back!" she announced, shaking me vigorously by the hand.

I told her the same thing. Glad to be back, and glad to see her. Every time I tried to say anything I said glad, due no doubt to some stammering defect of my brain. For I was not glad. I was fashed and nervous, as usual when I had to deal with a female client.

I observed as we went back into my office that she had firmed up.

She informed me at once that she was now ready to make her will.

"In favor of your niece, Mary Calloway?" I inquired mildly, affecting ignorance of what Thompson had just told me.

"Do you know it was very fortunate that you persuaded me to destroy that foolish document?" she returned, looking squarely at me.

"I persuaded you!" I exclaimed.

No man can be better prepared than I am, in theory, to meet the swift turns of a woman's unscrupulous mind. But when it comes to practice I am always confounded by the phenomenon. I sat looking at her in amazement, remembering the annoyance I had experienced when she tore the will.

"Yes," she answered coolly. "Didn't you tell me that I could destroy it any time?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Well," she interrupted, "I destroyed it and saved myself five months' regret."

"Then you did try your niece out after all," I put in by way of reminding her of the only advice I had really given.

"No, she tried me!" she exclaimed with heat.

"You can live alone with yourself," she went on, "but did you ever try living in the same house with your double? Somebody so much like you that she always beat you to it—did what you wanted to do before you could do it, said what you thought before you could say it! Well, it is not pleasant. My niece is a fine girl, but so much like me in temperament and temper that we found each other unendurable. She has gone home—voluntarily." She added the last word after a pause.

I waited. To offer sympathy would have been a doubtful experiment.

"I suppose," she began, scrubbing her nose vigorously, "that is why people marry the people they marry—in order to live with someone sharply and eternally different."

It was a remarkably intelligent deduction for a woman to make, but I refused to pursue it. You cannot tell how far a deduction may lead you if you will be led.

"Now I have really found someone at last who combines those qualities necessary for home companionship," she said, changing the subject which I resolutely refused to take up.

"A relative?" I asked discreetly.

"Yes; another niece. Poor girl, she has had rather a hard time, and she is the more willing to adjust herself to my ways. I shall make her my heir."

"Miss Betty," I said, regarding her bravely, "will you take some advice from me which is based upon long experience and observation?"

"You may give it!" she answered in a tone which implied that she would use her own judgment about accepting it.

"Never live in the house with your own heir. It is fatal to the heir's interests. If you are determined to make your will choose a relative or a score of relatives who live at a distance, and keep them there."

"But why?" she demanded.

"Because," I answered, "the closer you get to a human being the more irritating he is. Cactus is his domestic name. You discover his faults, limitations; you are always turning his sharp corners. He is always pussy-footing to avoid stirring up the exasperating imp in you. Your affection is stretched to the last sigh just to keep him forgiven the sins he commits, so that it becomes superhuman to give him everything else you have in addition."

"Dear me!" she exclaimed.

I have neglected to say that she had the prefatory habit of saying "Dear me" when she did not know what to say.

"How then do you account for the fact that parents almost invariably leave what they have to their children?" she demanded suddenly.

"Because Nature, the law itself, forces them to do it," I replied. "Do you imagine for one moment that the father of a profligate son would choose that son for his heir if he were a nephew? Believe me, people do not often choose their heirs. They are thrust upon them by Nature or circumstances.

"If you are resolved to make this—er—niece your heir," I went on, stumbling because I came near saying this "unfortunate woman," "send her away, and keep your first happy impression of her sterling worth."

"But my whole object is to get someone to live with me who would—would take an interest, feel some natural affection, gratitude, toward me," she objected.

"Employ a companion, then. You can dismiss her without going through the annoyance and embarrassment of changing your will if she proves unsatisfactory," I advised boldly.

"A companion!" she fairly snorted. "I am neither an invalid nor a fool. They are the only women who hire reading nurses to beguile their puerile existence."

I perceived that it was useless to argue the matter further. We spent the morning preparing the will. This time it was signed, witnessed, sealed and left in my care.

"Now that is off my mind," she said cheerfully. Then she bade me good-by as if she never expected to see or need me again, and went out.

She was far from suspecting what was perfectly clear to me—that she had subconsciously laid the scene for changing her mind again. If she had not made the will she could not waver about it. For mark

you this: a woman never gets anything off her mind. She merely turns it upside down occasionally by way of renewing the burden. If you could see the top of that place where she does her thinking it would be a shelf in a dark closet filled with things she has used to worry herself and other people: little plans that failed, promissory notes against her husband for caresses which he failed to meet, grievances against him which he unconsciously contracted years ago. She cherishes them along with her bridal veil and the dead baby's shoes, so that when she is sad she can reach up, take them all down, add them up and weep. But she never discounts them nor destroys them. The fiendish house-cleaning instinct with which she is endowed never leads her to set this little dark corner of herself in order.

Miss Betty had merely tossed her will up there for future reference.

It was in fact the second of six wills which I drew for her during the period of five years. The last one was made in favor of a nephew, who had recently married and come to live with her. The only difference between this one and the others which she had required me to draw for her was that if the nephew had any children at the time of her death one-half of the estate should be held in trust for them until they were of age.

She was now thirty-eight and she had become a potential grandmother in her imagination, though I could see no marked change in her appearance. She was what I should call a husky woman, not subject, as the more delicate individuals of her sex are, to wrinkles and to a certain fading of the eyes, which gives them a forlorn expression, as if far within they have already become the dim ghosts of themselves.

When a year passed and Miss Betty did not pay the usual visit to my office I inferred that the potential grandchildren had gained a hold upon her fortune which no living man or woman had ever been able to acquire.

William Calloway, the nephew, was an energetic and progressive young man. He and his wife took their place with a sort of settled assurance in the social life of Bedford. As they became more prominent Miss Betty seemed to retire. I will not admit that I thought much about it myself. Subconsciously no doubt I was aware of a certain sense of relief at having finally disposed of a decidedly troublesome client.

I keep a sort of bachelor car, a little black roadster with a powerful engine and not much seating capacity. When the weather is fine it is my habit to outrun the worries of the day with a drive over the country roads round Bedford. Like most people who live in town, I am fond of the country, as one is fond of a relative who lives at a convenient distance. The green fields, the wild roses blooming by the roadside, the women standing in the dark doorways of old farmhouses at evening with their faces lifted like forlorn prayers that have been repeated a thousand times, appeal to me. I have a poetic nature which I have never abused by writing verses. These sonnets and elegies of the wayside soothe me, therefore, without exciting the impertinent ambition to traduce them into the singing rhythm of mere words.

I usually take the road which passes the Calloway place because it is the best road in the county, thanks to a number of disagreeable scenes between Miss Betty and the road commissioners, and because the scenery is particularly mild and enchanting. The Calloway home itself affords a charming view. This is a Colonial house set far back from the highway on a lawn that spreads into meadows on either side. There are trees in these meadows, very old and peaceful oaks, which appear to have settled with the storms of life by growing gnarled and crooked in the struggle. And there are paths beneath them that show in the dusk like white streamers upon the grass.

I frequently had a glimpse of Miss Betty swinging along one of these paths, not a graceful figure, but impressive, like a daughter of the oaks, if I may use a poetic figure of speech to describe a singularly practical and unpoetic woman. Sometimes I met her in the road, mounted cross-saddle on a powerful bay horse. This horse invariably flung his head up at the sound of my motor, bunched his legs and pranced sidewise. I was always prepared on these occasions to spring from my car, seize him by the reins and avert a catastrophe. But the event never came off. She was a devilishly good horsewoman. She invariably jerked his forelegs off the ground with a masculine grip on the reins, gave him a stinging blow with her whip and cavorted by, sitting reared back in the saddle as if the horse beneath her had been a rocking-chair comfortably elevated in front. At the same time she would pass me a curt nod along with the dust she kicked up.

But after the advent of the William Calloways I rarely saw her in the open. I had the feeling that she was somewhere in the house. This was a negligible intuition to which I paid no attention; in fact, I continued to motor out that way as usual, since it was the road which attracted me.

I am a firm believer in gossip. It is a ruthless and irresponsible censorship which most people fear more than they fear the laws of the land or the will of God, because it is so immediate and damaging in its effects. Society would become inconceivably corrupt without it. If any considerable number of persons in a community really bandaged their tongues in the "perfect law of kindness" recommended by that apostle who probably exercised the powers of anathema more freely than the other disciples, even Christians would take an uncivil and unchristian advantage of the situation to condemn more fiercely and openly than they dare condemn an up-and-doing gossip under present conditions. The tongue is a sword that has never been sheathed, and it never will be. There are no pacifists so far as the grapeshot of language goes. We may complain of the injustice and cowardice, but the sniping keeps up, enough to expose everybody's faults and to preserve a few of everybody's virtues.

I am myself a busy man with a legal training in discretion which prevents me from indulging often in gossip. But there come moments of relaxation in everyone's life when he desires to talk with another about someone else—not to tell what he knows but more frequently to find out what the other fellow knows about the person under discussion.

"Thompson," I remarked casually one morning, "we do not see much of Miss Betty these days."

"She seems to have receded," he observed after a pause during which he bent over and affected to be busy doing something to his typewriter.

I often noticed a disposition on the part of Thompson when the name of this client was mentioned to assume a manner which was occult and significant and at the same time approaching levity.

"Exactly what do you mean, Thompson?" I demanded. "'Recede' is an ebb-tide term which scarcely applies to a person of Miss Calloway's quality."

"I was just thinking of something I heard the other day," he answered, looking up at me with an air of mild surprise, as if he was wondering politely why I should be so particular about his having used a backward verb to express his opinion.

"What did you hear?" I asked.

"That last nephew she imported seems to have the whip hand. Morton, the man who owns the adjoining farm, was telling a crowd of fellows on the street the other day about the changes out there.

"It seems that young Calloway is by way of being a scientific farmer. He plowed up Miss Betty's clover in the spring and planted corn on that land. He sowed wheat where she always sowed peas. And he declares there shall not be a stalk of cotton raised on the place. Put all the cotton land in hay grasses. Morton says he is making a success of it—prospects for a bumper crop."

"Well, then, everything is going smoothly for Miss Betty. She was anxious to get someone who could take proper care of the place," I remarked.

"Yes, under her direction," Thompson corrected. "Calloway doesn't take orders. He gives them. Morton says Miss Betty is out of a job. Nobody to boss, nothing to do. He says she hasn't got spunk enough to order the cat to the kitchen in her own house. Mrs. William has taken entire charge of the house."

I listened, endeavoring to conjure the image of this redoubtable woman in a state of repose.

"Calloway sold Miss Betty's saddle horse not long ago and he has purchased a seven-passenger car," Thompson went on. "You remember that she never would have one."

"A silly prejudice, which she should have overcome long ago," I put in.

"Well, she hasn't done it yet. Never goes out in the car; stays at home. That's why I said just now that she had receded," he concluded.

"Contentment often leads to repose," I returned with studied indifference.

"I suppose so," he answered, grinning; "but that is not the general impression held in Bedford about Miss Betty's state."

I considered the wisdom of revealing the curiosity I felt on this point. Thompson gratified it voluntarily. He likes to talk, especially about somebody.

"They say she looks meek and resigned, like a person who does not expect ever to be well again," he added.

"Not ill?" I let out too impulsively.

"Oh no. Just lost her grip. Comes to the same thing, I imagine," he answered.

During the week following this conversation with Thompson my thoughts dwelt frequently upon the Calloways as a family group. The singular and often adverse elements which go to make up family life have always interested me. You rarely find one composed of individuals who would voluntarily live together in the more or less anguishing intimacies of the domestic relation. A man chooses the wife he has once, but in all probability he would not choose her the second time. The same is true of her. Parents come by their offspring naturally; otherwise they would never endure with so much patience the wear and tear of bringing them up. And children do not often bear the hardship of having parents longer than is necessary to achieve independence. They usually take to their heels at the first opportunity, preferring some other relation and other hardships.

We refer to the family as the unit of national life, but probably no other unit is subject to so many violent changes. The ordinary business firm composed of individuals from half a dozen ranks in society will outlast a normal family group every time. This is because the interests of the firm are identical; but there are all forms of competition involved in the domestic relation, not to mention the inevitable friction of wearing one another smooth enough to be endurable.

I do not recall now, but no doubt this and other similar trains of thought engaged my attention with reference to the Calloways during this period. I passed the place several times in the late afternoon. It was at the harvest season and there were evidences of unusual activities—men stalking across the hayfields like long shadows in the dusk, heavily loaded teams coming into the barnyard. And William Calloway always in the foreground, where for so many years Miss Betty was the principal figure, a rumpled but not ruffled woman performing with childish ardor the tasks of a man.

If the house had been near the road I should have been tempted to drop in. You can do that casually when there is not a formal drive to be got over, which always seems to add ceremony to a visit. But I was not in the habit of calling on Miss Betty. I had never been there except to transact business, and apparently there was nothing of this sort to be done. Still I could not get over the feeling that my client might be in need of advice, possibly the protection of the law.

"Thompson," I said, coming into the office briskly one morning, "have we any unfinished business in connection with the Calloway estate?"

"Unfinished?" he repeated as if the very idea was preposterous. "No sir; certainly not."

"What about that lease on the bank building? When does it expire?" I asked.

"Some time soon, I believe," he answered.

"Well, look it up and find out. I must take the matter up with Miss Betty."

"But that property has been sold," he told me.

"Sold!" I exclaimed. "Who sold it?"

"William Calloway, agent," he answered briefly.

"And we were not consulted?"

"Calloway has his own attorneys, Reeves & Reeves. The sale was made through their office, I believe," he said, referring to another legal firm in Bedford.

More than once Miss Betty had expressed her determination to keep this property. She would never have willingly disposed of it. She had been forced to do so because of financial difficulties or for some cause which I could only conjecture.

I spent the day conjecturing.

There are moments when the commonest man becomes a poet, and occasions when the most timid man is brave. And there are times when a man feels that it is his duty to protect a woman. It makes no difference what his attitude is to the sex in general or how well he may have fortified himself with wisdom against every woman in particular. The hour comes when the voice of a muscular six-foot hero somewhere in him calls upon him to stand up and defend one of these creatures, for no other reason than that she is a woman and needs it.

I felt this way—exalted, indignant, stern. It was the principle of the thing that stirred me, not my interest in Miss Betty. I had none. I thought of her much as one might think of a female Samson who had indiscreetly submitted herself to be sheared by a barber.

However, I admit it was with an unexpected sense of relief that I passed the William Calloways coming into Bedford in their car as I was leaving in mine that afternoon.

I was prepared to meet any emergency that might arise, but naturally I preferred to see my client alone.

I turned into the drive and swung round in front of the Calloway home in a spirited manner. I felt no trepidation at the thought of the approaching interview; in fact, I could think of a dozen ways to begin it.

I had mounted the steps and was in the act of pulling the knob of the old-fashioned doorbell when my attention was attracted by a slight sound—a sort of cadence. Upon turning my head I beheld Miss Betty; the cadence to which I have just alluded came from the rustle of her skirts. She had risen at the far end of the veranda and was advancing to meet me.

I should never have recognized her but for her nose. This was the only feature she had that was not changed. It sat up on her face like a little pink apostrophe. Her skin, always reddened by exposure to the weather, was fair and pale like that of an invalid. The color of her eyes was still that clear blue, but their expression was mild, nearly beseeching. I remember only that her mouth had given way into something like an exclamatory expression, lips rounded up and slightly parted. She was, otherwise, diminished, as if she had been suffering or dieting. She had a figure—lines, you understand—which curved in at the waist; something she had never permitted a line to do before.

The frock she wore was of thin material. It may have been my imagination, but I had the impression that there was something femininely superfluous about this garment, possibly ruffles. It was the color of the lavender mists one sees at evening upon the hills in the late autumn. The collar of webbed stuff was pinned low beneath her throat with a cameo which had the head of a veiled Madonna carved on it. I noticed this particularly because I had never before seen her wear a breastpin or an ornament of any kind.

"Dear me, it's Colonel Wilkie!" she exclaimed.

"How do you do, Miss Betty?" I returned, raking my hat off with one hand and clasping her hand with the other.

In my excitement I continued to hold it. She refreshed me. A woman can do that when she reminds a man of nothing else but a woman. I released her hand only when I felt her fingers relax.

"How well you are looking!" I told her as we went back and sat down behind the trellis.

"Do you think so?" she asked mildly, merely by way of replying, I thought.

"Never saw you so fit!" I insisted.

I could have gone on indefinitely telling her how she looked. I could have painted her portrait in the softest pastel words that belong to women as blue belongs to the sky. I had "liberty," as the preachers say when the breath of spiritual oratory comes free. I wanted to tell her that she looked like lilacs in an old garden. I had to restrain myself. This was very remarkable because gallant speeches are not a social gift with me at any time. And never before had I felt the least inclination to compliment Betty Calloway of all women. I attribute it to the change in her appearance, her manner. There was something feminine about her.

She glanced at me, slightly startled, I think, and said something about its being a pleasant day, by way of changing the subject.

I remember telling her that it was one of the best days I had ever known. I was enthusiastic about the day, as if it had suddenly become very dear to me. I called it a "tawny-headed child of the skies," which

(Concluded on Page 36)

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"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

(Concluded from Page 34)

was a very good figure of speech to make offhand about an ordinary August day.

She appeared to be startled again. She regarded me with that look a woman has when she sees the door of a room open which she has never seen open before, and which she suspects may have an arsenal inside.

I perceived that she was snatching this way and that in her mind for another less intimate subject. She could not find it. Meanwhile I went on drawing the day closer and closer about her. I had got as far as the evening with its bridal veil of stars when she cut in, not abruptly but gently, between my last word and her alarm of what the next one might be.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she asked hastily.

"Hedging, by heaven! She's trimming the sails before the wind—and I am the wind!" I thought to myself. I was exalted. I felt like ten thousand

"What have I been doing?" I repeated aloud. "The same old things—pleading other men's cases, not my own. It is beginning to pall on me."

She was in danger again and showed it by a certain indefinable change of expression—as if she were hurrying round inside pulling down shades.

"But that is not the question," I went on. "What have you been doing with yourself? We have not seen you in Bedford for ages."

"Oh, nothing at all," she answered, looking down.

I perceived then what I had not noticed before—a little flowered silk bag hanging from her wrist.

She thrust her fingers into this thing, drew forth a piece of embroidery stretched on hoops, and began to work her needle in and out with a resigned air.

It was miraculous. Not the embroidery—I am no judge of needlework—but the sight of Betty Calloway tinkering with this puerile thing as if it were all she had to do or think about in the world! Still, the effect was becoming. I was soothed and amazed at the same time.

"You see William has charge of the farm," she said, looking up for a moment.

I nodded.

"And Frances is an excellent housekeeper. She looks after everything so much better than I ever did." I remained silent.

"William is very successful," she insisted, as if she desired to refute the meaning of this silence. "He is progressive. He has ideas. He is doing wonderful things for the land. You should hear him talk about that. He cherishes soil as if it were a delicate and precious thing."

I merely listened while she went on praising Calloway for everything she could think of. But I remained as silent as a judge on the bench

"And he is a splendid business man," she began again. "You remember the bank building I always said should not be sold?"

"Yes," I answered, letting the word out with a snap.

This reference to the bank building recalled my attention to the purpose of my visit, which I admit for the moment had slipped my mind.

"Well, he persuaded me to sell it," she told me.

"He did!"

"Yes. The taxes and repairs, you remember, were always heavy, and the insurance. He made quite a profit on the sale," she concluded hurriedly.

"And what did he do with the money?" I asked dryly.

"He invested it for me in municipal bonds. No repairs, no insurance, you see—not even taxes."

I saw. There was no question about the investment. It was good. Also there was no question about Calloway's dealings. He was evidently on the square.

"That is how I came to give him and Frances the car. He made more than the purchase price of it on the deal," she explained.

"But you still keep to the horse?" I suggested deceitfully.

"No," she answered with some embarrassment. "William thought he was dangerous. He was always shying when I rode him. So we sold him. And William bought a hay press and a seed drill with the money. I think it was the wisest thing to do."

I thought so myself. Still I resented so much wisdom. Miss Betty looked too much as if she had been shriven by it.

I regarded her attentively. Her head was bent over the embroidery. There were two pale wisps of hair on either side of the nape of her neck that turned up enticingly. I avoided them. I was trying to fix my mind professionally on something, when suddenly the last thing in the world that I could have expected happened. It always does if you wait long enough about a woman for her to do it.

Miss Betty dropped her embroidery hoops with such violence that they rolled from her knees to the floor.

Then she smacked both hands over her face, swayed gently from side to side and said "Oh!" as if it came with her last expiring breath.

I stared at her in amazement. I could not afford to leave her long enough to chase the hoops that continued to waggle and roll. Small drops like rain on lilies appeared and clung to her fingers. She was weeping. I was completely unnerved by the sight. I became a hesitation, I doddered back and forth between half a dozen different things to do, when I knew there was only one thing a man ever did under such circumstances. Then the conviction came to me that if I lost this opportunity I should lose everything.

"What is it, my dear?" I said, seizing her hands with such courage as I had never shown before in my life.

She permitted me to do this. She turned a face made adorable by the pink, blue-eyed woefulness of her expression.

"I—I am so unreasonable," she quavered, primping her mouth and batting the tears from her eyes, which ran a little way down, stopped and winked at me.

She knew what she was! Never before had I seen a woman who did. It was marvelous.

"We all are, in our dizzier moments, my dear," I said soothingly. "But what is the particular form of unreasonableness to which you refer?"

She neither winced at the term "dear" nor withdrew her hands.

"William," she began as if this was a name with which she desired to reproach herself. "He is splendid, so intelligent and energetic, the very soul of honor. He is exactly the—the kind of relative I always thought I needed here to—to perpetuate the family name and take care of things. And Frances is a dear. They are both always thoughtful of me. They are so considerate of my comfort that I feel almost like an invalid. They never allow me to do anything for myself that they can do for me. All that, but ——" she broke off and tuned up again.

"—— but you are not happy!" I finished for her.

"No," she admitted. "Isn't it unreasonable?"

"Quite unreasonable," I agreed; "but perfectly natural. With the aggressiveness of youth and the desire to measure up to what they thought you wanted they have unconsciously hogged the whole thing!"

"'Hogged'!" she exclaimed as if that were an ill-smelling word. "What do you mean?"

"They have taken your interests, your occupations and your very habits of life from you—made a family portrait of you," I explained.

Discretion kept me from adding that the portrait was a great improvement on the original.

"But ——" she objected, looking at me vaguely.

"Of course it is all your fault, dear," I went on, and perceived that this comforted her, to receive the blame.

"You never did want what you thought you wanted. That was an ideal. Nobody can live comfortably up to an ideal. You can only strive after it. What you really wanted was another pair of legs and arms to do your will and you chose a man with a will of his own."

She considered this very lucid explanation for a moment with an absent look which swam past me through her tears out across the meadows. Then suddenly she seemed to realize that I also had taken something which belonged to her. She made a quick movement, endeavored to reclaim her hands. I clasped them closer. The thought occurred to me that if I released them she would immediately rub her nose or strike it one of those glancing blows she habitually dealt this long-suffering organ when she was disturbed or excited. I could not bear that just now.

Later I might, doubtless would, become accustomed to this little idiosyncrasy of hers; but I was determined to preserve at least one scene in memory not caricatured by it.

I doubt if any man ever deliberately makes up his mind to be a fool. But he has only to feel and act naturally in the presence of some woman, regardless of reason, in order to become one. I was now in this state of exalted foolishness. I had an entrancing vision of how happy a man could be if he dismissed the subject of Woman from his mind, and won the woman herself instead. I brushed from my thoughts all the wisdom I had carefully accumulated against them as if it had been the dust on my coat. The defenses laboriously built up for years against them vanished like the walls of a prison. I had, I remember, one fleeting moment of desperate apprehension. The celibate man in me lifted despairing hands. Then all was over; and I was that simplest, boldest thing on earth—a lover beholding the face of my beloved sweetly chastened with tears, her hands folded in mine.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, swinging back in delicious alarm.

"Yes, dear you," I returned joyfully.

I am confident she perceived that I was master of the situation, for she ceased to resist.

She was startled, like a girl; her eyelids wavered and dropped like concealing wings. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the thought that I was probably the first man who had ever had the courage to make love to her.

"Listen, dear Betty," I went on; "you have tried farming, and it did not satisfy you. You tried living alone, and you could not bear it. You have tried the devotion of your relatives, and that has failed too."

I paused and regarded her with a kind of humorous tenderness. The woman of her listened, poised, ready to fly, since now escape was impossible.

"Now, why not go back and try the experiment with which people usually begin, to find happiness? Marry me and live happy ever afterward!" I pleaded.

"But ——" she began.

"Never mind the objections," I interrupted hastily. "We can attend to them afterward. Married people always do."

"But, Cosmo, Wade ——"

"Hathway," I corrected.

She hesitated as if the minute hand of her mind had not got as far as my Christian name yet.

"You might call me Hath, for short," I suggested agreeably.

"But," she evaded, beginning to laugh a little, "I thought you hated women!"

"What could possibly have put such an idea into your head!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"You did," she accused. "You have behaved consistently that way for years. Personally I was often embarrassed by the consciousness of your antagonism."

"No doubt I am glad you have the grace to own a proper feeling, Betty," I answered bitterly. "You tortured me with your coldness."

It is as natural for a lover to lie as it is for a bird to sing.

"I!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly. Who else could have done it, since you are the only woman who has been in my thoughts for five years!"

She was silent, which disturbed me. I feared she was reviewing the past for some evidence of my anguish.

"You showed a ruthless indifference to me on all occasions," I went on reproachfully. "And when you came to my office you would give me just enough of your confidence to inspire my hopes, then you would change the subject—and make a will! You did that six times!"

She really believed me. Since there was no foundation in fact for such belief I knew that she loved me. A woman always believes what she wants to believe. And she has the faith to remove mountains of doubt in this business. She lifted her eyes to mine, permitted them to rest there as a kind of balm to an open wound. I felt no shame. On the contrary, I was elated. When the whole woman is so near it is difficult and finally impossible to be contented with no more than her two hands. I drew her to me; I kissed her hair and her eyes, which she, seeing what was coming, closed obediently. I lifted her face and kissed her perfectly.

They who know nothing about the courage of love may praise that of a man who takes a city; but such brute force of the legions behind him is not to be compared with the desperate adventure of a lover who, single-handed, takes the woman whom he has fought and feared half a lifetime!

The sense of duty to the world, to society, and to those other nearer kin was dead in us for more than an hour. Then my dear Betty looked up at me with a startled air.

"Hathway," she exclaimed, "I shall be obliged to make another will."

I laughed; I seized her and kissed her six times, naming each for a will she had already made.

"There are William and Frances; they are so dear and good, I must provide for them!" she insisted.

"But does not your last will bequeath everything to them and their heirs?" I asked her.

"Yes, but I want to live here myself," she went on.

Then she outlined her plan for the next will. She would invest the sum that she had received for the bank building in the farm adjoining the Calloway place. This land was, as it happened, for sale.

"And I'll just give it to William outright," she decided cheerfully.

"Done! You can make them a wedding present of it," I told her.

The next morning I entered my office stepping like a pouter pigeon.

"Thompson," I said, fixing my eye calmly upon him, "I am about to be married." I expected him to be astounded by this news. On the contrary he showed not the faintest surprise.

"I congratulate you, colonel!" he said in tones which implied that he had been waiting some time for the opportunity to do so.

"But you do not ask the name of the lady," I said, shaking his hand vigorously.

"It would be easy to guess," he replied, grinning broadly.

"I wager you couldn't do it in a thousand years!" I exclaimed.

"Miss Betty, of course!"

"Who told you?" I demanded, taken back.

"Well, you see, I have been here in this office with you a long time, so I knew how things were between you."

"Oh, you did, did you!" I retorted, unaccountably nettled. It is astonishing how much others know about you that you never suspect yourself.

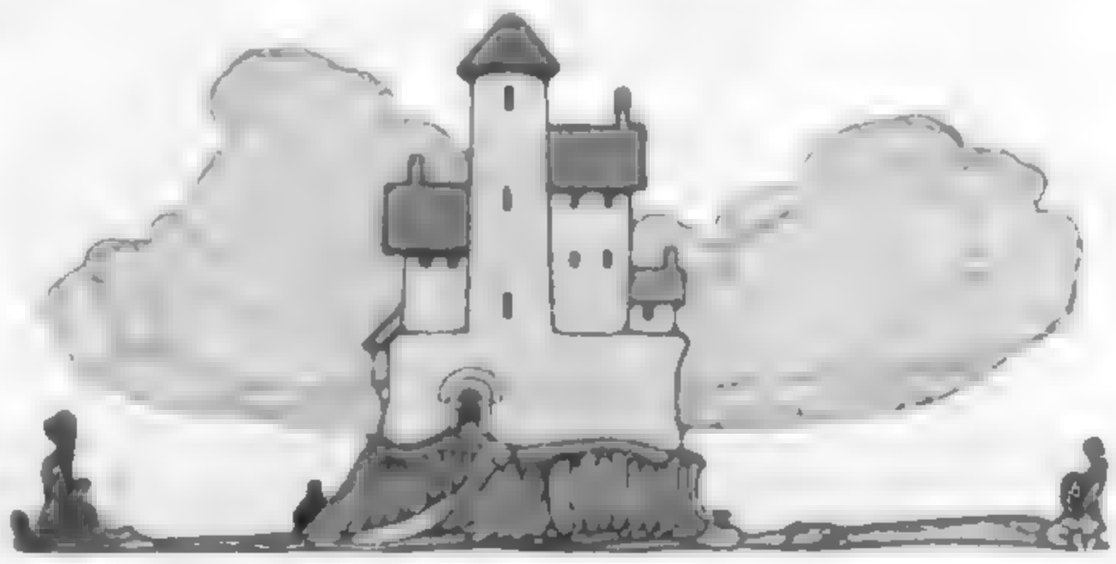
I turned my back on him and started for the door of my private office. Just as I was entering Thompson said something.

"What's that?" I asked tartly, seeing that he was still grinning.

"I said, sir, that women are like death. They get you at last, no matter what you do!"

"Thompson, such sentiments ill become a young man. Satire is the last weapon of defeat," I admonished him.

"I know it, sir. Mine is due to the back kick of an old rifle in this office," he replied, referring no doubt to me.



LOOKS AT SELF IN MIRROR
PREPARES TO HANG MIRROR IN BATH ROOM
NAIL GOES NO FURTHER
HITS NAIL WITH GREAT VIOLENCE
RESULT
"OH WELL— WAIT TILL JOE COMES HOME"
LOOKS AT SELF IN MIRROR
FLINGS SELF ON BED AND HAS GOOD CRY
BRIGGS

Mr. Punch

—The Hole Maker—

The Ought-to-be-done Things

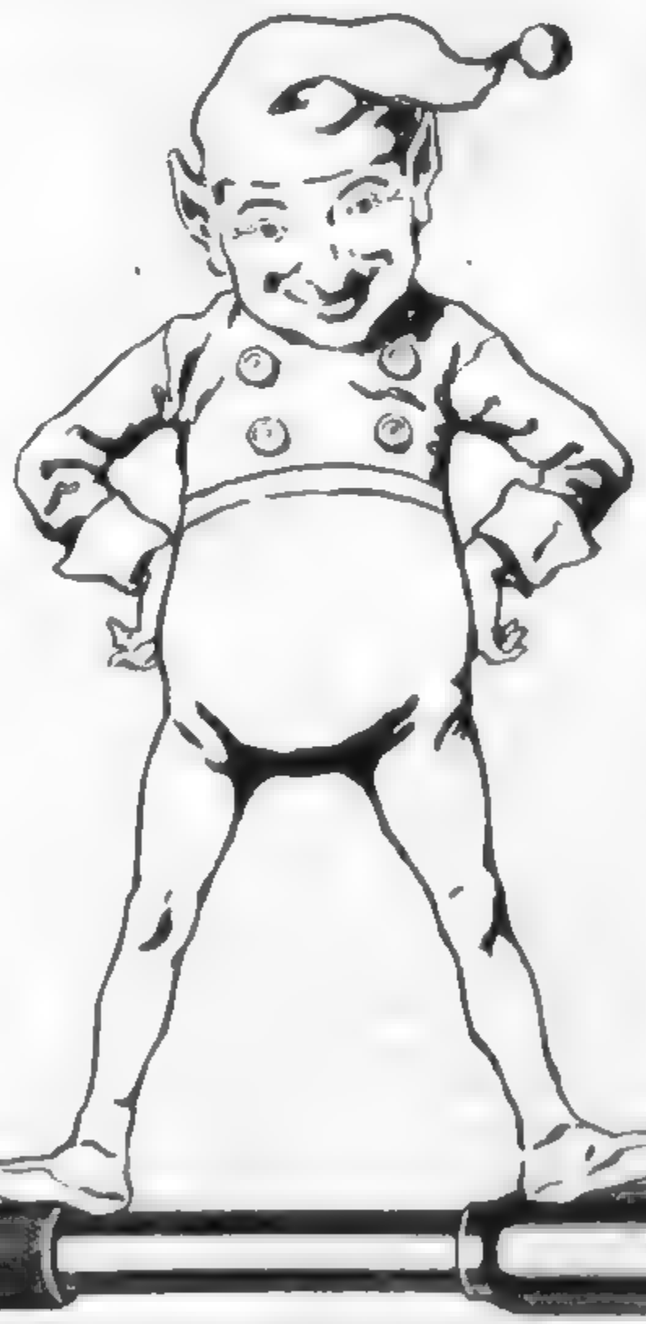
Here is a reflection of real life—in more ways than one. Busy Wife has wanted that mirror put up ever since it was delivered, a week ago last Tuesday. Naturally, she isn't "handy with tools," and that tired business man "doesn't have time." So Wife essayed the job with a nail that she couldn't drive in far enough to hold. Smash! Cost of smash, $3.19, one nervous headache, one spoiled day.

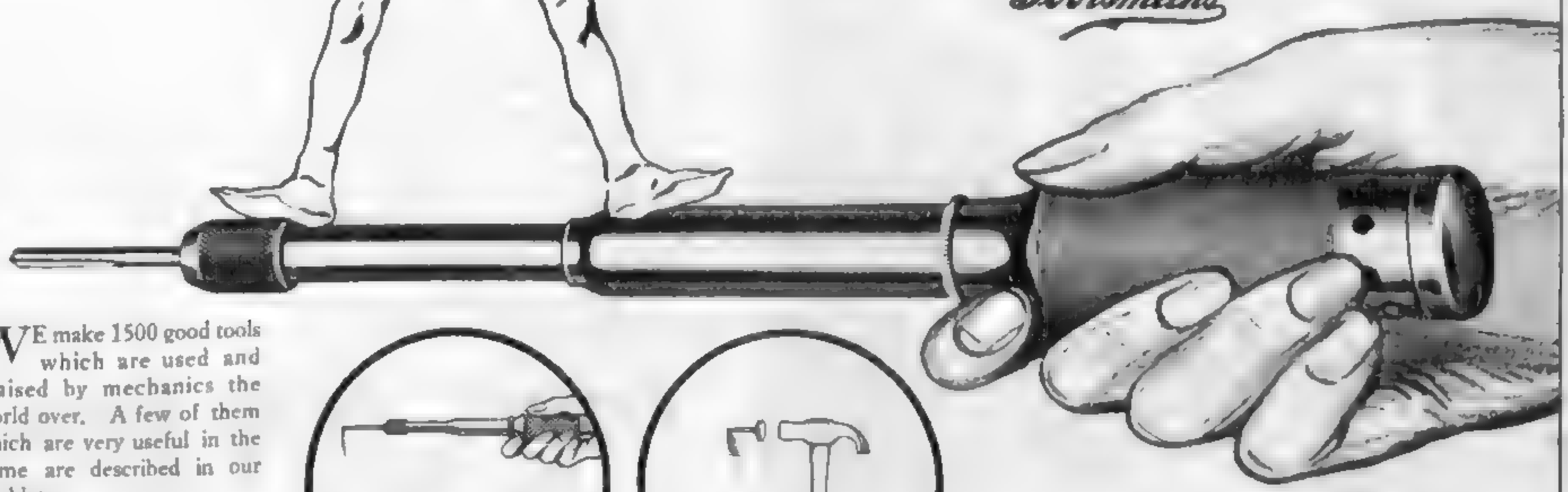
If Mr. Punch, the Hole Maker, had been there to help, the mirror would have been hung in no time at all—and *firmly*. He's that handy, capable household aid with eight drill points, of eight different sizes, in his handle. You pick out the point you want, put it into Mr. Punch's bulldog jaws. You Push—He Twists. In a jiffy you have a smooth, deep, round hole in even the hardest kind of wood. In goes the nail, screw, or screw-hook to stay.

There's nothing like Mr. Punch for a woman to use. He works so easily, so quickly, so surely. He's as great a help for the man of the house, too. Mr. Punch costs $1.80 at most good hardware shops. Be sure to see his picture on the green-covered box.

Goodell-Pratt Company, Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Toolsmiths





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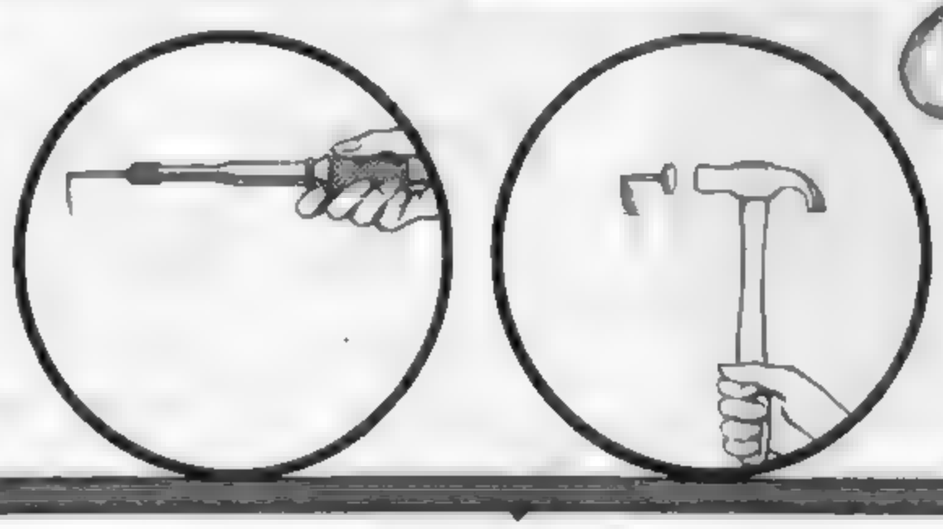

Women and the War

MANY months before our country cast in her lot with the Allies, the United States Tire Company anticipated the desirability of utilizing the services of American women in manufacturing tires.

In the great factories where the United States Tires are made, alert, nimble-fingered women are emulating their sisters of England and France—performing some of the heavier work formerly assigned to men.

Over 2,000 of our men are now in khaki or navy blue. They will fight the thing through, with millions of other good Americans.

Meanwhile, women are carrying on a share of the work.

Our advanced methods of manufacture have made it comparatively simple for us to make this vital change.

Processes developed to the point of perfection subordinating human equations, and precluding error, guarantee the uniform and balanced goodness that gives infinite satisfaction to users of United States Tires.

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This enables us to accomplish the herculean task of speeding up production to meet the ever growing demand for United States Tires,

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BANKING IN WARTIME

By A. D. WELTON

MONEY, on the distinguished authority of Napoleon, is the first essential to success in war. The second essential, by the same authority, is more money; and the third essential, still more money.

In war matters Napoleon is a respectable authority, but so far as this world war is concerned his statement is not wholly true. The demand of this war is for materials—for all the great variety of goods and merchandise used in military operations and the operations incident to them. In no other war have all the great producing nations been simultaneously engaged. Heretofore the belligerents could always buy from the neutrals and the neutrals could divert their productive efforts to the satisfying of this demand. Under such circumstances money was, therefore, all important because it could be turned into war materials and food.

In this war, particularly since the United States became a participant, money is not everything. This country has funds in ample measure, but it has not the necessary materials. It has money to buy and build ships, but it has few ships. It has funds for rifles, machine guns, cannon, aëroplanes, clothing and equipment for soldiers, but there is apparently a shortage of all these things. Billions of dollars have been advanced to the Allies, but ships, wheat, sugar and coal would be more acceptable.

The Key to the Business Status

Money is necessary to the production of all these commodities, but money cannot instantly produce them. Nevertheless, the financing of a war demands talent and skill as great and unique as the talent and skill necessary for the direction of large military operations. The eyes of the world turn from the movements of armies to the movements and plans of financiers, and banking is an integral part of the whole complicated machinery which war calls into operation. The condition of the banks is the index to the condition of business. The condition of business tells the degree of the difficulty that will be encountered in the effective prosecution of the war.

In this country at this time the condition of the federal reserve banks is the key to the business status. Mention of the federal reserve system as the guardian of the nation's financial integrity has been made often enough. Reiteration of the system's qualifications and capacity to meet any degree of financial stress has produced an all but pathetic confidence in its power. It has power that is unprecedented in the financial history of the United States, but the federal reserve banks, like all other banks, have limitations. Their success in meeting the strain imposed on them by war conditions will be complete or incomplete, successful or partially successful, according to the length of time the war continues. When the reserve banks reach the limitations set for them by statute law, as they must if the war lasts long enough, and then the further limitations set by economic law, the war will not stop for that reason; defeat will not come, because success or failure depends on the capacity to produce materials; but there will be a change in economic conditions, in price levels, in zeal for business enterprise, in methods of living, in industrial activity; and the changes will attest the enormously greater difficulties to come with the return of a condition of peace.

One who would understand war activities must also understand banking conditions, and most of all must be understand the federal reserve system and what the statements of its condition mean in relation to war.

The federal reserve system is primarily a scheme of commercial banking. It was designed to afford a means whereby the reserve resources of all commercial banks could be pooled for the common protection and bank credits could be transformed into currency for common circulation. This is a blind and perhaps technical statement, but the process is simple enough.

Suppose a merchant borrows from a bank on his note and thereby secures a credit in the form of a deposit account. He writes a check against the account and with it pays for merchandise he has purchased. He sells the merchandise and thereby secures funds with which to pay the bank what he has borrowed. The bank may have had a variety of reasons for making the loan, such as the character and standing of the merchant, but, theoretically at least, the merchandise involved is the security behind the loan and is often specifically made so. By the loan operation the value of the merchandise gets representation in the form of bank credit. If the operation goes no further the bank holds the note until the date of its maturity, when payment by the merchant closes the transaction. Under those circumstances a bank's resources might soon be exhausted, because it is obliged by law and prudence to hold a percentage of cash in reserve against deposit liabilities. Such exhaustion of bank resources and the necessary stopping of loan operations are what formerly caused panics. Now the bank, if a member of the reserve system, may take the merchant's note to the reserve bank, have it rediscounted, and count the resultant credit as reserve or receive an equivalent in currency—federal reserve notes, which are issued through the reserve bank.

Thus merchandise may be turned into credit and credit into currency and the lending bank can go on making loans as long as its reserve funds hold out. The reserve banks may go on rediscounting as long as their reserve funds hold out, and business need not be halted by any lack of banking capacity. An increase in discount and rediscount rates is quite enough to retard business in ordinary times.

There are many variations in the form of the process, but each one is designed to meet the same need—turning merchandise values into bank credit and bank credit into currency or an equivalent credit with the reserve institution. The final responsibility rests with the reserve bank, which is composed of its members as stockholders and depositors. Thus the resources of all the banks that are members of the reserve system are back of each one in a huge coöperative enterprise.

This scheme constitutes commercial banking, and commercial banking must not be confused with savings banking or investment banking, both of which have to do with the collection of capital and its distribution in the permanent-investment form of stocks, bonds or mortgages.

The Ultimate Security

The promissory notes and bills of exchange, which are the credit instruments created by the purchase and sale of merchandise, are called self-liquidating. By this it is meant that the sale of the goods produced the funds to pay the notes or bills when due. It is the reliance of the managers of the credit machinery on the continued consumption of all sorts of things by the people. The estimated time in which the goods can be disposed of determines the extent of the credit period ordinarily granted by the seller to the purchaser or by the bank to the latter. It is usually from sixty days to four months. The certainty of payment, which is guaranteed by the necessities of the people and the fact that, whatever happens, consumption of materials will go on, marks the difference between loans secured by commercial paper and loans secured by such collateral as stocks, bonds or mortgages. The borrower, by sale of the merchandise involved, comes into possession of a sum equal to the principal and may therefore pay his debt. The borrower who pledges stocks or bonds or gives a mortgage to a bank as security has only the income from the properties or securities; to pay the whole amount involved the securities must be sold or the properties must be disposed of; in either case the markets are uncertain and delays are probable. Such difficulties are not encountered in the sale of merchandise or of merchantable goods passing to consumption.

The losses of banks on commercial paper are negligible. In making collateral loans they protect themselves by advancing sums well within the known market value and, often, by making the notes payable on demand. The federal reserve banks, designed to keep business moving, are forbidden to make loans on investment securities. They may not rediscount notes secured by stock or bond collateral. Many persons, including some members of Congress, seem to believe that these forms of securities, common to Wall Street, were discriminated against in the Reserve Act for the purpose of discouraging speculation. As a matter of fact, investment securities have no place in commercial banking.

Financing Government Issues

It is a fallacy to suppose that banks created themselves for the purpose of subsisting off business—leading a kind of parasitical existence and exercising all the attributes of parasites. The fact is that business creates banks for its own convenience and accommodation, though there are many bankers who have lost sight of it. Business places the credit it creates at banks, and by them the credit is given mobility and used for the benefit of the community. Banks are the public bookkeepers. They are the scientific outgrowth of the primitive system of "store pay." They make possible the barter of goods through the use of credit and its representation in notes, checks and currency. Because we have banks we may buy goods with goods.

What has this to do with war and war financing? Everything. It is through the use of banking agencies, primarily organized for the duties outlined, that the Government must operate. Obviously in such a scheme of commercial banking, investment securities are disturbing intruders. But it is an investment security that the Government issues as a means of securing funds with which to prosecute the war. The bonds issued by the Government are the same as all other bonds except in the security underlying them. Bonds issued by the United States Steel Corporation or a railroad are secured by a mortgage against its properties. Bonds issued by the Government are secured by its power to tax, which is measured in relation to its effectiveness by the power of the people to pay. In relation to monetary methods or banking operations the securities are identical. Government bonds have all the drawbacks of the others and no advantage save in superiority of security. They are not self-liquidating.

The banks must, however, take the bonds of the Government if private investors do not, because it is unthinkable that the Government should not be able to secure funds to meet its needs. If private investors do take the bonds the banks must lend the money for the purpose, because there would otherwise be a shortage. Credits must be greatly expanded in order that the bonds may be purchased, and currency must be created to the amount necessary out of the credits. Already the Government has sold more than five billions of bonds. There is only about five billions of money and currency—gold, silver, national bank notes, greenbacks, treasury notes and federal reserve notes—in existence in the United States. There is much work for this money and currency to do. The gold, for instance, is largely in the reserves of the banks and the federal reserve banks. There are millions in tills and pockets. How then were the bonds paid for? Obviously by the use of bank credits, which expand and contract as needed, and by federal reserve notes, which are the product of bank credit.

The strain of financing the war, therefore, falls on bank credit, and success depends on the capacity of the banks to produce credit and of the reserve banks to make the credit safe.

In the matter of war financing under such circumstances the natural inquiry is directed to the organization of the banks and the sufficiency of the organization. There are more than 29,000 banks in the country. Of these less than 8000 are national banks. All national banks, under the law, must be members of the federal reserve system. Congress could not make membership of banks organized under state laws compulsory. Of the great mass of state banks only about 296 are members of the reserve system. The national banks, fewer in number, represent, however, about half the banking resources of the country. Among the 296 state banks whose resources have been mobilized through membership in the reserve system are most of the very large ones.

It must be remembered that the Guaranty Trust Company, chartered under the banking laws of New York State, has a greater capital and surplus than all the national and state banks of Virginia, for instance, put together. This trust company is a member of the reserve system. But there are many thousands of state-chartered banks that are not members. These thousands of banks are outside the coöperative system and contribute much less to the nation's financial strength than if they were in it. The country therefore has banking resources that are not being used to the best advantage generally and add little to the mobilized resources usable for meeting the strain of war.

For two years the Federal Reserve Board has been urging the state banks to join the federal reserve system. Bankers' associations have coöperated in the urging. Last November President Wilson addressed an appeal to the state banks to come into the system as a means of further strengthening the reserve system. At the request of the Federal Reserve Board Congress has amended the Federal Reserve Act. Objectionable provisions have been removed or modified and provisions asked for have been added.

Of course the state banks are not unpatriotic. There are reasons why they have not allied themselves with the reserve system in large numbers.

The Position of State Banks

Before the war the state banker, considering the question of joining the system, asked first what advantage it would be to him. The immediate answer was the rediscount privilege, whereby he could pass commercial paper along to the reserve bank and so replenish his funds, insuring his power to continue extending accommodation to his customers. The paper which the reserve banks will accept is, however, carefully defined and rigidly scrutinized. The country banker has little or none of it. He found also that to secure the rediscount privilege he would have to sacrifice certain income from interest on deposits carried with his correspondent banks. These banks pay interest on balances, and the reserve banks do not. There are smaller items also. Taking account of them all, the state banker concluded that, from the viewpoint of profit, the advantage was against him.

Since the war began the state banks have been asked to consider not what they could get from the system but what they could give to it. They have found that they can give much, and because they could give much about 250 have joined, including many of the large ones. There are enough still out of the system nearly to double the resources of the reserve banks. They can get from membership nothing more than before except the conscious pride of helping win the war and loans against Liberty Bonds. Having little or no commercial paper eligible for rediscount, they argue that their situation will not be improved by joining the reserve system; they say it may even be worse. They would perhaps break relations with their large depositary banks and could not count on help from them in an emergency. Having no rediscountable paper they could not get help from the reserve banks. The greater the stress the more helpless they declare they would be. Instead of increasing the banking strength, which is the sum of the resources of all banks of the country, their membership in the reserve system would impair it. Everybody and everything would be worse off than it is now. Thus they create a dilemma.

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An unorganized effort to secure some changes in state laws and an organized effort to increase the use of trade acceptances—a form of commercial paper acceptable for rediscount—are the remedies that have been applied. There are other angles of the situation, such as the small banker's dislike for the so-called par-collection system of checks and his deep-seated abhorrence of the comptroller of the currency, but these are probably incidents of the apparent deadlock. The fact is that a little more than half the banking strength of the country is organized for war or emergency and the best use of the credit machinery.

The getting of funds for war purposes is the job of the Secretary of the Treasury. That official has passed the bond-selling work along to the federal reserve banks, which are fiscal agents of the Government. The reserve banks are not organized for such work, so they have passed the larger part of the job along to Liberty Loan committees, which are composed of volunteers and some few paid employees.

The work of the reserve banks in regard to government bond issues is something completely divorced from commercial banking. In the law they are empowered to deal in gold coin and bullion and to buy and sell government bonds, but the makers of that provision had in mind no such colossal financing as is now involved. The reserve banks have, as has been pointed out, distinct duties in regard to issues of notes—currency. It is through these banks that the necessary expansion of credit and currency can be made to meet war demands. The Government issues federal reserve notes through the federal reserve agent to the federal reserve banks. This operation is, however, a polite fiction, recognized as a fact in the law because of a desire to avoid trespass on the delicate sensibilities of those who think of the issuing of bank notes as exclusively a government function. Really it is a simple process of turning the value of goods on their way to consumption into the form of credit most convenient for use—into bank credit if checks will meet the requirements, and into reserve notes if the demand is for a medium of general circulation. The war has necessitated also the turning of other wealth into usable forms of credit that bonds may be purchased; and there is also the process of coining the bonds themselves into credit and currency.

With the entrance of the United States into the war there appeared in the commercial world a new customer for all sorts of commodities. His wants were pressing and his power great. The demands of this customer, added to the normal demand and also to the abnormal demand from other countries at war and from neutral nations cut off from their usual sources of supply, called for an enormous increase in production. More credit was almost instantly needed, and its creation—and the currency incident to it—almost instantly begun. Bank deposits have increased by millions and the circulating medium has expanded correspondingly. Conservative economists call it inflation and profess to see grave dangers in it. Like everything connected with war, it has dangers, but as yet they are potential, not real. So far the expansion is only the natural consequence of war. It is very largely commercial. The addition to the deposits of banks reflects rather the speeding of business than an increase through Liberty Loan operations.

The advances made by banks against war bonds of the Government have been large. A good deal of the money borrowed has been repaid, though not yet has the second war loan been digested. At the close of business on January fourth, for instance, 640 banks in reserve and central reserve cities held $1,013,779,000 of government securities, and had loans of $423,832,000 secured by government bonds and certificates. The figures are large because of the amount of short-time certificates, which are designed for handling by banks. The holdings of the reserve banks are comparatively insignificant. They are, however, quite large enough, when considered in connection with the increased amounts of government securities in the commercial banks, to demonstrate the process and mark the tendency. If the reserve banks do not make loans against government bonds the other banks will not feel free to do so and the people will not be able to buy the issues that are pending. The injection of large amounts of government bonds, which are not self-liquidating, into the assets of commercial banks has its dangers. Not yet has the strain been particularly felt, but new loans for larger amounts are near at hand. The quantity of loans secured by government bonds is bound to increase. The government must have funds with which to buy materials. As the surpluses of the people are diminished by bond purchases and tax payments and the increased efforts to save fail to meet the great demands of the Government for money, as they have failed in all other countries, recourse will be had to the liquidation of fixed wealth. Railroads, buildings, industrial plants and farms will be turned into credit and then into currency. The nation will be spending its accumulated capital.

Despite the efforts of the reserve banks to accumulate gold, despite the control exercised over the export of gold, the telltale percentage of gold in reserve to the liabilities of the reserve banks has been for a long time steadily decreasing, thereby indicating the working out of the process mentioned. On January 12, 1917, the ratio of gold reserves to the net deposit and federal-reserve-note liabilities of the reserve banks was 81.2 per cent; on the same day in 1918 it was 62.9 per cent.

How long will it be before the expenditure of our accumulated wealth begins? How long will it be before the percentage of gold in reserve to federal-reserve-note issues reaches the forty per cent danger mark?

These are vital questions. They cannot be answered definitely. The banking organization for war includes something more than half the banking strength of the country. To this extent there is scientific organization through the federal reserve system. But this organization is designed for commercial banking, which, as has been pointed out, is bound to depart from its charted course when it engages in war financing. The dangers are patent, but no guess in determination of their extent may be ventured. There are two unknown factors: First, how much can the American people save?

The second undeterminable question is: How long will the war last?

WHEN THE SEA-ASP STINGS

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job of again making this world a fit place for human beings to live in. There was something pathetic in the fashion after which she so persistently and constantly strove to stick as closely under our stern as safety and the big waves would permit. It was as though her skipper placed all reliance in our skipper, looking to him to lead his ship out of peril should peril befall. Therefore, we of our little group watched her from our afterdecks, with her sharp nose forever half or wholly buried in the creaming white smother we kicked up behind us.

It was a crisp bright February day when we neared the coasts of the British Empire. At two o'clock in the afternoon we passed, some hundreds of yards to starboard, a round, dark, bobbing object which some observers thought was a floating mine. Others thought it might be the head and shoulders of a human body held upright in a life ring. Whatever it was, our ship gave it a wide berth, sheering off from the object in a sharp swing. Almost at the same moment upon our other bow, at a distance of not more than one hundred yards from the crooked course we were then pursuing, there appeared out through one of the swells a lifeboat, oarless, abandoned, empty, except for what looked like a woman's cloak lying across the thwarts. Rising and falling to the swing of the sea it drifted down alongside of us so that we could look almost straight down into it. We did not stop to investigate but kept going, zigzagging as we went, and that old copy cat of a Tuscania came zigzagging behind us. A good many persons decided to tie on their life preservers.

Winter twilight was drawing on when we sighted land—Northern Ireland it was. The wind was going down with the sun and the sharp crests of the waves were dulling off, and blunt oily rollers began to splash with greasy sounds against our plates. Far away somewhere we saw the revolving light of a lighthouse winking across the face of the waters like a drunken eye. That little beam coming and going gave me a feeling of security. I was one of a party of six who went below to the stateroom of a member of the group for a farewell card game.

Perhaps an hour later, as we sat there intently engaged upon the favored indoor American sport of trying to better two pairs, we heard against our side of the ship a queer knocking sound rapidly repeated a sound that somewhat suggested a boy dragging a stick along a picket fence.

"I suppose that's a torpedo knocking for admission," said one of us, looking up from his cards and listening with a cheerful grin on his face.

I think it was not more than five minutes after that when an American officer opened the stateroom door and poked his head in.

"Better come along, you fellows," he said; "but come quietly so as not to give alarm or frighten any of the women. Something has happened. The Tuscania—she's in trouble!"

Up we got and hurried aft down the decks, each one taking with him his cork jacket and adjusting it over his shoulders as he went. We came to the edge of the promenade deck aft. There were not many persons there, as well as we could tell in the thick darkness through which we felt our way, and not many more came afterward—in all I should say not more than seventy-five.

All the rest were in ignorance of what had occurred—a good many were at dinner. Accounts of the disaster which I have read since my arrival in London said that the torpedo from the U-boat thudded into the vitals of the Tuscania, disarranged her engines, and left her in utter darkness for a while until her crew could switch on the auxiliary dynamo. I think this must have been a mistake, for at the moment of our reaching the deck of our ship the Tuscania was lighted up all over. Her illumination seemed especially brilliant, but that, I suppose, was largely because we had become accustomed to seeing our fellow transports as dark bulks at night. I should say she was not more than a mile from us, almost due aft and a trifle to the left. But in the winter evening the distance increased each passing moment, for we were running away from her as fast as our engines could drive us. We could feel our ship throb under our feet as she picked up speed. It made us feel like cowards. Near at hand a ship was in distress, a ship laden with a precious freightage of American soldier boys, and here were we legging it like a frightened bird, weaving in and out on sharp tacks.

We knew, of course, that we were under orders to get safely away if we could in case one of those sea adders, the submarines, should attack our convoy. We knew that guardian destroyers would even now be hurrying to the rescue, and we knew land was not many miles away; but all the same, I think I never felt such an object of shame as I felt that first moment when the realization dawned on me that we were fleeing from a stricken vessel instead of hastening back to give what succor we could.

As I stood there in the darkness, with silent, indistinct shapes all about me, it came upon me with almost the shock of a physical blow that the rows of lights I saw yonder through the murk were all slanting slightly downward on what would be the bow of the disabled steamer. These oblique lines of light told the story. The Tuscania had been struck forward and was settling by the head.

Suddenly a little subdued "Ah! Ah!" burst like a chorus from us all. A red rocket—a rocket as red as blood—sprang up high into the air above those rows of lights. It hung aloft for a moment, then burst into a score of red balls, which fell, dimming out as they descended. After a bit two more rockets followed in rapid succession. I always thought a rocket to be a beautiful thing. Probably this belief is a heritage from that time in my boyhood when first I saw Fourth-of-July fireworks. But never again will a red rocket fired at night be to me anything except a reminder of the most pitiable, the most heart-racking thing I have ever seen—that poor appeal for help from the sinking Tuscania flaming against that foreign sky.

There was silence among us as we watched. None of us, I take it, had words within him to express what he felt; so we said nothing at all, but just stared out across the waters until our eyeballs ached in their sockets. So quiet were we that I jumped when right at my elbow a low, steady voice spoke. Turning my head I could make out that the speaker was one of the younger American officers.

"If what I heard before we sailed is true," he said, "my brother is in the outfit on that boat yonder. Well, if they get him it will only add a little more interest to the debt I already owe those damned Germans."

That was all he said, and to it I made no answer, for there was no answer to be made.

Fifteen minutes passed, then twenty, then twenty-five. Now instead of many small lights we could make out only a few faint pin pricks of light against the blackness to mark the spot where the foundering vessel must be. Presently we could distinguish but one speck of light. Alongside this one special gleam a red glow suddenly appeared—not a rocket this time, but a flare, undoubtedly. Together the two lights—the steady white one and the spreading red one—descended and together were extinguished. Without being told we knew, all of us—landsmen and seamen alike—what we had seen. We had seen the last of that poor ship, stung to death by a Hunnish sea-asp.

Still silent, we went below. Those of us who had not yet dined went and dined. Very solemnly, like men performing a rite, we ordered wine and we drank to the Tuscania and her British crew and her living cargo of American soldiers.

Next morning, after a night during which things happened about us that may not be described here and now, we came out of our perils and into safety at an English port, and there it was that we heard what made us ask God to bless that valorous, vigilant little pot-bellied skipper of ours. May he live forever! We were told that the torpedo which pierced the Tuscania was meant for us, that the U-boat rising unseen in the twilight fired it at us, and that our captain up on the bridge saw it coming when it was yet some way off, and swinging the ship hard over to one side, dodged the fluttering devil-thing by a margin that can be measured literally in inches. The call was a close one. The torpedo, it was said, actually grazed the plates of our vessel—it was that we heard as we sat at cards—and passing aft struck the bow of the Tuscania as she swung along not two hundred yards behind us. We heard, too, that twice within the next hour torpedoes were fired at us, and again a fourth one early in the hours of the morning. Each time chance or poor aim or sharp seamanship or a combination of all three saved us. We were lucky.

Next day, here in London, I read that not a man aboard the Tuscania, whether sailor or soldier, showed weakness or fright. I read how those Yankee boys, many of them at sea for the first time in their lives, stood in ranks waiting for rescue or for death while the ship listed and yawed and settled under them; how the British sang God Save the King, and the Americans sang the same good Allied air, My Country 'Tis of Thee; and how at last, descending over the side, some of them to be drowned but more of them to be saved, those American lads of ours sang what before then had been a meaningless, trivial jingle, but which is destined forevermore, I think, to mean a great deal to Americans. Perry said: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Lawrence said: "Don't give up the ship!" Farragut said: "Damn torpedoes, go ahead." Dewey said: "You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready." Our history is full of splendid sea slogans, but I think there can never be a more splendid one that we Americans will cherish than the first line, which is also the title of the song now suddenly freighted with a meaning and a message to American hearts, which our boys sang that black February night in the Irish Sea when two hundred of them, first fruits of our national sacrifice in this war, went over the sides of the Tuscania to death. "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?"

THE DARK PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 24)

make a real teacher, for only out of life itself does any real teaching ever come." He told me all about the forest, the bushes and plants, and the grain in the fields. He made the whole world seem full of life, though he himself was so weakly. He taught me to pity the women in the village *kaback*. I used to peek in through the garden hedge and see the women at tables there drinking and laughing or sobbing and shrieking—and I would shiver and run away. But one night I found one of them flat on the snow. I brought her home; and there was a fight between my father and mother. She said it was a shame on us to bring such a woman here; but my father said it was good, for the woman might have frozen to death. He said that men and women like her were not bad but only unfortunate people; that poverty, like a load on their heads, kept pressing them down into the mud.

All such people, and also the beggars at the church door who sang holy songs, said that my father was a man who need not have any fear to die, for the kingdom of heaven would open wide. He often took me to the church for the evening service, and there we had a favorite song about the mild light of the glory of God.

The beggars' prophecy came true. One very cold day in the forest, while my father was cutting wood, he took off his sheepskin shuba, and his breast was pierced by the wind. So he grew very sick in his lungs. As he lay in the hut he knew he was dying, but he said it was all for the best. When he was dead the old priest told us that in all his seventy years he had never seen a death so quiet or one so desired by a man.

But I was very lonely. My mother and sisters disliked me and made it hard for me in the hut. With my father gone it was dirtier than it had ever been before. All the work went badly and we soon grew very poor. I hated the slapping and quarreling; and now when I ran away to the forest no one sat beside me there. I used to go to the village school, but I did not like the books they had. The stories were so soft they made me feel like a fat rich lady patting a dirty little child. I knew the world was not like that. But I had a good friend, the manager's wife on a big estate, and she said: "Go to Moscow. I can get you work as a servant there."

I was only fourteen, but I went alone. I had a birch-bark basket filled with bread and eggs and cakes, salt mushrooms and cucumbers. I wore bark shoes and homemade clothes. My uncle and my mother drove me to the station, and I was ashamed when they begged the conductor to take me without any ticket. He put me into the baggage car and called me a nice little morsel. It was my first ride on a train and I thought it would be wonderful; but the trainmen made it nasty. They joked and looked at me like wolves. But one of them was very kind. When we came to the city he carried my box and basket to the house where I was to work.

Two Years in Moscow

It was a very fine old house. Behind it was a courtyard with rows of huts along the sides, where in the old days of the serfs had lived the shoemaker, the carpenter, the baker and all the other serfs, brought in each fall from the country estate. Now all were gone, but there were many house servants still. I became a lady's maid for two girls of about my age. They made me do their hair for hours, and chattered in French with each other and laughed in such a silly way. And though I was given good food in that house I soon got sick of always doing only such silly little things. I made friends with a girl in a dressmaker's shop, and one night she said to me, "You are all right now, but you will never do any better. Come into our shop along with me."

I chose a very lucky time to tell my mistress I wanted to go, for she had just come from the theater and was singing and smiling to herself. And besides, she had always liked me because I never stole. If I wanted to be a dressmaker, she said, she would pay my fees and put me into a dressmaking school. I went to this school for many months, living with my mistress still—until the family went to Paris. Then I went to the shop with my friend. All the girls there were friendly, but what an empty-headed lot! They chatted and sang from morning till night!

Then a strange thing happened. When I lived at the rich lady's house a young student who used to visit there had often tried to talk to me. Each time I had grown very red, for I was only a servant and he was the son of a Moscow priest. But now he came to me in the shop. One day when I was carrying a dress home to a lady he walked with me, and he said, "You are smart and you could get up in life. But you need to marry someone in a class above you." And he made me feel he would marry me. I grew cold from my feet to my neck. I told him I never would be accepted by such fine people as his friends. And I said, "Don't speak of it any more!"

Then came a letter from the village. I had not been home for nearly two years, but now the deacon begged me to come. "Your mother is weak," he wrote me, "and your sisters have no heads. You must come home to manage. Besides, you are sixteen years old, and it would be very bad for you to get older without a husband." At the end of his letter came the usual greetings: "Your mother greets you, your uncle greets you, your aunts and cousins greet you, and all your neighbors heap blessings on your head till the day of your coffin. Please send three rubles. The calf is sick." This made me laugh a little. If the calf had not got sick I wondered if I would have had so many heaps of blessings.

Back to the Village

Well, I went home to the village. It was spring, and my soul was set free in the great clean air of the forests and fields. But I did not feel like that very long. For from the moment I came home my mother and my sisters looked so hungrily at my town clothes and snatched them away and hid my purse. They were so mean that I grew angry and said some sharp things, and then I was sorry. I felt something cold creep over me. The hut was dark and filthy, and I worked to make it clean. My mother was sick and grumbling; my sisters talked of their hard lot—growing old without a dowry. From Moscow the priest's son wrote and begged me to come back to town.

"In the village," he said, "you will lose your life." But my mother was so sick that I did not see how I could leave.

All my old aunts and uncles now were busy searching the country to get a man to marry me, and at last a day of glory came when they announced that a man had been found. I wondered what he would be like. When we met we were just like two cows that look at each other with foolish eyes. At once I disliked him, but I knew I must marry or shame my family. For the village women were jealous of girls from Moscow, and so if I refused him they would say it was a lie and that he was the one who had stepped back. Now he walked round me just as if I were a horse.

He said: "Yes, I like her, but she is too thin. I would like her chest broader and her wrists thicker. Not much good for work," he said. But his mother chattered away, and his father and my uncle talked. "The business is settled!" they shouted and banged their fists on the table. Then they all drank vodka and the betrothal meal was served. I had to be careful to serve it exactly in the village style. When they handed me over into his arms he looked at me in such a queer way, as though asking "Is she worth it?" I nearly laughed.

But they all cried: "Stop smiling! This business is solemn as God. Now is the time for you to weep!"

And I shook all over and said, "You are right!"

And in the next years I wept very often. It was a dark and dirty life. He made our home so filthy that I could not keep it clean. He was employed at the village store, but he worked very little there or at home. He said, "You are my wife and you must obey me. So says the priest, and he is to be trusted." He would come home drunk and make me kneel and take off his dirty boots. He would try to make me kiss the wrappings on his feet, and when I refused he said to me, "God will punish you for your disobedience."

When my first baby was to come something drew me to my husband. Once when he went to Moscow to buy things for the village store I knew when he was coming home, so I walked thirteen miles to the station to meet him. But he flew into a rage. "Here to spy on me, are you?" he shouted, and kicked me so that I cried with a deep fierce pain. Later I learned that on his spree he had brought back a woman on the train. I was in such terrible pain that when I started home I could not walk. A kind merchant in a carriage let me sit up with the driver, and so at last I reached my hut. A peasant woman helped me there—and that was the end of my first child.

My husband came home very drunk. The goods he had brought from Moscow were spoiled by having been left in the rain; and so at the store the merchant was angry. My husband said, "If you don't like my work I will spit in your store, for I am a better man than you!" So he was kicked out of the place.

But he had a smooth way with men. When he was drinking he talked well. And so he soon got another place, as manager of a small estate. I liked it there and did most of the work. I loved the cattle and horses; and, as my father had taught me to do, I looked at them as human creatures It seemed to me that when I felt badly they knew how I felt and stood very quiet, to make the milking easier. There are times in a woman's life when she is ready to see sympathy on any side, from man or beast.

Now I was allowed to move in the circle of managers' wives in the neighborhood. These women had some funny ways. I remember one I went to see. A few minutes after I had come the wife of a bigger manager called, and at once I was asked politely to go into the other room, for I was not important enough to be there. But then the priest's son from Moscow came to the village for a few days, and he talked to me as a friend. After that all the managers' wives took me in, because they felt that I was one who could go in high society. And yet this visit did me harm, for the village buzzed with scandal. My husband heard and told me that I had covered him with shame. After that I could not leave the estate unless he was with me.

So again my life was very bad. He sold my belongings and even my dresses. He would come home drunk, and would go to the cupboard and take out a dress, and I knew that I should soon see it in the secondhand shop in the village, as an advertisement that my husband was a drunkard. The village women blamed it on me because I was a girl from the town. My husband went from bad to worse, and so at last he was turned away.

"You can do what you like," he said, "but I was made for something better than to be a slave like this." And he took his coat and left the house. At first I thought it was a joke. There was an October storm that night, and the wind like a pack of devils came roaring down the chimney. I was frightened and sick, for it was the time when my second child was coming. I locked the door and shook with pain. Then I thought I would go home to my family. I went out in the dark and tried to laugh, but I felt all alone on the earth that night. In the storm I got lost in the forest and bumped against trees and felt black fear.

A Change of Fortune

In the morning I found the road. As I lay on the stones some peasants came by. And they said, "What a shame! Now she, too, is a drunkard." This made me cry, and the crying made me soon feel quieter. "Now let it be as it will," I thought. "God has turned away his face. Either there is no God at all, or if there is the priest is a liar because he calls him merciful."

There were muddy pools on the road, and I kept falling down as I walked. Now my body would seem to float along, and again it would be like a great dead weight. My head was full of thoughts and pictures that beat on each other and whirled about. I looked at the road, all yellow with leaves, and I said, "Now my thoughts are like leaves in the wind."

When I came home my mother said, "So your fine town tricks did not help you! You could not keep your husband!" She told me I must get to work. It was threshing time, and from our barn the peasants came in for their dinner. And when from the oven I lifted a big iron pot of potatoes, I carried it just a step or two and then I fell down on the floor. So my second child lost its chance for life.

When I got well I started a tea room. I worked hard and made some money, and we lived better in our home. But after that my husband came back and said that he had a right to my business. He used my money for his sprees—till at last I got sick of everything. I decided to try my luck in the town, and I went back to Moscow.

I was now nineteen years old. In the city I went to my dressmaker friend and told her a part of my troubles. She said, "Don't think about it too much. To get on, you need education. Here you can go to school at night, while you are working in a shop." And I started to do as she said, and lived with her in a little room. But then some Polish people I met talked to me of Warsaw, and I decided to go there to live.

Warsaw was a strange place to me, but I worked hard in a dressmaking shop and soon I began to do quite well. It was a fine town, with its elegant shops, with electric lights in the windows at night to show off the wax ladies there, who smiled like cows and seemed to say, "See what a heaven we are in—with our corsets and dresses, our slippers and jewels." The girls in our shop were easy-going and babbled along like so many birds. "Why do you save your money?" they asked. "Get clothes and drink and have a good time!" And they tried to get me to come with them. But my life in the village had been so dark that all this babble seemed empty talk. They used to drag me to their rooms, and there I saw that all they did was only show for their men friends. No matter how finely dressed they might be, they wore very little underneath; and they did their hair so carefully that it stuck like glue to their heads.

Life in Warsaw

There were some German girls, too, in the shop. They were so sentimental that they would sing to the moon like dogs, and they were always talking of their bridegrooms back in Germany. And yet they lived with Polish men, in order to make more money for their beloved bridegrooms. For the Polish girls to go with a man was like taking a cup of tea; but with these German shopgirls it was a solid business. They knew how to make a good home for a man and to fill it with plants and flowers and keep the rooms clean and cook nice meals. They used potato peelers—I had never seen one before—and fine little laundry machines. I used to look at them and think, "How much easier for us if we Russians did like that!" But still I was not jealous of this happy German life. They have a wonderful system there to make their people comfortable—but nothing for the needs of the soul. And now in the war I often think that if we had the German system we should all be better off; but it would be as though the heavy boot of a soldier were upon us; and that is what we would not stand.

In Warsaw I saved money and bought some things and made a good home. Now I had been there so many years that my Russian life seemed only a dream. But one day my husband wrote that he would favor me with a visit. Soon he came to Warsaw, and then I had two feelings: One was a wish to keep the life that I had worked so hard for there, and the other was a deep old feeling of my duty as his wife. When he came to my room I did not know how to tell him to go away, so instead I said that the room was not mine but that I shared it with a friend. He said, "But I see only one bed, and it's barely big enough even for you." Besides, there were only two small chairs. "Which chair does she sleep on?" he asked me. And when I got very red he laughed, and he stayed until I gave in to him. He had a job as underconductor on a Moscow-Warsaw train, and he was getting on very well, for it needed only a long tongue; and he used his tongue so nicely that soon he was made an overconductor.

The next year my baby was born. I had moved to a little house on the edge of the city; I kept up my work in the dressmaking shop; and now everything was so nice that my husband was ashamed to get drunk. His old habit of boasting was just the same; he talked of great people in Moscow as though they were his relatives. But that did not hurt him with the Poles, because they themselves told the same kind

(Continued on Page 45)

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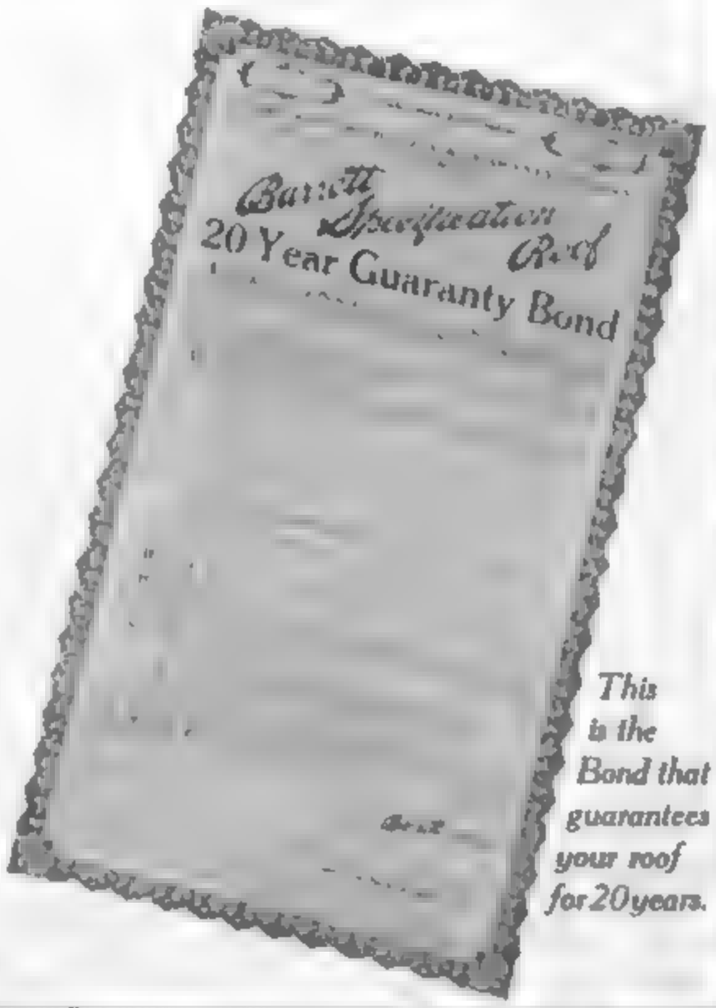

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There are several reasons for this.

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While the left wheel runs in the smooth center of the road, the right wheel gets the sharp edges of the asphalt, the rough going, and grinds against the curb in stopping.

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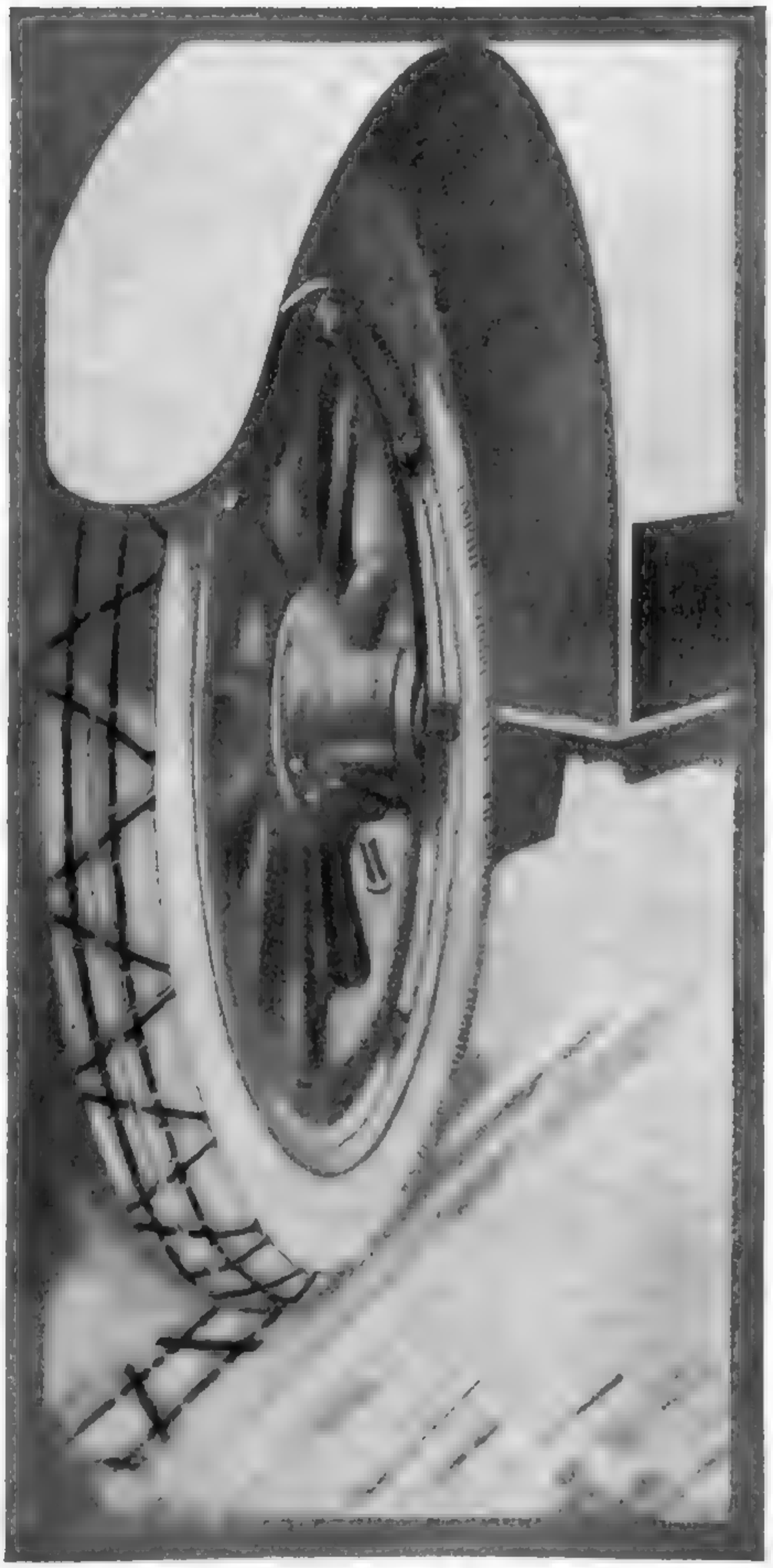

THE EMPIRE TREAD IS THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED, THE LONGEST WEARING, THE BEST LOOKING

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 42)

of lies. It was a game on equal terms, and I used to smile as I listened.

But then he grew lazy in his work and so was transferred to a lower job on a military-railroad line. I was glad to be left alone, and began to plan out my whole life for my child. One night not long before the war I had a vision that showed me the way. I dreamed I was back here at home looking up at the sunset clouds, when all at once the heavens broke open like a torn sheet of paper. I felt myself float up in the sky. With me was an old beggar who had loved my father and had sung holy songs by the church. I was terribly hungry. I saw Christ sitting at a table. He looked both wonderfully young and many millions of years old. He said, "You are hungry." I begged him for bread. He broke off such a little piece, and I ate it and was hungry still.

But he said, "You must be satisfied with the little you received. For the little will be great."

I knew what he meant. It was my child. I must work hard for this one small life and do my best to make it great. And so I asked everyone I met what good things I could find for her. Soon I did find a wonderful place. It was a *crèche* and kindergarten run by some good Swiss people. On my way to the shop I could leave her there and then bring her home at night. The things that I learned in that little school about feeding and teaching children! More and more I was sure that my child would be great—for we Russians are a deep people, and there are miracles in our souls, if only we can bring them out.

But the war broke out and spoiled my life. When the Germans came near Warsaw I went with crowds of women and children for refuge in the fortress of Brest; and when even this was about to fall I fled away the night before. I had saved more than three thousand rubles, but I could not get it from the bank. We walked all night along the road and kept telling each other, "Never mind. What is one fortress to Russia?" But suddenly behind us there was an awful light in the heavens and such a noise that we all fell down. The fortress had been blown to pieces. The women round me shrieked and cried. Then all at once I remembered the vision I had had from Christ; so I gathered some women and children there by the road in the darkness, and told them of my vision. And I said, "This is not the end of the world, and everything will still come right; for Christ looks down at the children, and he is going to make them great." And the children all stopped crying and looked up into the sky. And the daylight came, and we walked along.

Refugees From Warsaw

It was a hard time, for we had to walk, except when we got on cattle trains. Often we had to sleep in the fields. The children cried from hunger and thirst, and some of them drank bad water and died. But the Swiss people in the *crèche* had taught me what harm bad water can do; and so at each hut by the roadside I looked to see if the children there were all strong and healthy, and only then would we drink from the well. The other refugees dropped off to settle down in other towns; but I went on alone with my little girl, for in Moscow was a bank connected with the Warsaw bank where I had left my money. But when we got to Moscow they told me I could get nothing at all until Warsaw was back in Russian hands. Then I felt terribly sick with life. I came back to the hut where I was born.

That was more than two years ago, and it has not been an easy life. My mother was very sick and old. One of my sisters had gone away, and the other married a peasant who was a hard, slow worker, but everything he did went wrong. Again I started a tea house; and when it was going well I left it to my sister, for she needed it more than I. I lived with my mother and took charge of our little farm. Long before this my husband had been coming home on leave. He tried to get the money that we were making in the shop. Vodka was forbidden, but he took to raw alcohol and got drunk. And I found he had other love affairs, and I felt it was not right to let him feel he could live like that and still come back to me, his wife. So, when the revolution came and I learned that the new government made it easy to get a divorce, I put in my claim at the court. It was hard enough to be living here, without having a drunken husband too. I had my child to think of.

Here her story was broken off, for suddenly over the moonlit field her mother came hobbling like an old witch. Angrily she shouted to her daughter to come home. The latter jumped up and left us, and we could hear the old woman's voice scolding as they went away. Wreaths of mist had come up from the river and there was a chill of approaching dawn. We closed the barn door and climbed up on the hay and burrowed down deep into it. For a time I listened to the mice rustling in the hay and straw. Then I fell asleep. When I woke it was raining, and the jangling church bells were calling the peasants to Sunday mass. Stiff and sore, we got up and went back to the village.

We found our friend of the night before squatting on her heels on the little log porch of her hut, cleaning pots and kettles. Her eyes looked bright and excited still. Plainly she had been cleaning house. The kitchen was not so dirty now, and the front room had been aired. The strips of rag carpet had been swept. The plants in the deep little windows had fresh clean paper round the pots. The samovar had been polished. The bedding had been put away. The five-year-old girl had been dressed in her best, and had on a pair of black shoes in our honor. She was playing with a white kitten. Her mother had donned a dark-blue suit, her hair was done up in a tight twist, and her sharp pinched features shone from vigorous washing.

A Typical Village Sunday

But from the mother and her child I kept glancing at the old crone in the background. With her scowls and grunts of pain, her gnarled dirty hands and feet, she seemed like an evil heritage out of the dark years behind. I could feel her constant presence here. The log shed was a pool of filth, with a few bedraggled chickens and two pigs in a pen in the corner. The stench came in through the kitchen door. I saw signs on every hand of the almost hopeless fight the daughter was making day by day. I noticed again her finger nails worn half off with labor. Only her little girl was gay. Here indeed were the dark people—past, present and future.

What was the daughter planning to do? What had the revolution meant in this village hovel? We were eager to find out; but now she had no time to talk. The rain made it urgent to stack her rye, and with the peasant man next door she was bargaining for the work. There was some plowing, too, to be done; but he pulled the crazy little plow out of the shed and showed where it was broken. Soon she was getting dinner. She begged her mother to let us stay, but the latter angrily declined. As we left the hut the three of them were sitting down to tea and black bread, and boiled potatoes which they ate out of a big iron pot.

The rain had changed to a drizzle. It was a large village, with lanes running off the main street on each side. We passed the village schoolhouse, a log hut of two large rooms. In one some small boys were chattering, and in the other the stout woman teacher sat at her tea. Her fat, heavy, swarthy face did not look very inspiring. Again the church bells were jangling. Peasant carts and wagons came slowly by, for this was the monthly market day. We followed them to the market square, which was in a great muddy hollow with a white frame church at one end and a tea house at the other. Along one side were a few little stores and open stalls; but there were few goods from the towns in these days, and so there was only a meager display—some house utensils and bales of cheap cloth, some clumsy homemade wooden rakes and a few other farm implements. In one stall was a tiny wooden horse, and a little peasant boy was gazing wistfully up at it. When my friend bought it and gave it to him the urchin was off like a rabbit, laughing convulsively as he ran.

Out in the center of the square were two long lines of ricks and carts laden with hay and vegetables and potted plants of flowers. There were a few small cows and calves. Under a big umbrella was a woman at a pushcart filled with boxes of coarse thread and buttons, pins and needles, and a little gaudy jewelry. The peasants were dressed in high top-boots and old clothes sodden with the rain. A few wore sheepskin shubas. The women's shawls and calico dresses were bedraggled; they stood in their bare feet in the mud. Two were comparing absorbedly their potted plants of flowers. I heard a talking machine blaring in a shop near by. I went in and purchased a box of cheap candy for the little girl in the hut.

Then we went to the tea house for dinner. It was a long building of gray old logs. The restaurant was on the second floor. The three or four low-ceilinged rooms were filled with dirt and clamor; the air was a perfect swarm of flies. Along one wall there was a bar where formerly vodka had been served. Now they were serving tea and soup. The peasants were seated at small bare tables.

After making a hasty meal of soup and boiled pork and potatoes, we went back to the woman's hut to finish our talk of the night before.

What did she hope to make of this life? How did she look on the revolution? We did not talk of that at first; we preferred to let her do her own talking. And it all centered about her child.

This village is a wretched place for my child to grow up in. A little girl should keep her soul just as clean as a dress that is new. But her playmates put shame into her head. The whole village is dark with scandals of the very dirtiest kind. I am trying to think what to do with her. My mother is so old and sick I cannot leave the village, and the school here is so poor.

All our village schools are poor, and the new Russian Government has done nothing to make them better. These new political parties, in spite of their talk about freedom, still work for the people in towns, and all their plans are based, as before, on getting things out of the peasants. They won't give us good schools because they want to keep us dark people all our lives. They have built fine houses and they have filled their cellars with wine. I have seen how they live, for I have been a servant. And all their fine things come from the labor of people who live in huts, like me. They spend their whole lives in silk dresses, going to theaters, dinners and balls. Why can't they bring their fine knowledge to us and help us to be cleaner and better, to cook and sew and look after the sick? Why not sell their automobiles and spend the money on good schools? They are clean and warm and in elegant clothes, so they laugh and think that they are safe. It is just as if, though living in a country filled with disease, they said, "We at least have not caught it yet."

Maternal Fears

But they will find it is dangerous to live in such a country! How many millions of children are growing up to be savages! One year lost now may utterly spoil a whole generation of children. In a year in this village my child may lose all the fine start in body and soul that she got from those good Swiss people. There must be no dark gap like this in her life!

These political men have talked so much of what they are going to do for us; and they never see that our deepest hope is to be taught to do things ourselves. They promise us billions of rubles. Where from? Will they drop from the skies? We know that true money is hard to earn. They may print millions of paper rubles, but my three kopecks won't grow to be six. The only miracle in the world is one that comes very slowly. It comes with new wishes and habits that grow up in the people themselves, beginning when they are children. This miracle is in us all. I take my crop to the market and speak to men and women there; and I hear little that is wrong, for I turn the talk to sensible things; and when you drive in such channels you find good in everyone. All at once their dirty chatter stops, and out of their mouths come words at times so wise that it is wonderful! I tell you they do not need to be dark! All they need is schools—real schools! In our school here is a fat, dull teacher who works only out of books. We pay her only twelve rubles a month, and she is not worth even that; but if they would send us the kind we need we would pay our last kopeck to keep him here, and then he would teach us how to work!

We need not always be like this! Look at me—I am a peasant woman, but I am not quite a fool. When I look at these pictures you show me of farming machines in America I see that if I had them I could get

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much larger crops. But who brings such machinery here? They wave red flags and tell us to work; but how work when we have no good tools? You heard my neighbor talk of my plow. It is so bad it breaks his back. I have tried to borrow one, but my neighbors hide their plows, for they are afraid that the extra use will wear them out. This selfishness is the blackest spot in all our people's darkness. We must learn to help each other work. That is the spirit we must have—because only then will new machinery be any good for our village.

The moving pictures in the towns, which show only dirty stories now of murders and all sorts of crimes, should be used instead to give pictures of what a Russian farm could be. When we saw such things we would go at once to our village leader and tell him to go down the street and knock with his stick at each window. The village assembly would meet and we would collect the money and send and buy these good machines. You say one of them will mow in a day five *desatynas*—twelve acres. I have only one *desatyna* of rye, but it takes me three or four days with three or four women to mow it; for we have only little hand scythes, and so we must kneel on the ground to work and cut the hay by handfuls.

And all that time I have to leave my child with the old granny here, who scares her by the things she says. The child does not know whom to obey, and what each one of us tells her is all mixed in her small head. With machines I could be much more at home. I could keep the hut clean, and raise vegetables and even a few flowers here, and I could help in the school. I have talked to the peasant women, and so many have the same idea. The things we would do if we had more time!

We would learn to work together. In one big pot the gruel cooks better than in many small ones, and so it would be in all our work. By joining together we would get not cheap little plows that easily break, but fine ones of the largest size. And we would rearrange our land. Don't you think we understand what a waste it is for each of us to have his little stripe of land, with the borders in between spreading weeds and thistles? We must throw it all together and work all of it in shares. But that is not an easy thing, for unless we are careful the lazy ones will not do their part. We must find a way to make them work. And to do these things we need more time, and wise men to teach us. That is what I mean by schools!

The Disappointing Revolution

Then you would see the whole country change! The other day at sunset I sat on the river bank—and I saw how beautiful were the clouds with the sunset colors on them. Then I looked down on the ugly earth, and I thought how much better it would be if in place of waste land and muddy swamps you could see only waving fields of grain. The earth would be beautiful as the sky!

And so it will be in Russia soon. For we have waited long enough for the landowners to lead us. Their homes could have been like houses of light in this place of outer darkness—but they never made them so; and now at last their chance is gone, for the great revolution is here!

But what a terrible waste there has been. What a start the revolution had; and how they have disappointed us! For years we had believed in them—for the revolutionists in the towns did really come to the villages and work for all the people. Long ago in Moscow I met a student on the street. He was between two gendarmes. I heard that he had spent five years in prison because of his love for the people, and now he was being sent far off to a prison in Siberia. And yet he smiled at us on the street.

I saw what a good true man he was—and I was glad, I was very glad!

"Here is what we need," I thought. "True friends who will tell us what to do!" And I often thought of him after that.

So when the revolution came I joined the village committee that was to manage our affairs. Every minute I could spare from my work I was writing for the committee. We wrote down all the peasants' names, and whether each had paid his new dues. We looked into the books of the church, we chose a gendarme of our own, and we elected delegates. We worked often all the night, but I never felt tired. I was glad! I thought that the new government would soon tell us all we should do.

But instead of that their political parties quarreled and fought. And this was wrong! There was good in each of them, and they should have taken only that. From the Bolsheviki and the Cadets and all the other parties they should have picked out what was good, and then put it all together and made one big party for the good of Russia. They should have told us: "Now work hard, and win the war, and save the revolution! And this is just how you must do it!" If they had said that, how we would have worked! For what a spirit was here at the start!

But fine words were not enough. We wanted real work, and it did not come—and all the great spirit went out in the dark. First they lighted the torch, and then blew it out. Some of us here kept trying to help, but we could feel the people round us pulling us down.

I remember what my father said: "God is not a great man in the clouds. He is a strange bright miracle that lives deep in the spirits of every man and woman on earth."

The One Big Miracle

We must let this deeper spirit rise up in the darkness of our souls. We must make a new free Russia now, and there must be no delay. The Czar must never come back to us. The landowners have lost their chance. We shall not need to take their lands; for they have no workers now, and their fields are so idle and worthless that they will soon be sick of them. So all their land will come to us. And the merchants and politicians in towns must learn that they depend on us. They tell us they will send no tea unless we send our grain to the towns. Let them keep their tea! We can do without these things, but the towns cannot live without any bread, and we will send none until they see that their very lives depend on us.

Then the best of them will join with us, and we shall take the government and plan and work for a better life in every village in Russia!

And the women will do it as well as the men. I will tell you why we must vote with the men. It is all because of children. For in raising children women and men are equal—they are united by God for that; and to do it best they must not let their boys and girls lead dark lives. To raise a good crop of children is like raising a crop of rye. First you must see that you have good soil—I mean good schools and houses. And if it is the first thing in the world to make the children fine and strong, then men and women together should decide how we can get all these things the children need—better schools and homes, more land and machines, and many good laws for our life. Women care for these things as much as men. I often think that we care more—I mean we would if we only knew.

But we are the dark people. We Russian women bear so many children, but only a few of them live to grow up. We have been beaten by our husbands and never given any chance. The church has said "Obey your husband"—but I think that both the wife and husband should be like one soul, living in two bodies, but thinking, feeling and working always for the children—and not only for their own, but all, for only so can theirs get what they need. This village will always be bad for my child until all her playmates get better too.

It is strange what we all have in us, and what we should be if we had the chance! That is the one big miracle. When I remember those days and nights when the revolution started—the light that was in the peasants' eyes—then I know that God is in all of us. On the fields I often believe that he is in the cattle, too, and in the very grain itself when it waves in the wind. And if we can only learn better ways to cultivate the grain, and men and women and children, too, then the God that is in them all will rise up toward the sun.

And there is no good in the revolution—and no real purpose in our life—unless this miracle shall come to everybody's children. When it comes to all the children on earth, that will be the Great Revolution. And that is what the women will care about even more than the men.

We left her late that afternoon. From the crazy little rig in which we were to drive to the station I looked back and saw her standing on the porch of her hut. In front of her was the small girl gayly waving a good-by; and behind her in the doorway was the dark old woman of the past.

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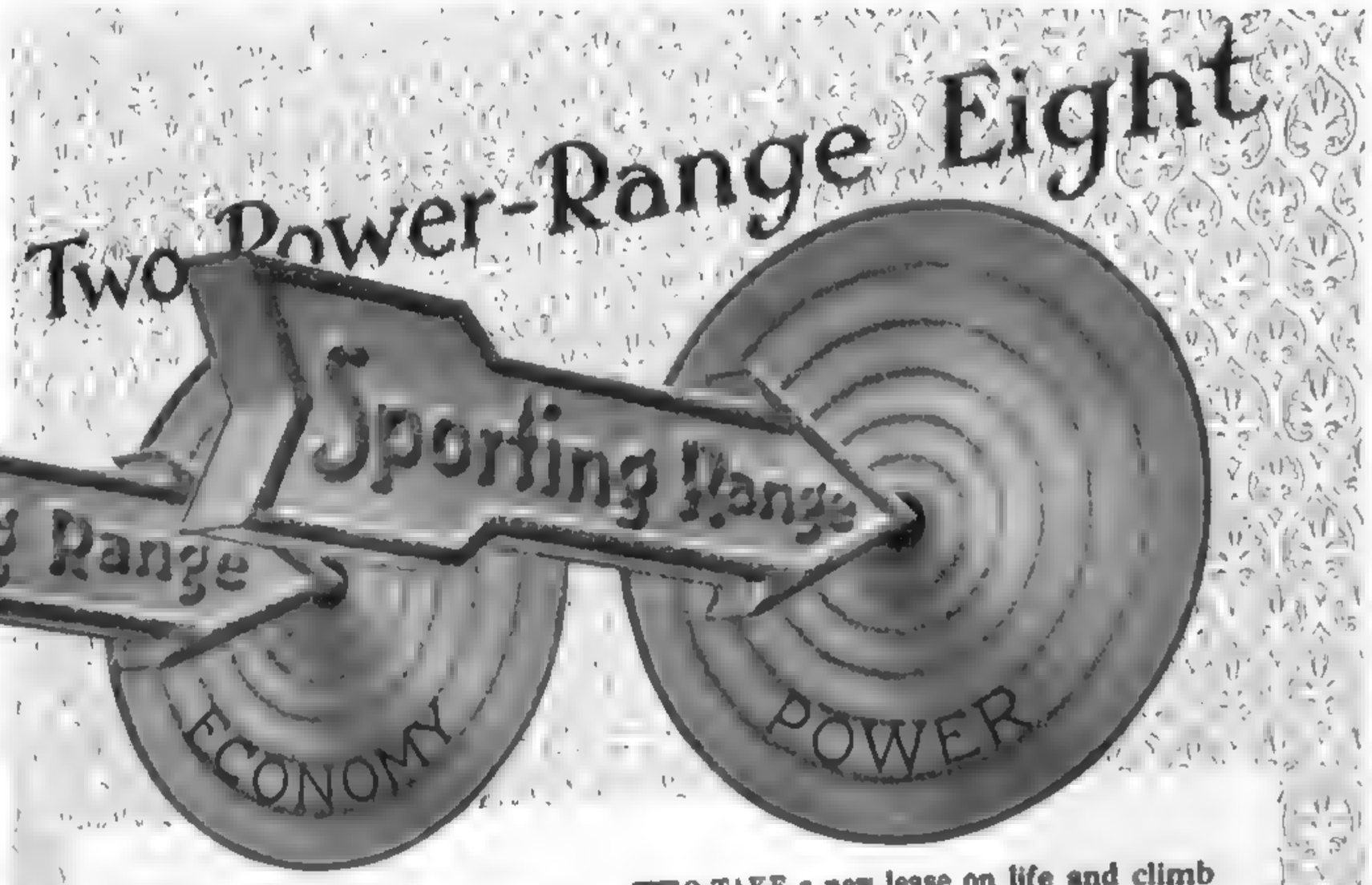

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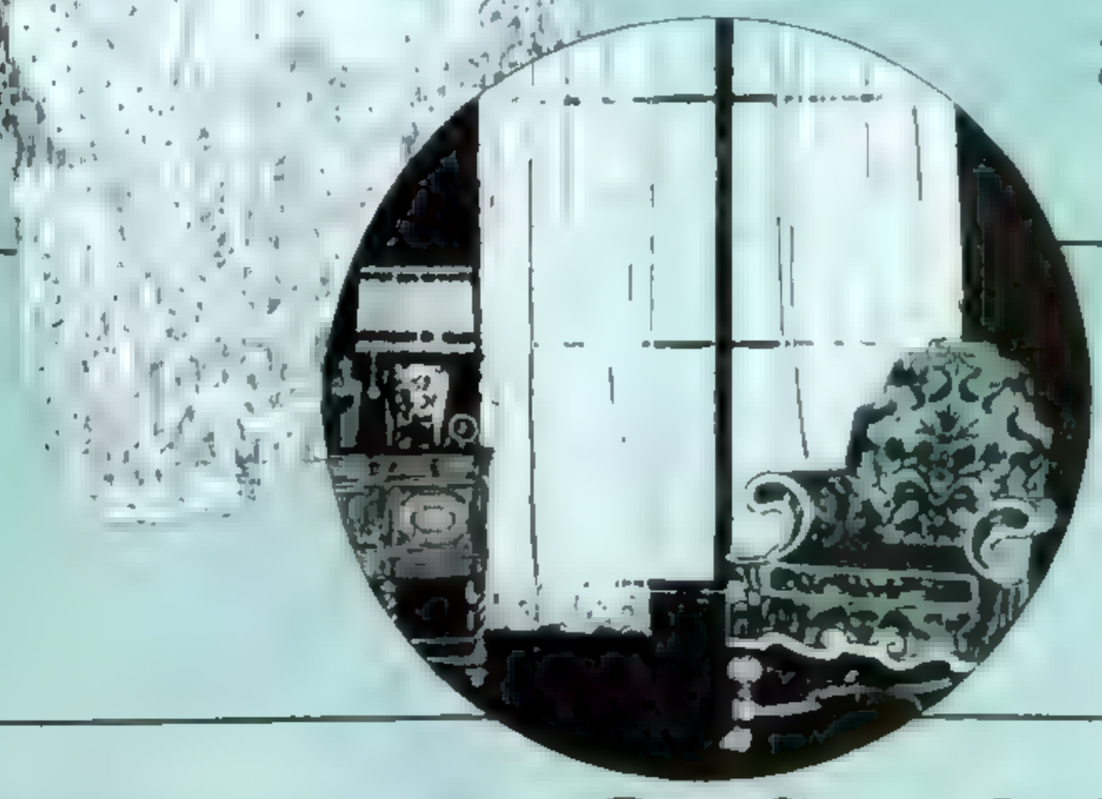

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THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

Sara Lee had received her first letter from Harvey that day. The maid at Morley's had forwarded it to her, and Henri had brought it up.

"I think I have brought you something you wish for very much," he said, looking down at her.

"Lamb?" she inquired anxiously.

"Better than that."

"Sugar?"

"A letter, mademoiselle."

Afterward he could not quite understand the way she had suddenly drawn in her breath. He had no memory, as she had, of Harvey's obstinate anger at her going, his conviction that she was doing a thing criminally wrong and cruel.

"Give it to me, please."

She took it into her room and closed the door. When she came out again she was composed and quiet, but rather white. Poor Henri! He was half mad that day with jealousy. Her whiteness he construed as longing.

This is a part of Harvey's letter:

You may think that I have become reconciled, but I have not. If I could see any reason for it I might. But what reason is there? So many others, older and more experienced, could do what you are doing, and more safely.

In your letter from the steamer you tell me not to worry. Good God, Sara Lee, how can I help worrying? I do not even know where you are! If you are in England, well and good. If you are abroad I do not want to know it. I know these foreigners. I run into them every day. And they do not understand American women. I get crazy when I think about it.

I have had to let the Leete house go. There is not likely to be such a chance soon again. Business is good, but I don't seem to care much about it any more. Honestly, dear, I think you have treated me very badly. I always feel as though the people I meet are wondering if we have quarreled or what on earth took you away on this wild-goose chase. I don't know myself, so how can I tell them?

I shall always love you, Sara Lee. I guess I'm that sort. But sometimes I wonder if, when we are married, you will leave me again in some such uncalled-for way. I warn you now, dear, that I won't stand for it. I'm suffering too much. HARVEY.

Sara Lee wore the letter next her heart, but it did not warm her. She went through the next few hours in a sort of frozen composure and ate nothing at all.

Then came the bombardment.

Henri and Jean, driving out from Dunkirk, had passed on the road ammunition trains, waiting in the road until dark before moving on to the Front. Henri had given Sara Lee her letter, had watched jealously for its effect on her, and then, his own face white and set, had gone on down the ruined street.

Here within the walls of a destroyed house he disappeared. The place was evidently familiar to him, for he moved without hesitation. Broken furniture still stood in the roofless rooms, and in front of a battered bureau Henri paused. Still whistling under his breath, he took off his uniform and donned a strange one, of greenish gray. In the pocket of the blouse he stuffed a soft round cap of the same color. Then, resuming his cape and Belgian cap, with its tassel over his forehead, he went out into the street again. He carried in his belt a pistol, but it was not the one he had brought in with him. As a matter of fact, by the addition of the cap in his pocket, Henri was at that moment in the full uniform of a lieutenant of Bavarian infantry regiment, pistol and all.

He went down the street and along the road toward the poplars. He met the first detachment of men out of the trenches just beyond the trees, and stepped aside into the mud to let them pass, calling a greeting to them out of the darkness.

"*Bonsoir!*" they replied, and saluted stiffly. There were few among them who did not know his voice, and fewer still who did not suspect his business.

"A brave man," they said among themselves as they went on.

"How long will he last?" asked one young soldier, a boy in his teens.

"One cannot live long who does as he does," replied a gaunt and bearded man. "But it is a fine life while it continues. A fine life!"

The boy stepped out of the shuffling line and looked behind him. He could see only the glow of Henri's eternal cigarette. "I should like to go with him," he muttered wistfully.

The ammunition train was in the village now. It kept the center of the road, lest it should slide into the mud on either side and be mired. The men moved out of its way into the ditch, grumbling.

Henri went whistling softly down the road.

The first shell fell in the neglected square. The second struck the rear wagons of the ammunition train. Henri heard the terrific explosion that followed, and turning ran madly back into the village. More shells fell into the road. The men scattered like partridges, running for the fields, but the drivers of the ammunition wagons beat their horses and came lurching and shouting down the road.

There was cold terror in Henri's heart. He ran madly, throwing aside his cape as he went. More shells fell ahead in the street. Once in the darkness he fell flat over the body of a horse. There was a steady groaning from the ditch near by. But he got up and ran on, a strange figure with his flying hair and his German uniform.

He was all but stabbed by René when he entered the little house.

"Mademoiselle?" Henri gasped, holding René's bayonet away from his heaving chest.

"I am here," said Sara Lee's voice from the little *salle à manger*. "Let them carry in the wounded. I am getting ready hot water and bandages. There is not much space, for the corner of my room has been shot away."

She was dead white in the candlelight, but very calm.

"You cannot stay here," Henri panted. "At any time ——."

Another shell fell, followed by the rumble of falling walls.

"Someone must stay," said Sara Lee. "There must be wounded in the streets. Marie is in the cellar."

Henri pleaded passionately with her to go to the cellar, but she refused. He would have gathered her up in his arms and carried her there, but Jean came in, leading a wounded man, and Henri gave up in despair.

All that night they worked, a ghastly business. More than one man died that night in the little house, while a blond young man in a German uniform gave him his last mouthful of water or took down those pitifully vague addresses which were all the dying Belgians had to give.

"I have not heard—last at Aerschot, but now—God knows where."

No more shells fell. At dawn, with all done that could be done, Sara Lee fainted quietly in the hallway, and Henri carried her in and placed her on her bed. A corner of the room was indeed gone. The mantel was shattered, and the little stove. But on the floor lay Harvey's photograph, uninjured. Henri lifted it and looked at it. Then he placed it on the table, and very reverently he kissed the palm of Sara Lee's quiet hand.

Daylight found the street pitiful indeed. Henri, at whose costume René had been casting wondering glances all night, sent a request for men from the trenches to clear away the bodies of the horses and bury them, and somewhat later over a single grave in the fields there was a simple ceremony of burial for the men who had fallen. Henri had changed again by that time, but he sternly forbade Sara Lee to attend.

"On pain," he said, "of no more supplies, mademoiselle. These things must be. They are war. But you can do nothing to help, and it will be very sad."

Ambulances took away the wounded at dawn, and the little house became quiet once more. With planks René repaired the damage to the corner, and triumphantly produced and set up another stove. He even put up a mantelshelf, and on it, smiling somewhat, he placed Harvey's picture.

Sara Lee saw it there, and a tiny seed of resentment took root and grew.

"If there had been no one here last night," she said to the photograph, "many more would have died. How can you say I am cruel to you? Isn't this worth the doing?"

But Harvey remained impassive, detached, his eyes on the photographer's white muslin screen. And the angle of his jaw was set and dogged.

XII

THAT morning there was a conference in the little house—Colonel Lilias, who had come in before for a mute but appreciative call on Sara Lee, and for a cup of chocolate; Captain Tournay, Jean and Henri. It was held round the little table in the *salle à manger*, after Marie had brought coffee and gone out.

"They had information undoubtedly," said the colonel. "The same thing happened at Pervyse when an ammunition train went through. They had the place, and what is more they had the time. Of course there are the airmen."

"It did not leave the main road until too late for observation from the air," Henri put in shortly.

"Yet anyone who saw it waiting at the crossroads might have learned its destination. The drivers talk sometimes."

"But the word had to be carried across," said Captain Tournay. "That is the point. My men report flashes of lights from the fields. We have followed them up and found no houses, no anything. In this flat country a small light travels far."

"I shall try to learn to-night," Henri said. "It is, of course, possible that some one from over there ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think not." Colonel Lilias put a hand on Henri's shoulder affectionately. "They have not your finesse, boy. And I doubt if, in all their army, they have so brave a man."

Henri flushed.

"There is a courage under fire, with their fellows round—that is one thing. And a courage of attack—that is even more simple. But the bravest man is the one who works alone—the man to whom capture is death without honor."

The meeting broke up. Jean and Henri went away in the car, and though supplies came up regularly Sara Lee did not see the battered gray car for four days. At the end of that time Henri came alone. Jean, he said briefly, was laid up for a little while with a flesh wound in his shoulder. He would be well very soon. In the meantime here at last was mutton. It had come from England, and he, Henri, had found it lying forgotten and lonely and very sad and had brought it along.

After that Henri disappeared on foot. It was midafternoon and a sunny day. Sara Lee saw him walking briskly across the fields and watched him out of sight. She spoke some French now, and she had gathered from René, who had no scruples about listening at a door, that Henri was the bravest man in the Belgian Army.

Until now Sara Lee had given small thought to Henri's occupation. She knew nothing of war, and the fact that Henri, while wearing a uniform, was unattached, had not greatly impressed her. Had she known the constitution of a modern army she might have wondered over his freedom, his powerful car, his passes and maps. But his detachment had not seemed odd to her. Even his appearance in the uniform of a German lieutenant had meant nothing to her. She had never seen a German uniform.

That evening, however, when he returned she ventured a question. They dined together, the two of them, for the first time alone. Always before, Jean had made the third. And it was a real meal, for Sara Lee had sacrificed a bit of the mutton from her soup, and Henri had produced from his pocket a few small oranges.

"A gift!" he said gayly, and piled them in a precarious heap in the center of the table. On the exact top he placed a walnut.

"Now speak gently and walk softly," he said. "It is a work of art and not to be lightly demolished."

He was alternately gay and silent during the meal, and more than once Sara Lee found his eyes on her, with something new and different in them.

"Just you and I together!" he said once. "It is very wonderful."

And again: "When you go back to him, shall you tell him of your good friend who has tried hard to serve you?"

"Of course I shall," said Sara Lee. "And he will write you, I know. He will be very grateful."

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But it was she who was silent after that, because somehow it would be hard to make Harvey understand. And as for his being grateful ——

"Mademoiselle," said Henri later on "would you object if I make a suggestion? You wear a very valuable ring. I think it is entirely safe, but—who can tell? And also it is not entirely kind to remind men who are far from all they love that you ——"

Sara Lee flushed and took off her ring.

"I am glad you told me," she said. And Henri did not explain that the Belgian soldiers would not recognize the ring as either a diamond or a symbol, but that to him it was close to torture.

It was when he insisted on carrying out the dishes, singing a little French song as he did so, that Sara Lee spoke what was in her mind. He was in high spirits then.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "shall I show you something that the eye of no man has seen before, and that, when we have seen it, shall never be seen again?"

On her interested consent he called in Marie and René, making a great ceremony of the matter, and sending Marie into hysterical giggling.

"Now see!" he said earnestly. "No eye before has ever seen or will again. Will you guess, mademoiselle? Or you, Marie? René?"

"A tear?" ventured Sara Lee.

"But—do I look like weeping?"

He did not, indeed. He stood, tall and young and smiling, before them, and produced from his pocket the walnut.

"Perceive!" he said, breaking it open and showing the kernel. "Has human eye ever before seen it?" He thrust it into Marie's open mouth. "And it is gone! *Voilà tout!*"

It was that evening, while Sara Lee cut bandages and Henri rolled them, that she asked him what his work was. He looked rather surprised, and rolled for a moment without replying. Then: "I am a man of all work," he said. "What you call odd jobs."

"Then you don't do any fighting?"

"In the trenches—no. But now and then I have a little skirmish."

A sort of fear had been formulating itself in Sara Lee's mind. The trenches she could understand or was beginning to understand. But this alternately joyous and silent idler, this soldier of no regiment and no detail—was he playing a man's part in the war?

"Why don't you go into the trenches?" she asked with her usual directness. "You say there are too few men. Yet—I can understand Monsieur Jean, because he has only one eye. But you!"

"I do something," he said, avoiding her eyes. "It is not a great deal. It is the thing I can do best. That is all."

He went away some time after that, leaving the little house full and busy justifying its existence. The miller's son, who came daily to chat with Marie, was helping in the kitchen. By the warm stove, and only kept from standing over it by Marie's sharp orders, were as many men as could get near. Each held a bowl of hot soup, and—that being a good day—a piece of bread. Tall soldiers and little ones, all dirty, all weary, almost all smiling, they peered over each other's shoulders, to catch, if might be, a glimpse of Marie's face.

When they came too close she poked an elbow into some hulking fellow and sent him back.

"Elbowroom, in the name of God," she would beg.

Over all the room hung the warm steam from the kettles, and a delicious odor, and peace.

Sara Lee had never heard of the word "morale." She would have been astounded to have been told that she was helping the morale of an army. But she gave each night in that little house of mercy something that nothing else could give—warmth and welcome, but above all a touch of home.

That night Henri did not come back. She stood by her table bandaging, washing small wounds, talking her bits of French, until one o'clock. Then, the last dressing done, she went to the kitchen. Marie was there with Maurice, the miller's son.

"Has the captain returned?" she asked.

"Not yet, mademoiselle."

"Leave a warm fire," Sara Lee said. "He will probably come in later."

Maurice went out with a civil good night. Sara Lee stood in the doorway after he had gone, looking out. Farther along the line there was a bombardment going on. She knew now what a bombardment meant and her brows contracted. Somewhere there in the trenches men were enduring that, while Henri ——

She said a little additional prayer that night, which was that she should have the courage to say to him what she felt—that there were big things to do, and that it should not all be left to these smiling, ill-clad peasant soldiers.

At that moment Henri, in his gray-green uniform, was cutting wire before a German trench, one of a party of German soldiers, who could not know in the darkness that there had been a strange addition to their group. Cutting wire and learning many things which it was well that he should know.

Now and then, in perfect German, he whispered a question. Always he received a reply and stowed it away in his tenacious memory for those it most concerned.

At daylight he was asleep by Sara Lee's kitchen fire. And at daylight Sara Lee was awakened by much firing, and putting on a dressing gown she went out to see what was happening. René was in the street, looking toward the poplar trees.

"An attack," he said briefly.

"You mean the Germans?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

She went back into the little ruined house, heavy-hearted. She knew now what it meant, an attack. That night there would be ambulances in the street, and word would come up that certain men were gone—would never again seek warmth and shelter in her kitchen or beg like children for a second bowl of soup.

On the kitchen floor by the dying fire Henri lay asleep.

XIII

MUCH has been said of the work of spies—said and written. Here is a woman in Paris sending forbidden messages on a marked coin. Men are tapped on the shoulder by a civil gentleman in a sack suit, and walk away with him, never to be seen again.

But of one sort of spy nothing has been written and but little is known. Yet by him are battles won or lost. On the intelligence he brings attacks are prepared for and counterattacks launched. It is not always the airman, in these days of camouflage, who brings word of ammunition trains or of new batteries.

In the early days of the war the work of the secret service at the Front was of the gravest importance. There were fewer air machines, and observation from the air was a new science. Also trench systems were incomplete. Between them, known to a few, were breaks of solid land, guarded from behind. To one who knew, it was possible, though dangerous beyond words, to cross the inundated country that lay between the Belgian front and the German lines, and even with good luck to go farther.

Henri, for instance, on that night before had left the advanced trench at the railway line, had crawled through the Belgian barbed wire, and had advanced, standing motionless as each star shell burst overhead, and then moving on quickly. The inundation was his greatest difficulty. Shallow in most places, it was full of hidden wire and criscrossed with irrigation ditches. Once he stumbled into one, but he got out by swimming. Had he been laden with a rifle and equipment it might have been difficult.

He swore to himself as his feet touched ground again. For a star shell was hanging overhead, and his efforts had sent wide and ever increasingly widening circles over the placid surface of the lagoon. Let them lap to the German outposts, and he was lost.

Henri's method was peculiar to himself. Where there was dry terrain he did as did the others, crouched and crept. But here in the salt marshes, where the sea had been called to Belgium's aid, he had evolved a system of moving, neck deep in water, stopping under the white night lights, advancing in the darkness. There was no shelter. The country was flat as a hearth.

He would crawl out at last in darkness and lie flat, as the dead lie. And then, inch by inch, he would work his way forward, by routes that he knew. Sometimes he went entirely through the German lines, and reconnoitered on the roads behind. They were shallow lines then, for the inundation made the country almost untenable, and a charge in force from the Belgians across was unlikely.

Henri knew his country well—as well as he loved it. In a farmhouse behind the German lines he sometimes doffed his wet gray-green uniform and put on the clothing of a Belgian peasant. Trust Henri then for being a lout, a simple fellow who spoke only Flemish—but could hear in many tongues. Watch him standing at crossroads and marveling at big guns that rumble by.

At first Henri had wished, having learned of an attack, to be among those who repelled it. Then one day his King had sent for him to come to that little village which was now his capital city.

He had been sent in alone and had found the King at the table, writing. Henri bowed and waited. They were not unlike, those two men, only Henri was younger and lighter, and where the King's eyes were gray Henri's were blue. Such a queer setting for a king it was—a tawdry summer home, ill-heated and cheaply furnished. But by the presence of Belgium's man of all time it became royal.

So Henri bowed and waited, and soon the King got up and shook hands with him. As a matter of fact they knew each other rather well, but to explain more would be to tell that family name of Henri's which must never be known.

"Sit down," said the King gravely. And he got a box of cigars from the mantelpiece and offered it. "I sent for you because I want to talk to you. You are doing valuable work."

"I am glad you think it so, sire," said Henri rather unhappily, because he felt what was coming. "But I cannot do it all the time. There are intervals ——"

An ordinary mortal may not interrupt a king, but a king may interrupt anything, except perhaps a German bombardment.

"Intervals, of course. If there were not you would be done in a month."

"But I am a soldier. My place is ——"

"Your place is where you are most useful."

Henri was getting nothing out of the cigar. He flung it away and got up.

"I want to fight too," he said stubbornly. "We need every man, and I am—rather a good shot. I do this other because I can do it. I speak their infernal tongue. But it's dirty business at the best, sire." He remembered to put in the sire, but rather ungraciously. Indeed, he shot it out like a bullet.

"Dirty business!" said the King thoughtfully. "I see what you mean. It is, of course. But—not so dirty as the things they have done, and are doing."

He sat still and let Henri stamp up and down, because, as has been said, he knew the boy. And he had never been one to insist on deference, which was why he got so much of it. But at last he got up and when Henri stood still, rather ashamed of himself, he put an arm over the boy's shoulders.

"I want you to do this thing for me. And this thing only," he said. "It is the work you do best. There are others who can fight, but—I do not know anyone else who can do as you have done."

Henri promised. He would have promised to go out and drown himself in the sea, just beyond the wind-swept little garden, for the tall grave man who stood before him.

Then he bowed and went out, and the King went back to his plain pine table and his work.

That was the reason why Sara Lee found him asleep on the floor by her kitchen stove that morning, and went back to her cold bed to lie awake and think. But no explanation came to her.

The arrival of Marie roused Henri. The worst of the bombardment was over, but there was far-away desultory firing. He listened carefully before, standing outside in the cold, he poured over his head and shoulders a pail of cold water. He was drying himself vigorously when he heard Sara Lee's voice in the kitchen.

The day began for Henri when first he saw the girl. It might be evening, but it was the beginning for him. So he went in when he had finished his toilet and bowed over her hand.

"You are cold, mademoiselle."

"I think I am nervous. There was an attack this morning."

"Yes?"

Marie had gone into the next room, and Sara Lee raised haggard eyes to his.

"Henri," she said desperately—it was the first time she had called him that—"I have something to say to you, and it's not very pleasant."

"You are going home?" It was the worst thing he could think of. But she shook her head.

(Continued on Page 53)

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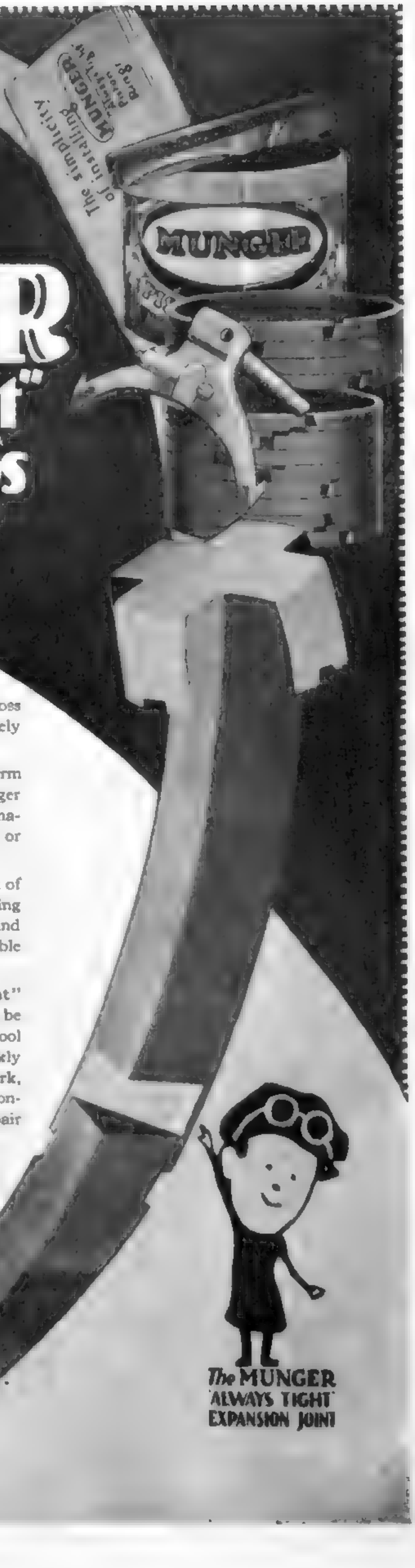

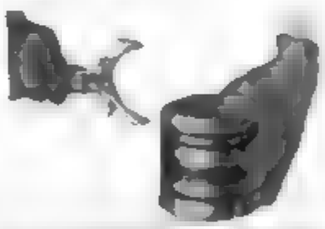

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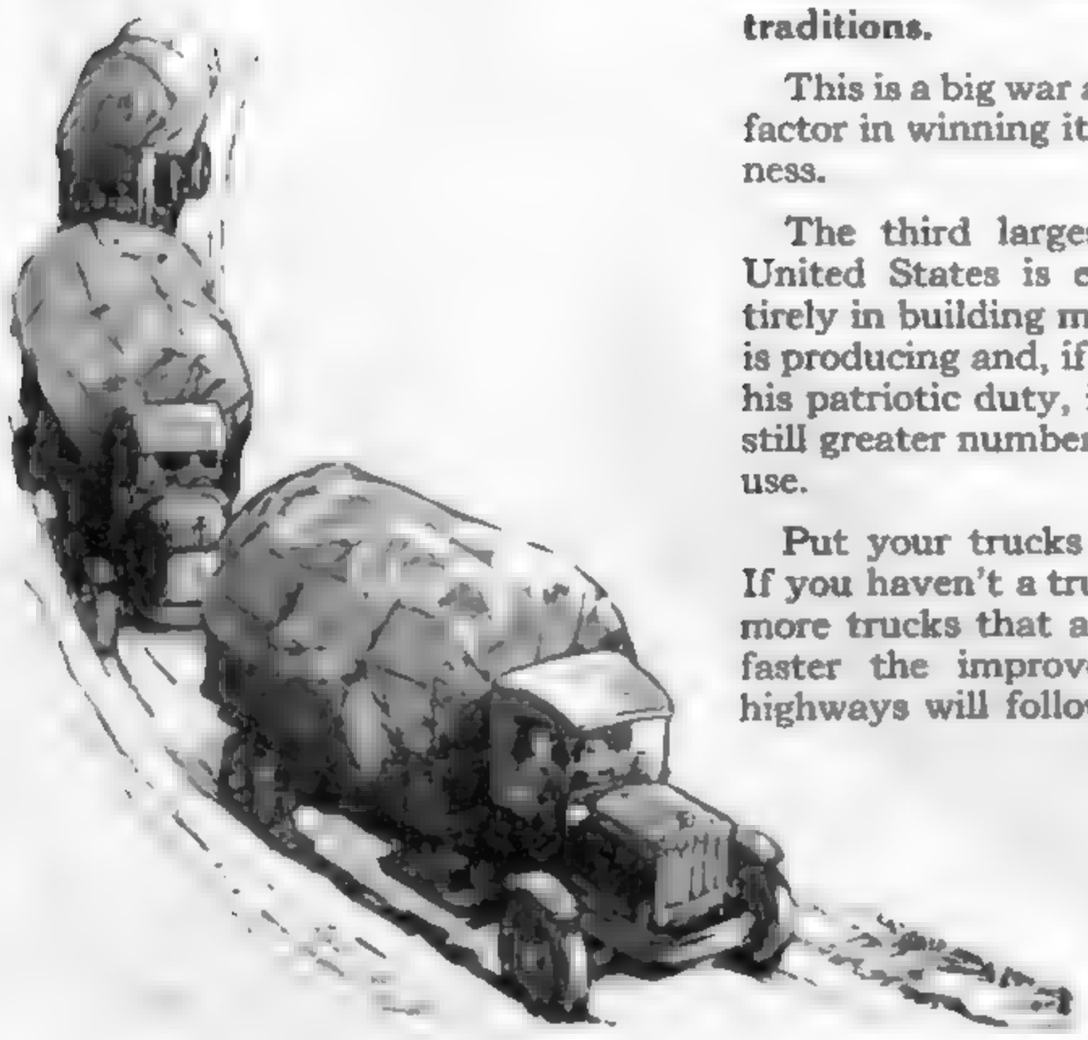

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The man who puts his dollars into more trucks and better roads is the one whose patriotism **counts.**

And he makes no gift, no financial sacrifice; for motor transport has demonstrated that it is profitable over the long haul as well as the short one.

The facts have been given publicity in many newspapers, popular magazines and trade publications. No business man need hesitate to accept motor transport as practical. It has been in actual operation in scores of cases in spite of the road conditions of the worst winter in many years.

Look into the possibilities of motor transport in your own business—**now**—and join the nation-wide movement for more trucks and better roads.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan.

(Continued from Page 50)

"You will think me most ungrateful and unkind"

"You? Kindness itself!"

"But this is different. It is not for myself. It is because I care a great deal about—about ——"

"Mademoiselle!"

"About your honor. And somehow this morning, when I found you here asleep, and those poor fellows in the trenches fighting ——"

Henri stared at her. So that was it! And he could never tell her. He was sworn to secrecy by every tradition and instinct of his work. He could never tell her, and she would go on thinking him a shirker and a coward. She would be grateful. She would be sweetness itself. But deep in her heart she would loathe him, as only women can hate for a failing they never forgive.

"But I have told you," he said rather wildly, "I am not idle. I do certain things—not much, but of a degree of importance."

"You do not fight."

In Sara Lee's defense many things may be urged—her ignorance of modern warfare; the isolation of her lack of knowledge of the language; but, perhaps more than anything, a certain rigidity of standard that comprehended no halfway ground. Right was right and wrong was wrong to her in those days. Men were brave or were cowards. Henri was worthy or unworthy. And she felt that, for all his kindness to her, he was unworthy.

He could have set himself right with a word, at that. But his pride was hurt. He said nothing except, when she asked if he had minded what she said, to reply: "I am sorry you feel as you do. I am not angry."

He went away, however, without breakfast. Sara Lee heard his car going at its usual breakneck speed up the street, and went to the door. She would have called him back if she could, for his eyes haunted her. But he did not look back.

XIV

FOR four days the gray car did not come back. Supplies appeared in another gray car, driven by a surly Fleming. The waking hours were full, as usual. Sara Lee grew a little thin, and seemed to be always listening. But there was no Henri, and something that was vivid and joyous seemed to have gone out of the little house.

Even Marie no longer sang as she swept or washed the kettles, and Sara Lee, making up the records to send home, put little spirit into the letter that went with them.

On the second day she wrote to Harvey.

"I am sorry you feel as you do," she wrote, perhaps unconsciously using Henri's last words to her. "I have not meant to be cruel. And if you were here you would realize that whether others could have done what I am doing or not—and of course many could—it is worth doing. I hear that other women are establishing houses like this, but the British and the French will not allow women so near the lines. The men come in at night from the trenches so tired, so hungry and so cold. Some of them are wounded too. I dress the little wounds. I do give them something, Harvey dear—if it is only a reminder that there are homes in the world, and everything is not mud and waiting and killing."

She told him that his picture was on her mantel, but she did not say that a corner of her room had been blown away or that the mantel was but a plank from a destroyed house. And she sent a great deal of love, but she did not say that she no longer wore his ring on her finger. And of course she was coming back to him if he still wanted her.

More than Henri's absence was troubling Sara Lee those days. Indeed she herself laid all her anxiety to one thing, a serious one at that. With all the marvels of Henri's buying, and Jean's, her money was not holding out. The scope of the little house had grown with its fame. Now and then there were unexpected calls, too—Marie's mother, starving in Havre; sickness and death in the little town at the crossroads; a dozen small emergencies, but adding to the demands on her slender income. She had, as a matter of fact, already begun to draw on her capital.

And during the days when no gray car appeared she faced the situation, took stock, as it were, and grew heavy-eyed and wistful.

On the fifth day the gray car came again, but Jean drove it alone. He disclaimed any need for sympathy over his wound, and with René's aid carried in the supplies.

There was the business of checking them off, and the further business of Sara Lee's paying for them in gold. She sat at the table, Jean across, and struggled with centimes and francs and louis d'or, an engrossed frown between her eyebrows.

Jean, sitting across, thought her rather changed. She smiled very seldom, and her eyes were perhaps more steady. It was a young girl he and Henri had brought out to the little house. It was a very serious and rather anxious young woman who sat across from him and piled up the money he had brought back into little stacks.

"Jean," she said finally, "I am not going to be able to do it."

"To do what?"

"To continue—here."

"No?"

"You see I had a little money of my own, and a little I got in London. You and—and Henri have done miracles for me. But I have used all my own money, except enough to take me back. And now I shall have to start on my English notes. After that ——"

"You are too good to the men. These cigarettes, now—you could do without them."

"But they are very cheap, and they mean so much, Jean."

She sat still, her hands before her on the table. From the kitchen came the bubbling of the eternal soup. Suddenly a tear rolled slowly down her cheek. She had a hatred of crying in public, but Jean apparently did not notice.

"The trouble, mademoiselle, is that you are trying to feed and comfort too many."

"Jean," she said suddenly, "where is Henri?"

"In England, I think."

The only clear thought in Sara Lee's mind was that Henri was not in France, and that he had gone without telling her. She had hurt him horribly. She knew that. He might never come back to the little house of mercy. There was, in Henri, for all his joyousness, an implacable strain. And she had attacked his honor. What possible right had she had to do that?

The memory of all his thoughtful kindness came back, and it was a pale and distracted Sara Lee who looked across the table at Jean.

"Did he tell you anything?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle."

"He is very angry with me, Jean."

"But surely no, mademoiselle. With you? It is impossible."

But though they said nothing more, Jean considered the matter deeply. He understood now, for instance, a certain strangeness in Henri's manner before his departure. They had quarreled, these two. Perhaps it was as well, though Jean was by now a convert to Sara Lee. But he looked out, those days, on but half a world, did Jean. So he saw only the woman hunger in Henri, and nothing deeper. And in Sara Lee a woman, and nothing more.

And—being Jean—he shrugged his shoulders.

They fell to discussing ways and means. The chocolate could be cut out, but not the cigarettes. Sara Lee, arguing vehemently for them and trying to forget other things, remembered suddenly how Uncle James had hated cigarettes, and that Harvey himself disapproved of them. Somehow Harvey seemed, those days, to present a constant figure of disapproval. He gave her no moral support.

At Jean's suggestion she added to her report of so many men fed with soup, so much tobacco, sort not specified, so many small wounds dressed—a request that if possible her allowance be increased. She did it nervously, but when the letter had gone she felt a great relief. She inclosed a snapshot of the little house.

Jean, as it happens, had lied about Henri. Not once, but several times. He told Marie, for instance, in French that Henri was in England, and later on he told René. Then, having done his errand, he drove six miles back along the main road to Dunkirk and picked up Henri, who was sitting on the bank of a canal watching an ammunition train go by.

Jean backed into a lane and turned the car round. After that Henri got in and they went rapidly back toward the Front. It was a different Henri, however, who left the car a mile from the crossroads—an Henri in the uniform of a French private soldier, one of those odd and impracticable uniforms of France during the first year, baggy trousers, stiff cap, and the long-tailed coat, its skirts turned back and faced. Round his neck he wore a knitted scarf, which covered his chin, and, true to the instinct of the French peasant in a winter campaign, he wore innumerable under-garments, the red of a jersey showing through rents in his coat.

Gone were Henri's long clean lines, his small waist and broad shoulders, the swing of his walk. Instead, he walked with the bent-kneed swing of the French infantryman, that tireless but awkward marching step which renders the French Army so mobile.

He carried all the impedimenta of a man going into the trenches, an extra jar of water, a flat loaf of bread strapped to his haversack, and an intrenching tool jingling at his belt.

Even Jean smiled as he watched him moving along toward the crowded crossroads—smiled and then sighed. For Jean had lost everything in the war. His wife had died of a German bullet long months before, and with her had gone a child much prayed for and soon to come. But Henri had brought back to Jean something to live for—or to die for, as might happen.

Henri walked along gayly. He hailed other French soldiers. He joined a handful and stood talking to them. But he reached the crossroads before the ammunition train.

The crossroads was crowded, as usual—many soldiers, at rest, waiting for the word to fall in, a battery held up by the breaking of a wheel. A temporary forge had been set up, and soldiers in leather aprons were working over the fire. A handful of peasants watched, their dull eyes following every gesture. And one of them was a man Henri sought.

Henri sat down on the ground and lighted a cigarette. The ammunition train rolled in and halted, and the man Henri watched turned his attention to the train. He had been dull and quiet at the forge, but now he became smiling, a good fellow. He found a man he knew among the drivers and offered him a cigarette. He also produced and presented an entire box of matches. Matches were very dear, and hardly to be bought at any price. Henri watched grimly and hummed a little song:

"Trou là là, çà ne va guère;
Trou là là, çà ne va pas."

Still humming under his breath, when the peasant left the crossroads he followed him. Not closely. The peasant cut across the fields. Henri followed the road and entered the fields at a different angle. He knew his way quite well, for he had done the same thing each day for four days. Only sometimes he had been a Belgian peasant, and once he was an officer, and once he had been a priest.

Four days he had done this thing, but to-day was different. To-day there would be something worth while, he fancied. And he made a mental note that Sara Lee must not be in the little house that night.

When he had got to a canal where the pollard willows were already sending out their tiny red buds, Henri sat down again. The village lay before him, desolate and ruined, a travesty of homes. And on a slight rise, but so concealed from him by the willows that only the great wings showed, stood the windmill.

It was the noon respite then, and beyond the line of poplars all was quiet. The enemy liked time for food, and the Belgians, crippled by the loss of that earlier train, were husbanding their ammunition. Far away a gap in the poplar trees showed a German observation balloon, a tiny dot against the sky.

The man Henri watched went slowly, for he carried a bag of grain on his back. Henri no longer watched him. He watched the wind wheel. It had been broken, and one plane was now patched with what looked like a red cloth. There was a good wind, but clearly the miller was idle that day. The great wings were not turning.

Henri sat still and smoked. He thought of many things—of Sara Lee's eyes when in the center of the London traffic she had held the dying donkey; of her small and radiant figure at the Savoy; of the morning he had found her at Calais, in the Gare Maritime, quietly unconscious that she had done a courageous thing. And he thought, too, of her ring and the photograph she carried. But mostly he remembered the things she had said to him on their last meeting.

Perhaps there came to him his temptation too. It would be so easy that night, if things went well, to make a brave showing before her, to let her see that these odd jobs he did had their value and their risks. But he put that from him. The little house of mercy must be empty that night, for her sake. He shivered as he remembered the room where she slept, the corner that was shot away and left open to the street.

So he sat and watched. And at one o'clock the mill wheel began turning. It was easy to count the revolutions by the red wing. Nine times it turned, and stopped. After five minutes or so it turned again, thirty times. Henri smiled: an ugly smile.

"A good guess," he said to himself. "But it must be more than a guess."

His work for the afternoon was done. Still with the bent-kneed swing he struck back to the road, and rejoined Jean, who was waiting with the car.

Henri took a plunge into the canal when he had removed his French uniform, and producing a towel from under a bush rubbed himself dry. His lean boyish body gleamed, arms and legs brown from much swimming under peaceful summer suns. On his chest he showed two scars, still pink—shrapnel bites, he called them. But he had, it is to be feared, a certain young satisfaction in them.

He was in high good humor. The water was icy, and Jean had refused to join him.

"My passion for cleanliness," he said blithely, "is the result of my English school days. You would have been the better for an English education, Jean."

"A canal in March!" Jean grunted. "You will end badly."

Henri looked longingly at the water.

"Had I a dry towel," he said, "I would go in again."

Jean looked at him with his one eye.

"You would be prettier without those scars," he observed. But in his heart he prayed that there might be no others added to them, that nothing might mar or destroy that bright and youthful body.

"*Dépêchez-vous! Nous sommes pressés!*" he added.

But Henri was minded to play. He girded himself with the towel and struck an attitude.

"The Russian ballet, Jean!" he said, and sent Jean into deep grumbles of laughter by his burlesque.

"I must have exercise," Henri said at last when, breathless and with flying hair, he began to dress. "That, too, is my English schooling. If you, Jean ——"

"To the devil with your English schooling!" Jean remonstrated.

Henri sobered quickly after that. The exhilaration of his cold plunge was over.

"The American lady?" he asked. "She is all right?"

"She is worried. There is not enough money."

Henri frowned.

"And I have nothing!"

This opened up an old wound with Jean.

"If you would be practical and take pay for what you are doing," he began.

Henri cut him short.

"Pay!" he said. "What is there to pay me with? And what is the use of reopening the matter? A man may be a spy for love of his country. God knows there is enough lying and deceit in the business. But to be a spy for money—never!"

There was a little silence. Then: "Now for mademoiselle," said Henri. "She must be out of the village to-night. And that, dear friend, must be your affair. She does not like me."

All the life had gone out of his voice.

XV

"BUT why should I go?" Sara Lee asked. "It is kind of you to ask me, Jean. But I am here to work, not to play."

Long ago Sara Lee had abandoned her idea of Jean as a paid chauffeur. She even surmised, from something Marie had said, that he had been a person of importance in the Belgium of before the war. So she was grateful, but inclined to be obstinate.

"You have been so much alone, mademoiselle ——"

"Alone!"

"Cut off from your own kind. And now and then one finds, at the hotel in Dunkirk, some English nurses who are having a holiday. You would like to talk to them perhaps."

"Jean," she said unexpectedly, "why don't you tell me the truth? You want me to leave the village to-night. Why?"

"Because, mademoiselle, there will be a bombardment."

"The village itself?"

(Continued on Page 56)

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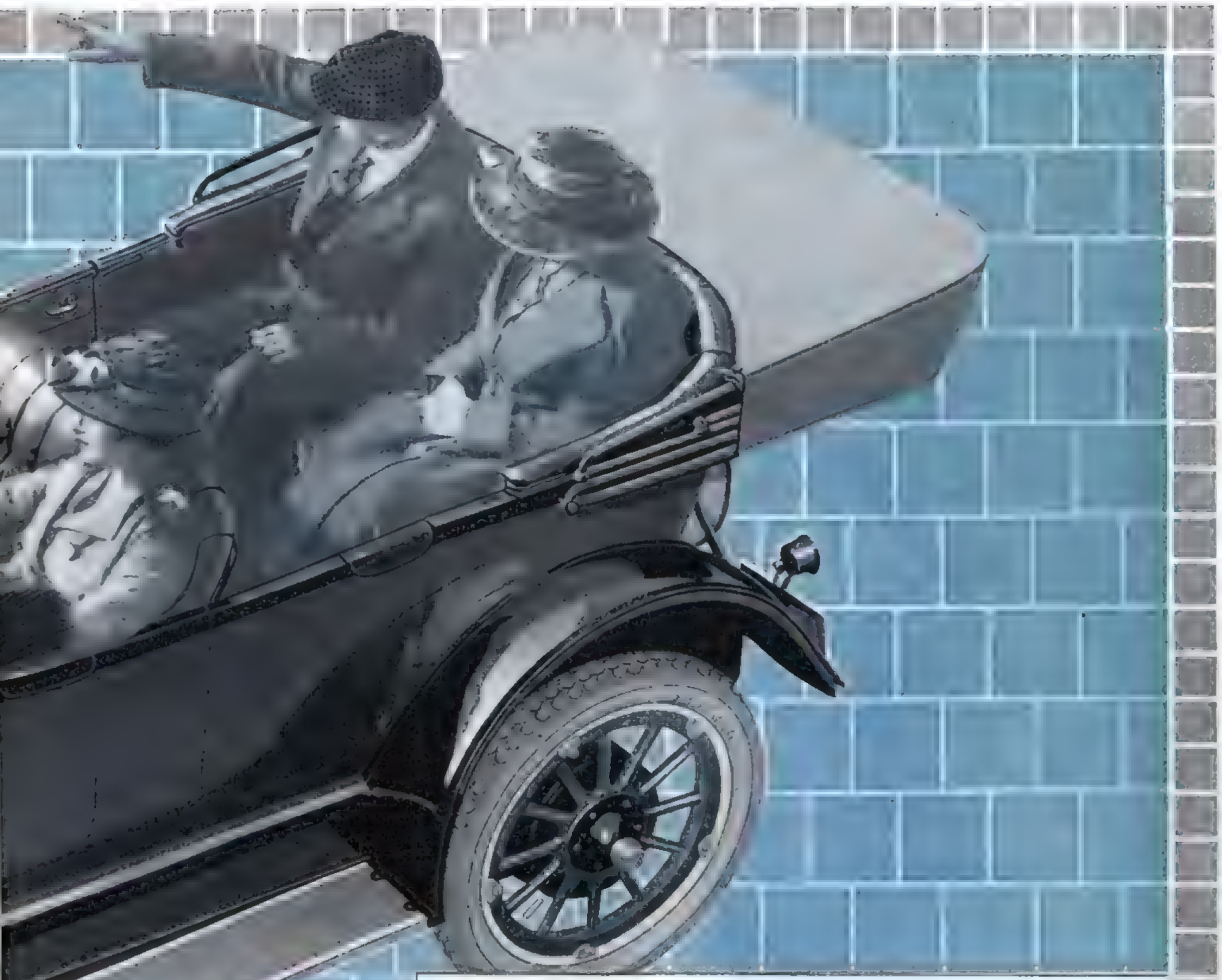

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Continued from Page 53

"We expect it," he answered dryly.

Sara Lee went a little pale.

"But then I shall be needed, as I was before."

"No troops will pass through the town to-night. They will take a road beyond the hills."

"How do you know these things?" she asked, wondering. "About the troops I can understand. But the bombardment?"

"There are ways of finding out, mademoiselle," he replied in his noncommittal voice. "Now, will you go?"

"May I tell Marie and René?"

"No."

"Then I shall not go. How can you think that I would consider my own safety and leave them here?"

Jean had ascertained before speaking that Marie was not in the house. As for René, he sat on the single doorstep and whittled pegs on which to hang his rifle inside the door. And as he carved he sang words of his own to the tune of Tipperary.

Inside the little *salle à manger* Jean reassured Sara Lee. It was important—vital—that René and Marie should not know far in advance of the bombardment. They were loyal, certainly, but these were his orders. In abundance of time they would be warned to leave the village.

"Who is to warn them?"

"Henri has promised, mademoiselle. And what he promises is done."

"You said this morning that he was in England."

"He has returned."

Sara Lee's heart, which had been going along merely as a matter of duty all day, suddenly began to beat faster. Her color came up and then faded again. He had returned, and he had not come to the little house. But then—what could Henri mean to her, his coming or his going? Was she to add to her other sins against Harvey the supreme one of being interested in Henri?

Not that she said all that, even to herself. There was a wave of gladness and then a surge of remorse. That is all. But it was a very sober Sara Lee who put on her black suit with the white collar that afternoon and ordered, by Jean's suggestion, the evening's preparations as though nothing was to happen.

She looked round her little room before she left it. It might not be there when she returned. So she placed Harvey's photograph under her mattress for safety.

Sometime after dusk that evening the ammunition train moved out. At a point a mile or so from the village a dispatch rider on a motor cycle stopped the rumbling lorry ahead and delivered a message, which the guide read by the light of a sheltered match. The train moved on, but it did not turn down to the village. It went beyond to a place of safety, and there remained for the night.

But before that time Henri, lying close in a field, had seen a skulking figure run from the road to the mill, and soon after had seen the mill wheel turn once, describing a great arc; and on one of the wings, showing only toward the poplar trees, was a lighted lantern.

Five minutes later, exactly time enough for the train to have reached the village street, German shells began to fall in it. Henri, lying flat on the ground, swore silently and deeply.

In every land during this war there have been those who would sell their country for a price. Sometimes money. Sometimes protection. And of all betrayals that of the man who sells his own country is the most dastardly. Henri, lying face down, bit the grass beneath him in sheer rage.

One thing he had not counted on, he who foresaw most things. The miller and his son, being what they were, were cowards as well. Doubtless the mill had been promised protection. It was too valuable to the Germans to be destroyed. But with the first shot both men left the house by the mill and scurried like rabbits for the open fields.

Maurice, poor Marie's lover by now, almost trampled on Henri's prostrate body. And Henri was alone, and his work was to take them alive.

They had information he must have—how the *modus vivendi* had been arranged, through what channels. And under suitable treatment they would tell.

He could not follow them through the fields. He lay still, during a fiercer bombardment than the one before, raising his head now and then to see if the little house of mercy still stood. No shells came his way, but the sky line of the village altered quickly. The standing fragment of the church tower went early. There was much sound of falling masonry. From somewhere behind him a Belgian battery gave tongue, but not for long. And then came silence.

Henri moved then. He crept nearer the house and nearer. And at last he stood inside and took his bearings. A lamp burned in the kitchen, showing a dirty brick floor and a littered table—such a house as men keep, untidy and unhomelike. A burnt kettle stood on the hearth, and leaning against the wall was the bag of grain Maurice had carried from the crossroads.

"A mill which grinds without grain," Henri said to himself.

There was a boxed-in staircase to the upper floor, and there, with the door slightly ajar, he stationed himself, pistol in hand. Now and then he glanced uneasily at the clock. Sara Lee must not be back before he had taken his prisoners to the little house and turned them over to those who waited there.

There were footsteps outside, and Henri drew the door a little closer. But he was dismayed to find it Marie. She crept in, a white and broken thing, and looked about her.

"Maurice!" she called.

She sat down for a moment, and then, seeing the disorder about her, set to work to clear the table. It was then that Henri lowered his pistol and opened the door.

"Don't shriek, Marie," he said.

She turned and saw him, and clutched at the table.

"Monsieur!"

"Marie," he said quietly, "go up these stairs and remain quiet. Do not walk round. And do not come down, no matter what you hear!"

She obeyed him, stumbling somewhat. For she had seen his revolver, and it frightened her. But as she passed him she clutched at his sleeve.

"He is good—Maurice," she said, gasping. "Of the father I know nothing, but Maurice ——"

"Go up and be silent!" was all he said.

Now, by all that goes to make a story, Sara Lee should have met Mabel at the Hôtel des Arcades in Dunkirk, and should have been able to make that efficient young woman burn with jealousy—Mabel, who from the safety of her hospital in Boulogne considered Dunkirk the Front.

Indeed Sara Lee, to whom the world was beginning to seem very small, had had some such faint hope. But Mabel was not there, and it was not until long after that they met at all, and then only when the lights had gone down and Sara Lee was again knitting by the fire.

There were a few nurses there, in their white veils with the red cross over the forehead, and one or two Englishwomen in hats that sat a trifle too high on the tops of their heads and with long lists before them which they checked as they ate. Aviators in leather coats; a few spahis in cloak and turban, with full-gathered bloomers and high boots; some American ambulance drivers, rather noisy and very young; and many officers, in every uniform of the Allied armies, sat at food together and for a time forgot their anxieties under the influence of lights, food and warmth, and red and white wine mixed with water.

When he chose, Jean could be a delightful companion; not with Henri's lift of spirits, but quietly interesting. And that evening he was a new Jean to Sara Lee, a man of the world, talking of world affairs. He found her apt and intelligent, and for Sara Lee much that had been clouded cleared up forever that night. Until then she had known only the humanities of the war, or its inhumanities. There, over that little table, she learned something of its politics and its inevitability. She had been working in the dark, with her heart only. Now she began to grasp the real significance of it all, of Belgium's anxiety for many years, of Germany's cold and cruel preparation, and empty protests of friendship. She learned of the flight of the government from Brussels, the most important state papers being taken away in a hand cart, on top of which, at the last moment, some flustered official had placed a tall silk hat! She learned of the failure of great fortifications before the invaders' heavy guns. And she had drawn for her such a picture of Albert of Belgium as she was never to forget.

Perhaps Sara Lee's real growth began that night, over that simple dinner at the Hôtel des Arcades.

"I wish," she said at last, "that Uncle James could have heard all this. He was always so puzzled about it all. And—you make it so clear."

When dinner was over a bit of tension had relaxed in her somewhat. She had been too close, for too long. And when a group of Belgian officers, learning who she was, asked to be presented and gravely thanked her, she flushed with happiness.

"We must see if mademoiselle shall not have a medal," said the only one who spoke English.

"A medal? For what?"

"For courage," he said, bowing. "Belgium has little to give, but it can at least do honor to a brave lady."

Jean was smiling when they passed on. What a story would this slip of a girl take home with her!

But: "I don't think I want a medal, Jean," she said. "I didn't come for that. And after all it is you and Henri who have done the thing—not I."

Accustomed to women of a more sophisticated class, Jean had at first taken her naïveté for the height of subtlety. He was always expecting her to betray herself. But after that evening with her he changed. Just such simplicity had been his wife's. Sometimes Sara Lee reminded him of her—the upraising of her eyes or an unstudied gesture.

He sighed.

"You are very wonderful, you Americans," he said. It was the nearest to a compliment that he had ever come. And after that evening he was always very gentle with her. Once he had protected her because Henri had asked him to do so; now he himself became in his silent way her protector.

The ride home through the dark was very quiet. Sara Lee sat beside him watching the stars and growing increasingly anxious as they went, not too rapidly, toward the little house. There were no lights. Air raids had grown common in Dunkirk, and there were no street lights in the little city. Once on the highway Jean lighted the lamps, but left them very low, and two miles from the little house he put them out altogether. They traveled by starlight then, following as best they could the tall trees that marked the road. Now and then they went astray at that, and once they tilted into the ditch and had hard pulling to get out.

At the top of the street Jean stopped and went on foot a little way down. He came back, with the report that new shells had made the way impassable; and again Sara Lee shivered. If the little house was gone!

But it was there, and lighted too. Through its broken shutters came the yellow glow of the oil lamp that now hung over the table in the *salle d manger*.

Whatever Jean's anxieties had been fell from him as he pushed open the door. Henri's voice was the first thing they heard. He was too much occupied to notice their approach.

So it was that Sara Lee saw, for the last time, the miller and his son, Maurice; saw them, but did not know them, for over their heads were bags of their own sacking, with eyeholes roughly cut in them. Their hands were bound, and three soldiers were waiting to take them away.

"I have covered your heads," Henri was saying in French, "because it is not well that our brave Belgians should know that they have been betrayed by those of their own number."

It was a cold and terrible Henri who spoke.

"Take them away," he said to the waiting men.

A few moments later he turned from the door and heard Sara Lee sobbing in her room. He tapped, and on receiving no reply he went in. The room was unharmed, and by the light of a candle he saw the girl, face down on the bed. He spoke to her, but she only lay crouched deeper, her shoulders shaking.

"It is war, mademoiselle," he said, and went closer. Then suddenly all the hurt of the past days, all the bitterness of the last hour, were lost in an overwhelming burst of tenderness.

He bent over her and put his arms round her.

"That I should have hurt you so!" he said softly. "I, who would die for you, mademoiselle. I who worship you." He buried his face in the warm hollow of her neck and held her close. He was trembling. "I love you," he whispered. "I love you."

She quieted under his touch. He was very strong, and there was refuge in his arms. For a moment she lay still, happier than she had been for weeks. It was Henri who was shaken now and the girl who was still.

But very soon came the thing that, after all, he expected. She drew herself away from him, and Henri, sensitive to every gesture, stood back.

"Who are they?" was the first thing she said. It rather stabbed him. He had just told her that he loved her, and never before in his careless young life had he said that to any woman.

"Spies," he said briefly.

A flushed and tearful Sara Lee stood up then and looked up at him gravely.

"Then—that is what you do?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Quite suddenly she went to him and held up her face.

"Please kiss me, Henri," she said very simply. "I have been cruel and stupid, and ——"

But he had her in his arms then, and he drew her close as though he would never let her go. He was one great burst of joy, poor Henri. But when she gently freed herself at last it was to deliver what seemed for a time his death wound.

"You have paid me a great tribute," she said, still simply and gravely. "I wanted you to kiss me, because of what you said. But that will have to be all, Henri dear."

"All?" he said blankly.

"You haven't forgotten, have you? I—I am engaged to somebody else."

Henri stood still, swaying a little.

"And you love him? More than you care for me?"

"He is—he is my kind," said Sara Lee rather pitifully. "I am not what you think me. You see me here, doing what you think is good work, and you are grateful. And you don't see any other women. So I ——"

"And you think I love you because I see no one else?" he demanded, still rather stunned.

"Isn't that part of it?"

He flung out his hands as though he despaired of making her understand.

"This man at home ——" he said bitterly; "this man who loves you so well that he let you cross the sea and come here alone—do you love him very dearly?"

"I am promised to him."

All at once Sara Lee saw the little parlor at home, and Harvey, gentle, rather stolid and dependable. Oh, very dependable. She saw him as he had looked the night he had said he loved her, rather wistful and very, very tender. She could not hurt him so. She had said she was going back to him, and she must go.

"I love him very much, Henri."

Very quietly, considering the hell that was raging in him, Henri bent over and kissed her hand. Then he turned it over, and for an instant he held his cheek against its warmth. He went out at once, and Sara Lee heard the door slam.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

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IF ever there was a time that an automobile tire should be made to yield up the last atom of its usefulness, that time is with us now.

Every dollar saved today through the more careful use of articles already manufactured, is a dollar added to the resources of the nation.

An astonishing number of such dollars might be saved and the satisfaction of tire-users proportionately increased, if the tires now in use were given proper care.

The plain fact is, that for every two tires which deliver their full capacity in the owner's service at present, one tire is prematurely ruined by abuse and neglect.

Proper tire care involves a somewhat elaborate program, but for everyone concerned it is a program well worth carrying out.

For the tire-user it means immensely greater returns from his investment; for the tire-maker it means a heightened respect for his product.

The fallacy once so popular that tire-makers want their product to wear out quickly, has finally been quashed by their efforts to prevent this very thing.

Tire-makers know, just as well as any other business men, that their success will be measured by their customers' satisfaction.

We have from time to time issued tire conservation bulletins, covering the entire subject of proper tire care.

These are especially appropriate just at this time, and we shall be glad to send copies of them to any tire-user upon request.

A CODE FOR TIRE-USERS

1—Keep tires properly inflated.
2—Be sure to repair little tread cuts regularly.
3—Prevent blowouts by avoiding severe jolts and by maintaining full air pressure.
4—Have mud boils cleaned out and repaired at once.
5—Be careful in applying tubes.
6—Avoid sudden stops, quick starts and skidding.
7—Keep front wheels in alignment
8—Use French Talc in the casing—but avoid using too much.
9—Avoid ruts and save the side-walls.
10—Don't drive in car tracks.
11—Apply chains properly. (If they must be used.)
12—Avoid sharp obstructions.
13—Remove grease, oil and acids from your tires at once by using a cloth moistened in gasoline.
14—Examine clincher rims occasionally for irregularities and rust.
15—Prevent damage from rust by using rim paint.
16—Carry spare tubes in a bag.
17—Keep spare tires covered.
18—Be sure that nothing on the machine scrapes the tires as they revolve.
19—Avoid the use of any substitute for air.

We have found in the past, however, that a great many car-owners are disinclined to care for their tires themselves, whether from lack of time or for some other reason.

It was largely to meet this condition and to cancel its detriment that the Goodyear Service Station plan was launched.

Throughout America, in cities, towns and hamlets, we have established Goodyear Service Station Dealers to the number of 20,000.

The aim of these dealers is identical with our own, to increase the mileages delivered by Goodyear Tires that users may get out of them the last bit of good.

These men will help you care for your tires—help you make them last longer; it is part of their policy of giving maximum value at minimum cost.

We urge you to profit by the service they stand so willing to give—now, above all times, to get the most from your tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

INFAMOUS INOCULATION

(Continued from Page 15)

confessed to a definite knowledge as to how to run the National Army; each of the fifteen present explained clearly how the Red Cross should be run—with one exception. One of the women present, a comparative stranger, a Mrs. Ober, distinguished herself by her unbroken silence. When the session of three hours and a half was up, however, this woman timidly approached Mrs. Standish and whispered in her ear.

"I feel the same way about my son as you do about yours," she said. And then she added strangely: "Maybe there is something I can do to help."

She drew Mrs. Standish into a corner.

"I am not queer—or crazy," she went on in a low voice, "and I can give you no message save this one: If your eyes meet anywhere the one word Portugal I suggest that you obey the summons."

She placed a finger on her lips and was gone. Mrs. Standish watched her go, wondering.

"Who is she?" queried Mrs. Standish of her friends, without however thinking fit to repeat the woman's words. "I suggest," she went on, "that her dressings be examined. They may contain powdered glass. We cannot be too careful. It seems to me she bears a sort of German name."

All through the excitement of preparing for the jiujitsu fight Mrs. Standish continued to wear her heart upon her sleeve. She adopted a slogan of her own manufacture—she told everybody everywhere that she'd give everything she had to keep her son at home. She usually hedged when taken to task by saying that she was well aware, as was everybody else, that her money couldn't keep him home; so what odds, anyway?

At dinner one evening, while they were alone—save for the presence of the harmless Bertha—Dexter Standish reproached his mother mildly for making her oft-repeated wild assertion.

"I've got to go; so there's an end to it," he said.

"But," she insisted, "I only say it to my friends. And it's true; if I could keep you home and give up all my wealth I'd do it in a minute."

"You mean," he suggested, "if it could be done with honor."

"Oh, of course, I suppose so," returned the widow. "Why—even Bertha feels the way I do. Bertha, how much would you give to keep Mr. Dexter here from going away to war?"

Bertha made a calculation. "Oh, maybe fifty dollars," she returned.

"There!" said his mother triumphantly; "even Bertha would give fifty dollars to have you stay at home. We all feel the same."

Bertha blushed and giggled and went down to tell the story belowstairs. That night several people in the city talked of Mrs. Standish's unusual assertion. Some of them may have wondered vaguely whether she would get her wish.

The next morning included in Mrs. Standish's voluminous mail there was a typewritten envelope, bearing a local postmark and containing a single sheet of paper, on which was typed a single line:

"Tell Doctor Arany that you come from Portugal."

Three days after that Dexter Standish himself entered the private office at Doctor Arany's bungalow. Doctor Arany welcomed him warmly and waved him to a seat.

"Your good mother and myself," said the doctor, who to Dexter seemed somewhat old and worn, "had a very pleasant interview. She is a very level-headed woman. I had gathered the impression that she had the reputation for being a trifle indiscreet in her conversation—her political career has reeked with invective and anathema—but ——"

"My mother," nodded Dexter, "is an anomaly. If she wants to keep anything to herself you may rest assured she does it. Latterly there's been a distinct method in her madness. She wanted something; she didn't dare to ask how to go about it. She spread her gospel far and wide—actually without directing the least suspicion toward herself. She got the information that she looked for. It was volunteered."

The doctor rose, bowed, and excused himself a moment. He stepped into the anteroom. Inside of three minutes he was back—smiling, debonair.

Dexter Standish stared at him. "You look—different," he exclaimed. "Younger, somehow—a different man."

"It is the cold water—on my eyes," nodded the physician. "My tired eyes make my entire nervous system tired. Let me ask you," he went on, "whether you have any idea who may have sent the slip of paper that linked my name with the mention of the word Portugal. Your mother had an idea it was a woman of the name of Ober."

Dexter Standish smiled. "I have an idea it was our waitress, Bertha," he said. "She's probably one of the Kaiser's underground allies."

"But that would not connect her up with me," said the doctor, shaking his head. "And besides, I am told that it was due to the intervention of a young man of the name of Bones."

"Bones?" queried Dexter Standish.

"Bones," repeated the physician. "The name is confidential. Do you know whether he may have sent the message? It is of importance; but not too much."

"I do not know," said Dexter.

The doctor, who had been studying his visitor, waved the matter aside. His manner toward Standish, be it said, was vastly different from his manner toward the young man Bones. His tone was serious; he spoke with convincing sincerity and earnestness.

"Mr. Standish," said he, "believe me, I am not so mercenary or so businesslike about this matter as I may seem to be. Let me entreat you to believe that I do not assist where my sympathies have not been first engaged. Will you tell me why you do not care to go to war? In your case it is not, I take it, fear!"

"Doctor," said young Standish, "I am one of the most well-to-do and best-known young men in this city. My mother's political career and her wealth have given me unusual prominence. I am, furthermore, rich in my own right. Being such, I am a constant mark. I have been blackmailed half a dozen times. All this has made me wary. I've got to know, somehow, that you are not operating such a scheme. I've got to know, further, that you are not a member of the secret service. I've got to be sure of you before I actually commit myself. You understand?"

The doctor nodded. "You are reasonable," he said, "and I am trying to think how to convince you. I think I shall insist upon your examination of this room. You have sufficient mechanical intelligence to discover the presence of a dictograph, even though cleverly concealed. There is no one here — or in the house — save Miss Nilsson, my assistant, and myself. I assure you ——"

Dexter Standish held up his hands. He had scrutinized the doctor closely. "I think," he said slowly, "that I can take a chance. I believe you are safe. If you are not, sir, then you will have ruined the lives of three people at the least, dragged my reputation in the mud, and consigned me to a prison unless I can put a bullet through my brain before that comes. The risk I take is deadly."

"The risk depends on you alone—and on your mother," said the doctor; "be well assured of that. You and she hold this matter in the hollow of your hands." He dismissed that subject. "Why is it," he repeated, "that you do not want to go to war?"

Dexter Standish hesitated for an instant. While he did so the doctor looked him over. Standish was a magnificent specimen—tall and straight and spare. His skin was clear as a baby's, though tinged with brown, and ruddy from the wind. His eyes were clear. There was a pleasing irregularity about his features that made him a trifle more attractive in appearance than he might have been if merely handsome. He was still young. Upon him was the indecision of youth. Romance emanated from him. He possessed the unexplainable quality of magnetism. The doctor noted all these things swiftly and with unerring judgment. Then Standish pulled out his wallet and drew from it the picture of a girl.

"I feel justified in mentioning her," he said, still pondering on the propriety of it. "The situation is unusual. My chief reason for not wanting to go to war is this—I want to live with her."

The doctor took the picture; his eyes glowed with appreciation. "Miss Marguerita Haddon," he said, nodding. "I have seen her picture in the local papers. She is the doctor's daughter, is she not? Major Haddon's?"

"Ah," answered Dexter Standish; "and there's the rub. A clever man, the major. I've got to be sure he doesn't even suspect me in this matter. You see I'm up against it every way."

"He cannot suspect—unless you let him know," reiterated the specialist firmly. "I do not guess at these things; I know. My handiwork already has convinced him; not only him but Dakers, our best man on pulmonary trouble. Already they are beginning to send my men back home. Let me ask you," he went on, waving all doubt aside, "how soon in all probability will Major Haddon go to France?"

"In about six weeks, he thinks," said Dexter.

The doctor once more glanced at Rita Haddon's picture. He was a keen judge of pretty women.

"Why," he suggested, "don't you marry this girl—marry her at once? You are engaged to her, I understand; have been for some time."

Dexter shrugged his shoulders. "She will marry me," he returned, "only on the eve of my leaving for France. She will do nothing that will keep me from my duty. Her idea—not mine, you may believe."

"A little patriot first," said the doctor admiringly, "and a sweetheart next. A very fetching sweetheart. I don't wonder that you prefer to—stick round."

Dexter flushed; he didn't relish these remarks. The doctor handed back the photograph and Dexter returned it to his pocket.

"If she should ever suspect," said Dexter, "that I am doing this—this dastardly thing—she would die, I think. And, as I've told you, I should kill myself—unless they got me first."

"Suppose," mused the doctor, following the course of his own thoughts, not that of Dexter's, "suppose you're called; we'll say suppose, upon examination, you find yourself rejected on account of this physical condition—will she still marry you?"

"She will marry me the instant that she knows she does not interfere with the performance of my duty," returned Dexter. "I've been all over the ground with her. She's afraid the Government will not take married men, even though they waive exemption. She wants me to go. But she will marry me at the last moment, not before. If they won't take me, if I'm rejected, of course she'll marry me. I am positive of that."

"Her father is a surgeon," went on the specialist. "What about him? Would he permit the marriage if he believed you infected with tuberculosis? What about that?"

"Doctor," said Dexter, holding the other man's glance with his own, "I am this girl's hero. She wants me just as much as I want her. The major is to be left out of the account. If I am rejected or discharged she will marry me; she will insist upon it, to nurse me back to health. That situation doesn't worry me at all."

The doctor was satisfied on that score. "You have other reasons for coming to me," he said. "Your mother ——"

"Yes," interposed Dexter; "my mother; and I want to live my life. I've just begun. I'm successful; everything's opening up before me. I don't want to leave my life unfinished. I don't fear death; I merely want a chance at life. Tell me," he said eagerly, "just what you intend to do for me. Let me know it all."

The physician explained to Dexter Standish all that he had explained to Oliver T. Bones.

"And there is no permanent danger?" queried Dexter anxiously. The physician pressed a button at his desk. The door opened; his fair-haired assistant entered. The doctor gave her a brief direction. While her back was turned he glanced meaningly at his visitor. When she had finished her brief task the girl turned, looked full at Dexter and brushed past him as she left the room. Behind her trailed a trace of pleasing perfume.

"You are a picture of health," said the doctor to young Standish, "and I wanted you to take notice of another—my nurse, Miss Nilsson. Can you conceive of anything being the matter with that girl? Yet she has passed through my treatment five times in succession; and not a trace. As soon as the compound is worked free of the system—and vice versa—it is all over. I might send you to two or three young men about town—patients of mine who have undergone this treatment. But—it would be unsafe for you—for them. Temporary discomfort, yes. Three months at the longest. In your case, upon your rejection or discharge, I suggest recuperation—as a blind. The Adirondacks, in the East, perhaps; or your mother's home state—in the Berkshires. Somewhere where your recovered state of health will not excite undue comment. A honeymoon—alone with your bride. Your surgeon father-in-law very likely at the Front. Paradise! When you return, the war possibly will be at its end. At any rate you will be a very much married man, possibly with a child; certainly with a child. Simple, is it not?"

Young Standish nodded. He was convinced.

"What about terms?" he asked at length.

The doctor smiled. "Mr. Standish," he said, "your good mother has said on several occasions that she would give all her private fortune if she could prevent you from going to the Front. Foolish! Were I of a grasping nature I should be inclined to place a high price upon my services in this connection. As it is, I shall be reasonable. My suggestion is—a hundred thousand dollars."

Standish was startled at the suggestion. "I should have said twenty-five thousand at the most!" he exclaimed. "Surely, were it the most delicate operation in the world it would not cost that much."

The doctor remained politely but stubbornly silent.

"Well then," said the young man finally, "suppose you make it fifty and we'll call it square."

"Suppose," returned the doctor with a grim smile, "that we split the difference between fifty and a hundred thousand, and call it seventy-five thousand dollars. In the circumstances that is as low a figure as you can expect."

"In the circumstances," conceded the young man, "I suppose I'll have to pay it. Cash, of course. Say when."

"Here—to-morrow night," returned the doctor.

The young man shook his head. "Not here!" he exclaimed. "Don't misunderstand me, doctor. My mistrust is not of you. But you have been furnishing this treatment for months; it is you who may be watched. At any moment—to-morrow night perhaps—they may descend upon this place."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the doctor.

"God forbid my being here when they do," returned Standish. "I can't take the chance. Consummate the matter at my house. At any rate they're not after me—not yet. My house—I'll send the servants out. To-morrow night. My house—at nine o'clock."

The physician considered it carefully.

"Good," he said finally; "your house, to-morrow night, at nine."

At nine o'clock to the minute Alexis Arany, M.D., pressed the button at the Standish home. He was admitted by Dexter Standish himself and was conducted through a long wide hall, through two richly furnished rooms into a third. This latter was a smaller room, in which a wood fire burned brightly. This room was occupied by the widow Standish.

"You know my mother," said Dexter. "This is my den. A bit disordered, I'm sorry to say. We're redecorating, and they've picked on me first."

"I noted," said the doctor, "the faint odor of paste and calcimine. That," he suggested, pointing to the door by which they had entered, "is the only door?"

The young man closed it, nodding. "There is no danger of interruption," went on Dexter; "the servants are all out. If it transpires that you were followed here—if we are disturbed at all we can give a perfectly reasonable explanation of your visit."

He spread out upon the flat top of his mahogany desk maps of a new portion of the city, intended for the erection of fashionable residences.

(Concluded on Page 63)

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(Concluded from Page 60)

"You are intensely interested in the Standish Addition," explained Dexter; "you are about to invest your money in a portion of the tract."

"In fact," smiled the physician, "I am here to pay a considerable portion of the purchase price and to take my deed as soon as it can be prepared."

"Excellent!" laughed Dexter. "Now," he went on, "my lady mother, who sits there, insists upon financing your transaction. She has seventy-five thousand dollars in that innocent-looking little bag."

Mrs. Standish, bustling with nervous activity, drew her chair up to the desk.

"Dexter is right, doctor," she exclaimed; "this is my funeral, and I intend to take all responsibility for it. I have the money here. But I want to find out for myself all the details. Except for my first brief interview with you I've gotten all this at second hand. One or two points I would like to have made clear."

The doctor patiently resigned himself to cross-examination; it was part consideration for the fee he was about to get. The widow Standish was finally convinced.

She fumbled in her bag and produced a roll of bills. "Count them," she commanded. The doctor counted them.

"Seventy-five thousand," he finally announced.

"Now," said Dexter, "you'd better secrete those bills at once somewhere in some pocket, against the event that anybody should arrive."

The doctor did so. Then he rose. "Where can I wash my hands?" he queried. Dexter led him to a stationary washstand in the corner of the room. Placed on a shelf of a medicine closet hung upon the wall was a bottle of grain alcohol and a roll of absorbent cotton.

"No trouble to show goods," said the widow Standish with a somewhat hysterical laugh. "You find us all prepared."

The doctor dried his hands after washing them thoroughly, and then saturated a piece of cotton in alcohol.

He turned to Dexter. "Keep on your coat," he suggested, "to cover the possibility of interruption. Draw up your left-hand sleeves as far as they will go."

He carefully sponged off an area on Dexter's forearm. He stepped back to the basin to lay down the cotton and prepare his syringe. "I sterilized this needle carefully before I came," he said, working busily with his back to Dexter; "but I'll wash the point once more to make assurance doubly sure."

Behind him there was some sudden movement. "Doctor," exclaimed Dexter Standish sharply, "quick—come here!"

The physician, needle in hand, turned swiftly and faced the younger man.

He found himself glancing into the muzzle of an automatic.

"Doctor," said Dexter Standish, "throw up your hands! I am a dead shot. Quick!"

The physician without the slightest hesitation held up his hands. In one of them he still clutched the hypodermic needle. Holding up his hands he glanced swiftly about the room. He noted instantly that the presence of the woman made for his safety. Once he could reach her he could use her as his shelter. He had a further reason for making the sudden movement that he contemplated. Still holding up his hands and without an instant's warning he sprang toward the widow Standish. He hadn't noticed that she also held a leveled pistol in her hand. At his first move she pulled the trigger. The doctor reeled and dropped into a chair. She had shot him in the arm.

"Doctor," cried Dexter swiftly, "everybody—quick!"

And then, to the amazement of Alexis Arany, crouched down in the chair clutching at his arm—to his amazement three men plunged through the wall, darted across the room and seized him. The doctor grunted with pain as they did so. But he looked keenly at Dexter Standish.

"Camouflage?" he queried.

"Yes," admitted Dexter; "that space there really is a doorway. We framed it up—repapered that end of the room. They've been standing on the other side of wall paper listening to everything we had to say. Simple, wasn't it? Boys," went on Dexter, "you'll find that roll of bills in his trousers pocket." He turned to two people who had entered with a fourth operative through the other door. "Doctor," cried Dexter to the man in army uniform; "Rita everybody! You'll have to testify. Watch this man take that roll of bills from the doctor here. Everybody keep the list of numbers that we made. That's right. Now," he said, seizing a large envelope that he had procured for the purpose, "seal them up in this. So far, so good. Doctor," he said to Major Haddon, "will you be so good as to dress this man's arm?"

The major stepped to the fore. "The wound will wait, it isn't bleeding much," he said. "I want this man searched thoroughly first."

"Frisk him for everything he's got, Jerry," said the leader of the secret-service squad. "Perhaps the ladies ——"

"Rita!" called Dexter to the girl. The girl, her pretty face pale with excitement, stepped to his side. "Rita," said Dexter, "look at your quarry—yours! This is the result of effective leadership. Your father and my mother and myself—we did exactly as you told us—to the letter. Without a single slip. Your scheme. And here's the man the Government has tried to get for many months. Without a single slip!"

"A few slips on the part of Dr. Alexis Arany," cried the shrill voice of Dexter's mother. "You gentlemen may accuse him of any crime you please. I accuse him of rank stupidity in believing for an instant that he could corrupt a Standish, or the mother of a Standish, or the widow of a Standish. I accuse him of putting his head in a noose. Not for one instant," said the lady proudly, "did he suspect that I was commissioned by the secret-service heads in Washington to—what do they call it?—to get him with the goods."

She uncocked her gun, dropped it into her bag, caught her future daughter-in-law about the waist and bustled out of the room.

"Search him!" commanded the major when the door was shut.

In spite of himself Doctor Arany smiled at the widow's speech. "Caught with the goods," he repeated faintly. "What goods; what goods?"

"His snuffbox!" exclaimed the major, as it came to light. "Here, hand me that!"

"No!" cried Arany.

"Yes!" said the major. He seized the snuffbox and opened it.

"I thought so," he mused, examining the white powder it contained.

"Doctor," pleaded the prisoner, "man to man: I can have that back again?"

The major slipped it into his own pocket.

"Now," he said sharply, "see if you can find that hypodermic needle. He's got it somewhere on him, sure."

But it wasn't somewhere on him; it wasn't anywhere. They didn't find it. There was a reason for this. For, in the instant before the widow Standish had discharged her weapon, unseen by any save himself, Arany had deftly dropped the needle into the blazing fire.

A few days later Major Haddon and his prospective son-in-law stepped into the office of the United States district attorney.

"We've just been to the county jail to see him," said the major. "He's a sight. Cocaine; that's his trouble. He's dependent on it. And he hasn't had any since we took him. He hasn't even been shaved—the jail barber is afraid he'll cut him; he can't keep still. What have you found?"

The district attorney shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing—at his office," he said; "results negative. No mysterious compound. The girl's beat it; disappeared. We've got young Bones; he's given up all he knows. But—what does he know? What have we got against this man Arany, anyway? Is he a common swindler—a joker? Taking people's money and giving them nothing in return? What did he have in that hypodermic needle? That's what I want to know."

The major nodded. He pulled out Arany's snuffbox. "Send for him," he suggested to the district attorney. "There's a way of getting something out of him at any rate." He handed the district attorney a list of names. "Those are the men—a few—that I suspect he's treated. They won't talk, and we've got no evidence. But—tell him any lies you want to. We've got to have the truth."

The district attorney nodded. He pressed a button and gave an order. The three men smoked, chatting, for the space of twenty minutes. At the end of that time two men in uniform escorted Arany into the room. He seemed a nervous wreck; he was on the verge of collapse. He was suffering acutely, that was plain.

The district attorney nodded to Arany and flashed a signal to the officers. They were to stand behind him—hands on his shoulders. They obeyed the glance and stationed themselves behind the prisoner, ready for emergencies.

The district attorney drew forth a bunch of yellow papers fastened with a clip. He leafed them over. He puffed slowly on his cigar.

"Doctor Arany," he said, "we've rounded up young Bones. Let me read you what he says."

He read it; it was a genuine deposition. It was all he had. Arany listened, but impatiently. He was more interested in his own deplorable condition than he was in accusing depositions. The district attorney leafed over some other papers. "We've got Bruno; we've got Garner; and—oh, yes! We've got young Atkinson. Dakers, our specialist, banks on Atkinson."

Major Haddon drew forth the Arany snuffbox, opened it casually; snapped it shut. Opened it again, snapped it shut again. Arany gathered himself together and made one terrific dive; but the heavy hands of the men in uniform held his slender frame as in a vise.

"I want that snuffbox—quick!" cried Arany. He struggled like a madman. His struggles were wholly ineffectual. "For God's sake—one pinch!" he cried. "Just one!"

"Arany," said the district attorney, with his own eyes fixed upon the snuffbox, "of course it's my duty to warn you that anything you say here may be used against you. We've got a case against you; let me tell you that. We can make it by ruining the reputation and the careers and blackening the names and memories forever of a dozen young fellows in this town, like Bones."

"Blacken them!" exclaimed Arany, a trace of contempt in his tones. Major Haddon toyed lightly with the snuffbox. Arany watched him, writhing, twitching.

"You are a dangerous character, Arany," went on the district attorney, talking as between man and man, "and under present conditions, no matter what we've got against you, you won't get out of our clutches for the period of the war. I take it that you understand that fully; am I right?"

"I'm no fool," returned Arany; "and that much I concede. You'll keep me safe. I can see that, whether you've got the proof you say you've got or not."

The district attorney watched the major as he snapped the snuffbox cover open and then snapped it shut.

"We—er—we can make it easy for you—or we can make it hard for you. That's all," went on the district attorney. "It's up to you."

"Do I get that snuffbox if I tell the truth?" queried Arany.

"You sure do!" said the district attorney.

"And I can keep it?"

"You sure can!"

The promise alone seemed to stimulate Arany. His eyes flashed, glowed.

He laughed; his laugh was high-strung, hysterical. "I want to get a message through to Berlin," cried Arany; "through to the Emperor—direct or indirect. I want him to know now what he'll ultimately find out. I want him to know now that Alexis Arany, M.D., of Paragon City, has proved himself a loyal soldier. Tell him from me that Alexis Arany has killed a regiment of men—a regiment of men who otherwise would go to war—a regiment of Americans. Americans—bah! Tell him I have done it by lies, deceit, cajolery—by appeal to fear, by playing on the affections of mothers and of fathers. But I have done it. I have done it by injecting into more than three thousand healthy human organisms a serum composed of plain, ordinary tuberculosis germs—cultures taken from the most malignant cases I could find. I have inoculated your young men with incurable disease; that's all. Get that to the Emperor for me. Now give me the cocaine."

Major Haddon passed over the snuffbox to Arany.

"Take care of that man!" he said sharply. "You've got in your hands one of the most desperate and wholesale murderers that ever existed on the face of this earth."

The officers dragged Arany from the room. Suddenly a terrific yell rent the air. The district attorney turned to the major in alarm.

"Be calm," said Major Haddon grimly. "They're not killing him. I dumped the cocaine from that snuffbox—and filled it up with powdered sugar. Hence the row." He smiled.

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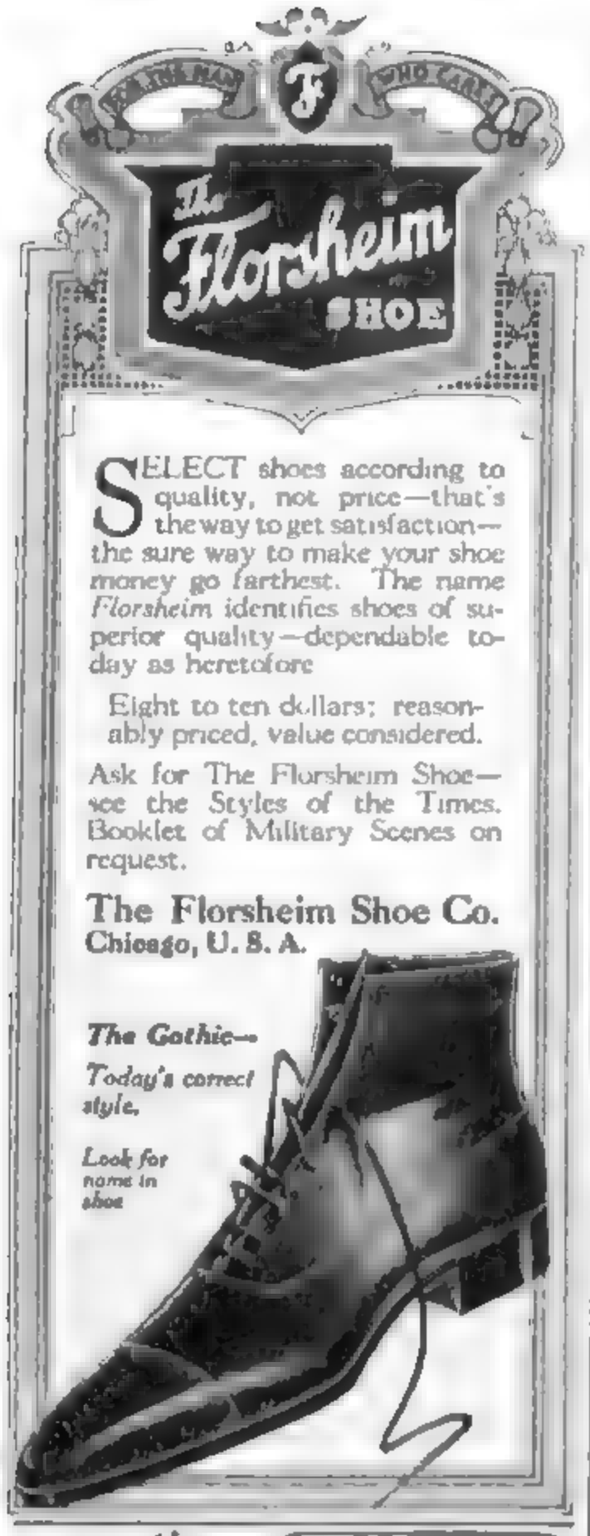
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THE COUNTRY MOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

for the things he didn't say. He didn't say that the late lamented failed in life principally because he had been puffed beyond his small capacity; that women had spoiled him; undergraduate popularity had made an ass of him; that he was too proud to work and too stupid to think; that in his latter poverty he permitted his wife to launder the splendid shirts in which he attitudinized wherever there was a chance of borrowing a dollar bill. A wealthy Annister connection laid lilies of the valley on Eric's casket and escaped further responsibility by chugging back to Buffalo in one of the first American automobiles.

"Poor Sophie was cut pretty deep," persisted the imp at the back of old Garry's head as he paused in front of the Apothecaries' Club and shook the new-fallen snow from his collar. He had called to see her directly after the funeral. It was obvious that something must be done for her, as the Annister house had become a bedlam of weather-beaten junk.

"I'm no pauper," she had ungraciously responded, her haggard face grown sourly middle-aged, glaring up under her widow's weeds. "And I want you to understand that nobody by the name of Peabody shall do any favors for us!"

And quite without any personal vanity Garry Peabody had been forced to realize that Sophie Whipple would always hate the man whom she had jilted for a ne'er-do-well.

II

"FOR the sake of mercy!" Mrs. Peabody, who was not given to violent expressions, said it twice as she peeked through the petunia curtains into West End Avenue. Rosa had just gotten out, bringing a large hatbox after her, and through the glass-paned, padded door followed the cause of Mrs. Peabody's ladylike profanity. The sight wasn't one you could have missed. The girl from Burgeonville showed a generous stretch of champagne-colored stocking above the first high yellowish boot she thrust out of the motor's door. When the whole of her was visible it was easy to see that she was wearing a black-and-white coat of a remarkable checkerboard pattern, a foot of sealskin at her collar, and on her head an exaggerated fur creation which towered heavenward like the shako of a Scottish drum major. She was about Rosa's height, but beside the hypermodishness of her country cousin Miss Peabody looked like a little nun.

"For the sake of mercy!" again whispered Mrs. Peabody; and it was fortunate that the colored maid remembered her manners and went to assist with the complication of bags and boxes which had laden down the chauffeur.

"My dear!" the good lady had gathered strength to gush when the bright visitor came in. As she gathered the checkerboards and lofty furs into her arms she was suddenly aware that the little face she was about to kiss had been freshened by a touch of rouge and that the handsome brown eyes were penciled round the lashes. There was no doubt in the world that Fluff was pretty.

"The train was two hours late and Fluff has missed her lunch," Rosa was explaining.

"You poor child! Aren't you starved?" asked Mrs. Peabody.

"Not so very." Her rather strained smile conveyed a first impression of hostility. "I met a nice man on the train. He gave me a box of candy."

"Rosie, do take your cousin to her room. I'll have something on the table as soon as she comes down."

"Oh, I don't want you to go to so much trouble."

The pretty, rather indefinite little face was truly concerned. She was the very picture of Sophie in her young twenties, thought Cousin Nan, placidly reviewing the prodigy. But where in the world did she get those clothes?

"I wouldn't think of your missing your lunch," said Mrs. Peabody with good-natured authority.

Rosa, who had recovered from the first shock of surprise at the Grand Central Station, guided the vision in black and white up the stairs and to the spare bedroom. As soon as her cousin had removed that hat the rather fuzzy, honey-colored hair, from which Fluff had taken her nickname, was revealed, bobbed and barretted in a heinous fashion of the day. Rosa was fairly bursting with impulses toward cousinly advice in the matter of hairdressing, when Fluff laid aside her patchy cloak and sprang the next surprise. As she stood revealed before the long mirror the gown which clung round her graceful person was a symposium of all the modes, with a few fanciful additions. There were stripes round the tight bodice and a row of prodigious pearl buttons; the skirt, what there was of it, was Egyptian in its simplicity.

"Do I look all right?" asked the girl from Burgeonville, flirting with herself in the mirror as she powdered her nose.

"You look lovely!" Rosa lied, lacking courage for the truth.

"Mrs. Heman Sutler, up the lake, makes all my clothes," confided Fluff. "She copies the patterns out of the fashion magazines, and they do say she improves them a lot."

She cast a haughty glance over the slim, long-skirted costume of her cousin.

"This is just an old thing," said Rosa modestly.

"Mrs. Sutler comes down to York twice a year and studies the latest styles. She copied this waist from Fleurot and the skirt from Poirel. Of course she puts in a lot of original touches. I read in Dame Rumor how Mrs. Pulsiver Smallweed wore something like this at the Tuxedo horse show. Don't you adore Dame Rumor?"

Rosa was reluctant to admit that her mother had forbidden the house to Fluff's favorite publication.

"Mr. Jacobson, the gentleman I met on the train, said that I reminded him of a girl he knew in the Winter Garden. He was very nice till he got fresh. Charlie White told me he ought to come down and take care of me."

"Who's Charlie White?"

"Charlie?" Fluff gave a sidelong glance at her reflection. "Oh, we're engaged—sort of."

"That must be thrilling!"

"Do you mean to say you've never been?"

"Not even once," confessed the city cousin.

"My goodness! What have you been doing?" Rosa couldn't say, so Fluff went on: "I took off Charlie's ring on the train. No use putting all your eggs in one basket, you know."

"Haven't you any intention of marrying him?"

"Oh, maybe. Charlie's peculiar. He's always gadding away on engineering jobs. Last year he came back from Peru dead broke, and now he wants to go back again and start a railroad or something. I keep telling him he must stop chasing rainbows. The Whites never amounted to a row of pins," she assured the image in the mirror; "but Charlie's crazy about me."

"I think your lunch is ready," said Miss Peabody. And the two descended the stairs with arms entwined.

The two Peabodys sat round and watched Fluff eat her luncheon; and their air was as consciously impersonal as is usual when two polite persons sit as witnesses upon another's gustatory feats.

"How's your mother?" asked Cousin Nan.

"She's very well, thank you," was Fluff's startling revelation as she speared a second slice of cold mutton.

"I was disappointed when she wrote that she couldn't come down too," Mrs. Peabody politely assured her guest.

"She's been awfully busy this winter. You see Mrs. Sutler's getting to be the fashionable dressmaker round the lake and has more work than she can do. So mamma's been helping her out."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Mrs. Peabody; then turning to her daughter: "Sophie always had a wonderful knack."

"Mamma's just doing it to help Mrs. Sutler out till spring," Fluff was quick to explain, looking up defiantly as though expecting a sign of contempt or disapproval. "Mamma's very loyal to her friends."

Involuntarily Rosa glanced down at the white fingers which so nervously plied knife and fork. No sign of needle scars there. And here, too, was a rational explanation of Fluff's remarkable wardrobe.

"What's the matter? Did I say anything I shouldn't?" asked Fluff, laying down her fork.

"My dear!" upspoke Mrs. Peabody, as embarrassed as her touchy guest.

"Well, a great many fashionable ladies have gone in for dressmaking. Lady What's-her-name's shop ——"

"Oh, most decidedly," cut in an appeasing voice. "Fluff, dear, I think your toast is getting cold. Let me bring you in a fresh plate."

Mrs. Peabody smoothly extracted herself, leaving her daughter to face the discord. Rosa could have murdered her impertinent little cousin. Instead she smiled, and reached out for something to say.

"An awfully nice chap I know, a Mr. Pawley, is coming round with his motor pretty soon. I thought if you weren't too tired we might take a spin and have tea somewhere."

"I thought you never got engaged," twitted Fluff with a wicked smile.

"To Boly?" Here she gave a genuine laugh.

"What do you call him?"

"Boly Pawley. Boly's his nickname."

"Sounds like an Indian."

"I think you'll like him." Devoutly Rosa hoped she would.

"Is he rich?"

"Rather."

"Oh! And my trunk hasn't come!"

Rosa was going to say that Fluff looked perfectly lovely as she was, but she hadn't the heart.

"Lola," asked she of the black maid, who had entered with fresh toast, "has Miss Annister's trunk come?"

"Yes'm. Fanny's unpackin' it now."

"Then I'll get on something for the afternoon. No more toast, thank you!" said Fluff decisively, and fled.

Mrs. Peabody came in a moment later and gazed aghast. "Where's she gone now?" was her artless question.

"When I told her Boly was coming with his car she fairly raced away to put on another dress."

"I hope it's a change for the better," sighed Mrs. Peabody. "Did you ever see such a sight?"

"Anyhow, you needn't be afraid any more that the bold clothes and careless manners of the great city will shock our little country cousin."

"You shouldn't talk that way about her, Rosie!" chided her mother.

The young girl rose and stood stiffly.

"Mother, I think she hates the very sight of us," she said with unaccustomed asperity. "I think she resents every cent we have, every stitch we wear, every mouthful we eat."

"That's not worthy of you, dear," replied Mrs. Peabody in a voice stranger than her daughter's. "And even if she does, you've got to remember that life has dealt very harshly with the Annisters."

"I'm sorry, mother. I promised dad I'd be good to her ——"

"You did?" asked Mrs. Peabody, her blue eyes opening wide.

"Mr. Pawley's calling," announced Lola, approaching from the rear.

Boly, swaddled in furs, stood on the center of the parlor rug. He was in one of his sacrificial moods, which always affected him unpleasantly.

"Well, you got here, didn't you?" began Rosa.

"I thought we were going to take Burgeonville buggy riding or something," he reminded her bleakly.

"Fluff? She's crazy to go. She'll be down in a minute."

"What's keeping her—making over last year's hat?"

"Really, I wouldn't say that."

"Or dusting the camphor balls off the family shawl?"

"You're an outrageous little snob, Boly Pawley!"

"Quit callin' me names! I gave up a perfectly ripping tea dance at the Columbine Roof just to come and dray your country cousin round town. I've even picked out a quiet restaurant up the Hudson where almost nobody goes this time of year, so that Fluff won't faint away when she sees the wicked behavior and brilliant costuming of the natives."

"Of course you'll have to break that sort of thing very gradually to Fluff," agreed Rosa, quite without a smile. Fortunately she had inherited old Garry's sense of humor.

(Continued on Page 69)

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CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 66)

"Do you think she'd get mad if I smoked?" asked Boly, bringing out his flat and slippery golden case.

"I wouldn't try it—at first," warned Rosa in solemn tones.

At that moment the portières at the big door fluttered—fluttered and separated. It was as though a tropic bird had winged its way into a dim forest of the North. In the language of the trade Cousin Fluff's afternoon gown was of second-grade rose velveteen, cut with exaggerated pannier pockets at the sides and draped into a bustle at the back. The *moyen-âge* collar of imitation ermine was cut so as to hit her across the shoulder blades, giving her the effect of a young lady crawling out of a brilliantly decorated bag. The skirt sloped sharply inward to the calf of the leg, where it stopped and revealed two inches of gauze-thin champagne-colored stocking.

"Miss Annister, Mr. Pawley," announced Rosa, praying for composure as she beheld the look of helpless astonishment upon Boly's knobby features.

"How do you do, Miss Annister?"

He strode forward and manfully presented his hand.

"I've heard Cousin Rosie speak of you so often," said the vision, employing her killing brown eyes upon the newly intended victim. Poor Boly stood there struggling between embarrassment and flattered vanity.

"I—I've heard Rosa mention you so much too," he stammered thickly.

"Oh! I hope you're not disappointed!" She held him with her brown gaze and pouted slightly.

"Oh, no!" The usually glib Boly hesitated for words, then stammered baldly: "You're really much more wonderful than I even imagined."

"Flatterer!" she pouted again.

"The car's waiting. Let's get on our things," suggested Rosa in the kindest possible tone.

In the moment of solitude that followed Boly Pawley indulged in a strange bit of pantomime. First, with the broad of his palm he smote his knobby forehead, at the same moment rolling his Boston-terrier eyes in the direction where, theoretically, a witnessing heaven should be. Then he opened out his golden cigarette case, struck a match and inhaled deeply.

And after he had helped the ladies into the big gray racer at the curb the girl with the checkered coat leaned over and giggled: "Oh, I do hope it's one of those swell roof-garden restaurants where everybody goes. I want to see some of the people I've been reading about all my life!"

III

IT WAS on the afternoon of the fourth day after Fluff Annister had arrived at the Peabody house that the difficult guest sat upon her bed upstairs and decided that her feeling for the Peabodys was something deeper than mere contempt. She hated every seeming-kindly, purse-proud one of them. They were everything her mother in a moment of envenomed candor, the occasion being Fluff's departure from Burgeonville, had said of them. Plainly now the words of that ill-natured prophecy came back to Fluff.

Her mother had been fussing round the bleak bedroom, to which a coal-oil stove gave tepid warmth. Heman Sutler had just removed the family trunk and Mrs. Sutler had departed from her labor of love with the assurance: "They're just too tasty for anything."

The aging woman, whose once-enchanting eyes were hollow in her head, was still thumbing the copy of Splurge from which she had copied several of Fluff's gowns, and she was pondering over the pictured lady who bore the number "131" as she looked forth with alluring slits for eyes, no mouth to speak of, and never-fading roses on either cheek.

"This sweet dancing frock," read the text below, "shows again the autumn's tendency among the *haut monde*—freedom and yet more freedom ——"

"Fluff, just as you say, I've worked myself almost to death," Mrs. Annister had croaked in a voice that was always hoarse nowadays. "I'm glad you're going to look so stylish, and I think my taste is better than some who pride themselves. But these disgusting Peabodys are giving you a chance which is only your right and you must make the most of it—a chance to bring the family back where it belongs. It's my right and your father's. There aren't any men in the village worth having These harum-scarum college boys—and Charlie White. Charlie'll have to do if there's nothing left. I think I've taught you how to get a beau."

"I think you have," Fluff had agreed.

"Remember, the world owes a beautiful woman wealth and comfort. I've been cheated out of it, and I don't intend my daughter shall. Don't go mooning round about love. There's no such thing." The bitter woman's narrow jaw had closed like a steel trap and her eyes, from which enchantment had faded, had lacquered with cold hate. "Jewels, fine clothes, fashion, luxury—they're made to offset your good looks. Only a fool will marry a poor man. Don't be prudish. Keep them sentimental—but see that every kiss counts for something. They say there's a rich man to every block in York. Don't be too gingerly with Rosie's beaus. We don't owe the Peabodys any favors."

"There won't be any love lost," Fluff had assured her.

"Love! They're fair game for us—purse-proud, strutting vulgarians—with all their flunkies and fine clothes and rich houses. They think they can keep my daughter out in the cold like a snowbird—throw her a crumb from their table. All right. Accept their board-and-keep for a week, Fluff. Yes, and if that strutting little cock robin of a cousin of yours thinks she's so irresistible, you can walk away with her beau too!"

"I think I can," Fluff had replied as she heard the bells of Charlie White's cutter approaching to take her to the station.

"Fluff," the faded woman had besought, clinging to her as she said good-by, "there isn't coal enough in the cellar to keep us a month, and Lordy knows —— But I won't begrudge the sacrifice if you'll promise me one thing."

"Yes, mamma."

"Don't you take any favors from them! Don't you let them patronize you. Don't you let them lend you a thing—do you hear?"

Mrs. Annister had stood wheezing through her feeble tubes, and her true daughter had taken her to her bosom, promising not to be beholden to those upstarts for any favor under the sun.

Well, here was the fourth day of Fluff's stay with the Peabodys, and on the edge of her dainty bed she sat engaged in an amateurish effort to convert the lower folds of her green velvet evening gown into a regular skirt by pinning a hem in such a way as to attract less attention than it was originally designed to attract. Splurge, that monthly oracle of style, had recommended this draped and tasseled model for its Oriental Pantalon Effect, but brief experience in the metropolis had weakened her heart for startling novelties, despite the oracular assurance of Splurge that such a costume had been worn by Mrs. Van Horn Tweebank at the opening of the opera season.

One by one Fluff jabbed pins into that obdurate hem—spitefully, as though every point were smarting in the skin of her temperamental enemies. By one means or another the Peabodys had managed to make her visit a continual misery. To look at the way Rosa behaved, reflected Fluff, you would think she were the reigning queen of beauty and fashion. In the estimation of the cousin from up state, Miss Peabody was little better than downright ugly. She didn't know how to do her hair so that anybody would notice it, and her gowns were obviously lacking in anything like style. And what the fashionable Mr. Pawley could see in her was a mystery to Fluff Annister.

Ever since her arrival the girl from Burgeonville had been engaged in a continual struggle to keep her temper. Should she lose it there would be nothing to do but go home and acknowledge defeat before her Spartan mother. No. She chose to see the horrid week to its bitter conclusion. She almost wished Charlie White would come down as he had threatened. And then she became obsessed with terror lest he should. Charlie would furnish the last humiliating touch. Every night here had been worse than the last. First they had given her a dinner party, which in her morbid estimation had been solely designed to humiliate the guest of honor. They had seated her next to the wonderful Mr. Pawley, and that man of fashion would too evidently have none of her. The realization that this charming blade of the world

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was infatuated with her cousin added to Fluff's impotent rage. He had kept up a sort of chaffing she didn't understand, and managed to convey the impression that Fluff was anything but vogue. Fluff had thought the other girls quite dowdy. Could it be possible that there was something wrong with the wardrobe over which her mother and the fashion mentor of Burgeonville had slaved those unremitting weeks? She could have slapped Mr. Pawley.

On the second night she had barely gotten home without making a scene. It had been a dinner dance at a big apartment on Riverside Drive, and she didn't consider that most of the people she saw there knew how to dance. A gawky freshman had taken her round the floor for a miserable whirl. Mr. Pawley had deigned to look her up late in the evening and made a feeble excuse about spraining his ankle at St. Nicholas Rink; this in the face of the fact that she had seen him spinning blithely with Rosa most of the evening.

When at last she had teased him to the center of the floor and had essayed to show him her own version of the fox trot he had giggled and said:

"Cut out the Follies stuff, cousin! Mrs. P.'s looking cross like an eagle."

Garry had taken them to the theater on the third night. That had been practically a blank so far as Fluff was concerned. She had worn her pink silk with the ropes of pearl over the shoulders and had sat next to Cousin Garry while Boly devoted himself to Rosa. She regarded Mr. Peabody as a crude, good-natured old simpleton, whose views on life bored her to the verge of hysterics.

And so had sped the days.

Sequestered in the light of this wintry afternoon Fluff continued hatefully to drive pins into the garment in which her faith was beginning to dwindle. Secretly she had come to the conclusion that the Pantalon Effect which Mrs. Sutler had so highly recommended would not meet with the approval of gay New York's chaste standards. Mr. Pawley was giving his box party to-night, and Fluff had become desperate. She had lost her ambition to appear different—and yet she would have put out both her expressive brown eyes rather than ask one word of advice or one stitch of help from that family which crushed her with their superior smiles.

At that very instant Mrs. Peabody and her daughter were holding a consultation upon Fluff's case. They were closeted together in Mrs. Peabody's fussy bedroom.

"She's having a perfectly rotten time," agreed Rosa again.

"Hopelessly conceited," was her mother's reiterated comment. "If she'd only let a body give her some advice."

"Boly says she rents her clothes from the Hippodrome. Of course Boly isn't at all nice about such things."

"Her dancing is perfectly outrageous!" put in Mrs. Peabody, whose social comments always erred on the side of mildness. "Where do you suppose she picked it up?"

"When Boly gave her a hint she got mad and went home."

Mrs. Peabody, who was knitting a sweater, clicked her needles together and looked up over rimless eyeglasses.

"Seriously, I think the poor child is doing herself a great injury. Her skirts are inches too short—and that awful checkerboard coat! I declare, Rosie, when I saw her coming down in that pink dress, eyes made up to kill and her hair bobbed off in that ridiculous way—actually I thought we had made a mistake and asked a chorus girl to visit us. She laughs too loud and doesn't seem satisfied unless she's alone somewhere with a young man ——"

"After all, we've got to be alone sometimes or we'll never get married," Rosa sagely reminded her mother.

"I had to speak to her or she would have gone away—quite unchaperoned, mind you—to lunch with that awful Inness boy."

"And you were the one," her daughter pointed out, "who was afraid Fluff would be shocked by our wild city ways."

"She's sulky and sensitive and high-strung," went on the placid woman. "She knows she isn't getting on, and she must have some inkling that it's her clothes. Don't you think"—in her temerity Mrs. Peabody dropped a stitch—"that there's some way of hinting to her ——"

"About the way she dresses?"

Mrs. Peabody nodded significantly.

"What could I say? I couldn't walk up to her and begin, 'Dearest, you would look all right in Hawaii, but here your make-up scares the natives.' She'd merely have a brainstorm."

"Perhaps you could think of some diplomatic way. Couldn't you make an excuse to offer her one of your dresses for the theater to-night? Otherwise there's no knowing what she'll put on."

"She's making a mess of her visit," agreed Rosa. "But it's as much as your life's worth to speak to her."

Nevertheless, Rosa did take her life in her hands and walk across the hall to Fluff's room. After a tap she heard a harsh clearing of the throat and the dry summons "Come in!" Fluff was still fussing with the emerald velvet.

"My dear!" Rosa was quick to this providential opportunity. "Why don't you get Olga to stitch it for you? She's downstairs without a thing to do ——"

"No, thank you," replied the country cousin ungraciously.

"Were you thinking of wearing it to-night?" asked Rosa.

"That was the idea."

"Dearest, let's be sensible." Rosa sat on the bed and began fingering the cheap material. "I don't think I've got anything so becoming as this."

"I'm glad you like it." She looked up with a hostile smile.

"But when we're visiting it's next to impossible to have everything we want for every occasion."

Fluff widened her handsome eyes, which when unadorned for public appearances were a trifle less handsome than was generally supposed.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, it's nearly five, and I don't think you can alter that gown before dressing time."

"That's what I intend to do," replied Fluff, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"I've got several gowns you could put on in a minute—my things would fit you perfectly—and you could have this done overnight by Olga."

"No, thank you." Fluff pleated a pin savagely into the hem.

"I'm sorry." Rosa was hurt, and looked it as she came to her feet and took a step toward the door. "I only thought I'd tell you in case you needed anything."

"My mother has provided me with everything I need," announced Fluff with icy distinctness.

"I'm sorry I interfered."

When Rosa went out she slammed the door.

About dinner time Fluff decided it couldn't be done, so she tacked the draperies and tassels back in place and wore the gown just as the modish Mrs. Sutler had intended it should be worn. Boly Pawley was dining with the family to-night. No one seemed in the least surprised at her costume when she came down, rather late. She had a conscious feeling about the eccentric drapery at her ankles. The elder Peabodys were dressed for the party and Garry was his usual hilarious self. His wife seemed politely composed; but from across the table Fluff could see the averted glance of her cousin. How she hated that girl! How she prayed for power to dazzle young Pawley away from the arrogant charm of that purse-proud, contemptible little Rosa!

Jealous hatred and mangled pride kept her abed next morning and caused her to plead a headache at noon rather than go down to lunch and face her persecutors. She lay among the pillows glaring at the detestable luxuries being forced upon her. She wondered why she didn't get up and pack her trunk. Under her window, on the walk going round the house, she could hear men clattering in and out of the fernery—probably florists with decorations for the dance to-night. "In Miss Annister's honor"—what a sarcasm!

The box party last night had been a nightmare to Fluff. No one had paid her more than a punctilious polite attention. Someone had giggled as she passed in her Oriental Effect and she had heard a coarse voice inquire "How do they get that way?" The fascinating Mr. Pawley, whose indifference stung Fluff to a mad desire, had looked at her once and stuck close to Rosa for the rest of the evening. There had been a calfish young man named Trambell who had devoted himself to Mrs. Peabody as if in avoidance of graver terrors. A fat lady in the next box had used her fierce lorgnettes on Fluff's emerald velvet. The evening had been worse than wasted. She had been paired off with old Garry, who had bored her so that she wanted to scream. Boly and Rosa had cackled together in a language of their own. It had been wormwood to the daughter of Sophie Annister.

After hours of these cankering thoughts Fluff got tired of lying abed. She rose frowsily and peered out into the sunlight of early afternoon. On the walk below two men were struggling round to the outside door of the fernery with a tall palm in a green tub. Evidently the Peabodys were going to outdo themselves to-night. The sight of the festive greens caused Fluff to snort like a young war mare scenting battle. In a flash she made up her mind about Boly Pawley. He had asked them out for another of his automobile rides at four. Rosa, of course, had expected her to refuse. Not she!

She was in the act of choosing an effect from the wardrobe she now despised when there came a knock at her door. Opening cautiously and peeping round the crack she could see the blue-black complexion of Lola under its ridiculously dainty cap. One dusky hand was holding a little silver tray, in the exact center of which lay a card.

"For me?" asked Fluff, confused.

"Yes'm."

She reached forth for the pasteboard, which bore upon its face in bold business script the printed announcement:

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Charlie White! Then the poor blundering simpleton had carried out his threat!

"My goodness ——" She hesitated just a moment. "Would you tell him I'm quite ill to-day and can't see anyone?"

"Yes'm."

Lola retreated a few steps.

"Lola!"

"Yes'm."

"Tell him to wait. I'll be down after a while."

It was just like Charlie. Without the least hint of an invitation he had forced himself upon the scene of her humbling. She thought rapidly. There was no possible way of using him as a bait to Boly Pawley. Boly would merely employ his worldly sarcasm and pair them off as a couple of jays. This would be adding another item to the Peabodys' unbearable conceit. She enjoyed a snobbish dread of the moment when she must introduce the up-state boor and see their sly-glanced intimation, "Is this the best you can show?"

Fluff kept Charlie waiting nearly an hour, and when at last she walked toward the ornate, somber Peabody drawing-room she was piqued to hear the buzzing of basso monologue, punctuated now and then by tinkles of feminine laughter. She took one sly peep through the portières and gasped her amazement. The large room and the dining room beyond had been cleared for the dance—rugs removed, floors waxed, walls festooned with roses. A large settee had been moved half across the doorway of the fernery, which was ajar, revealing a forest of rubber plants in its glassy depths.

And on the settee, elbow to elbow and chatting like lifelong friends, sat Charlie White and Cousin Rosa!

Fluff's first impulse was to throw something; then she had a mind to creep back to the sulky silence of her bedroom; then a jungle instinct got control of her and urged her to spy upon her enemy. What did they find to talk about so engrossingly, these two who had never heard of each other until this hour? Why was Charlie's big clumsy face all flushed as though inspired with its message? Why was Rosa listening as though to the voice of prophecy? She looked almost pretty, acknowledged the girl in ambush with a nauseating heart thump.

Standing there behind the portières was a vantage too exposed, also too distant for effective hearing. Then she remembered the fernery. The place seemed clogged with ferns, palms and rubber plants; by tiptoeing round the passage by the butler's pantry one could gain the fernery by the little door outside. Her nimble feet were quick to serve her plotting brain. There was no one in the passage beyond the pantry. She left the door ajar as she slunk out and was cunningly triumphant to find the fernery door unlocked. Once inside she found that the tub of a rubber plant was less than three yards behind the settee,

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 70)

a barricade of foliage conveniently between her and the big room. She could see their two heads close together and their words were perfectly distinct.

"A spigotty engineer had been working eleven years with an idea of tunneling the Andes," Charlie was going on in his big nasal voice, which was like the droning of a gigantic bumblebee. "He didn't care how long it took because the Spanish company was paying him by the year. Then comes that Scotch expert saying 'Gang aroond!' His name was McNee and he was very generous with other people's money. . . ."

The girl behind the rubber plant sniffed so scornfully she all but betrayed herself. So Charlie had gotten a girl to listen to his tiresome old Peruvian tales!

"You mean to say a system of cantilever bridges would save ——"

"About five thousand miles on the 'gang-aroond' system," snorted the heavy voice. "And there isn't a mathematician alive who can compute the money and labor the spigotty engineer had wasted already on his tunnels. When I mentioned cantilevers the spigotty blew up all over Lima and the Scotchman said 'Losh!' and asked me when I escaped. I had my estimates made out before I left Lima, but the spigotty got nervous and saw the *jefe*, who called me nine kinds of Spanish brigand and gave me a military escort as far as the Western Addition. I lost my trunk, my pasaports, my Sunday sombrero and my shoes; but as soon as I'd beat it to the coast in a pair of misfit overalls I went straight to see Van Doon, who sent me back to the States with a letter to the Sudbury Corporation."

"What a romance!" the soprano was chiming in a distant rapture.

"It ain't a marker on what it's going to be!" he was assuring her. "It took most a year to wake up the Sudbury bunch, and it took a French concern with another cantilever scheme to get a rise out of 'em."

"Have you brought your plans with you?"

"You wouldn't care to see 'em. They're thick as a bale of hay."

"Oh, wouldn't I!"

"Gee! I'd be tickled blue if you gave 'em the once over. I thought girls didn't like that sort of stuff."

"There are two or three different kinds of girls in the world."

The allusion this remark conveyed to the hiding Fluff was that of another Peabody slur upon her mentality.

"I'll sure do that. But say!" The settee creaked with his sudden rising. "I've got my nerve to come here calling on one girl and be taking the time of another."

"I don't know what could have happened to her," Rosa came in. "I'll send Lola up again and ask."

"Don't bother. I've got to be going. Very pleased to have met you."

Fluff could see his square, uncouth, bushy-headed figure now in the center of the room.

"You've been awfully good to tell me all about it." She held out her hand with a maddening graciousness. "It gives me a new faith in life to think of men working forward to big things. So many of our young men are satisfied with being nothing, doing nothing ——"

"They have everything handed to them on a hot plate," chuckled the heavy voice.

"There's nothing big in having things—it's the getting of them that counts. That's what I adore my dad for; he had something that sounded silly to the half-baked thinkers, and he made good on it."

The words clutched Fluff Annister by the heart.

"We're giving a little dance to-night—half after nine," Rosa was going on. "I'm sure Fluff would love to have you come."

"Lord! I guessed right when I brought my Tuxedo!"

"Then we can count on you?"

"You sure can! And tell Fluff I'll phone her if her headache's better."

The doorbell rang at that instant. It rang alarmingly to the conscience-stricken girl in the fernery.

Distantly she heard a door bang and the voice of a new arrival.

"Mr. Pawley to see you, miss," came Lola's announcement.

Fluff shrank farther behind the ferns, fearful that the approaching Pawley would catch sight of her.

"Oh, hello, Boly! Mr. White, Mr. Pawley. Won't you stay for tea, Mr. White? No? Then good-by till to-night."

Pawley stood gloomily watching the heavy-set man out of the door. Then without a word he strode over to the settee. Rosa came and sat beside him. Fluff's first instinct was to steal away from this second interview, which she had no heart to hear. Then insane curiosity got the better of her.

"Jove, you've taken down everything but the wall paper, haven't you?" came Boly's first exclamation.

"We're doing our best," Rosa chimed in. "We want to give Fluff a good send-off; but of course there's no telling how she'll take it."

There was a long moment of silence, and then Rosa was heard to say in a small, annoyed voice: "Oh, Boly, I wish you'd be sensible!"

"Well, I don't see why ——"

"Boly, we might as well speak out now as any time. There's no chance in all the world. You're a dear and I ought to be in love with you; and I couldn't even consider such an absurd thing. Why can't we put things on a rational basis?"

"Rational rot! You're talking like a regular female—let a chap spend the best part of his life buzzing round, then take a notion to cut him off your string like—like a caterpillar."

"Boly, you're having a brainstorm."

"What do you want me to have?"

"A little human kindness. You promised you'd be good to Fluff for my sake, and here you've treated her like a beast of the field."

"Honest, Rosie, there's a limit. Her clothes remind me of a fire in the circus tent. She might go with the Burgeonville smart set, but here—positively no. Everything in its place. Rome for the Romans, Hippodrome for the hip—but Cousin Fluff won't do."

"If you really cared anything about me you'd be good to Fluff."

"Hold her on my knee and tell her fairy stories while you dance, I suppose."

"She dances far better than I do. I never cared much for dancing."

"She wriggles like a Coney Island cobra."

"You haven't very nice ideas about women, Bolingbroke Pawley."

"I see. Would you prefer me to make love to your cousin as a sort of proxy arrangement?"

"You shouldn't talk like that."

"I'm sorry."

"I've asked you several times and you haven't paid the slightest attention. I know poor Fluff doesn't know how to dress, and is a little peculiar in her manner at times, but I intend her visit shan't be spoiled."

"Will you like me better if I'm good to her?"

From the fernery Fluff could see his head drooping over toward Rosa's

"I like you well enough, Boly—and that's all."

"All right. Good-by then."

"Aren't you coming to-night?"

"I suppose so."

His note was perfectly flat, and Rosa's bright, consoling tone followed out into the hall. As soon as the dining room was empty Fluff rose from her cramped posture and slunk away. The last straw had been laid upon her breaking back. Rosa Peabody, whose offer of cast-off clothes she had so savagely rejected, was now offering her cast-off lover!

As soon as she had gained her bedroom Fluff locked the door and snatched a time-table out of her bureau drawer. There was a train leaving at nine which would connect her with Burgeonville. Of course her going would raise a storm, but she was determined she would stay under this roof not another hour. She began getting out her gowns, mussing them savagely as she threw them in untidy piles on the bed. For the first time she began to feel resentment against her mother, whose ill judgment had gotten her into this mortifying mess. . . . "You promised to be good to Fluff for my sake" — the memory of her cousin's words stung like a box on the ear.

Then it occurred to Fluff that she must call someone to bring her trunk. There would be an awful fuss. She longed for the crisis, a chance to come out in the open and tell the Peabody outfit what she thought of them.

Halfway across the room as she went toward the push-button on the wall she stopped so abruptly as all but to topple over. She stood just an instant, her finger to her lips. And then there came to her such a smile as Sophie Whipple had known

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how to use in the days when she counted for something on the lake.

A moment later Fluff was gliding down the hall toward her cousin's room. She knocked and heard the little piping response coming from within. Rosa sat before the mirror, her bright hair down and a mulatto maid laying out all the dainty accessories to the gown on the frivolous bed.

"Hello, dear!" upspoke Rosa forgivingly. "I do hope your headache is better."

"It's a lot better, thank you."

As a matter of fact she felt quite ill at that instant; her knees were giving way and she had a task of it.

"Mr. White called to see you. He waited quite a while. He was dreadfully disappointed, and a little bored with me, I think."

"I got his card," said Fluff miserably.

"I thought you might like to see him, so I asked him to the dance to-night."

"That was very nice of you. Er ——"

"If you're not feeling well, dear, couldn't I lend you Minnie to help you do your hair?" inquired Rosa as though she had guessed her thoughts.

Fluff's heart leaped so wildly that it was a space before she could speak.

"Rosie," she said at last, "I—I don't seem to have the right things to wear. I ——"

Her cousin turned wide eyes upon her in blank amazement.

"—— and I was wondering if you happened to have a dress you wouldn't mind my borrowing just for to-night?"

IV

BOLY PAWLEY, who for hours had been wooing euthanasia by means of Mr. Peabody's veritable old vatted Killybonnie, pulled himself together at midevening with the determination that he would try again to have a word with Rosa. He was gently spiffed, as he acknowledged to himself, and he didn't care who knew it. He had come there as a protest, to lurk and glare, to be a social outlaw; and above all to show Rosa that he would take no country cousin as a substitute. His contrary little mind had been set upon a cool snubbing of Miss Fluff Annister. He was denied that icy comfort, too, because he had caught no flash of Miss Annister's grotesque costuming among the whirling couples on the floor.

Grumpily at last he deserted the refreshment table and skirted round the busy floor. He was aware of Rosa's creamy gown weaving its way among the dancers. She was again in the arms of the big fellow who so obviously needed a haircut. Where did she pick up the bounder and why had she chosen this public place to give the fellow dancing lessons? It was a wonder someone wouldn't tell him not to come to an evening party in a dinner jacket!

"Oh, well," thought Boly, who had never been a slave to consistency, "I suppose I've got to look up the Sofa Cushion or go home."

The young lady whom he had thus tabulated wasn't so easy to look up, as it turned out. He had probably stared straight at her without recognition two or three times during the evening, for she had to make herself known when at last she came out of the fernery, two or three youths pestering her for a dance.

"By George!" he permitted himself to exclaim when at last her identity was established among his jumbled thoughts.

Her elegant little figure stood straight and slim in a dark, simple gown with a silver girdle. Somehow she had managed to gather up her light hair so that the fearful bobbed effect had disappeared; it gave a new distinction to her small face, from which the sullenness had gone. Apparently she was having a very good time, basking in the atmosphere of praise which her competitive adorers had created.

Boly Pawley touched his furry upper lip, a way he had when hesitant. Had she seen him out of a corner of her eye? He was again weakly resolved to rebellion when she turned and gave him the full force of her smile. She certainly did know how to wear her complexion!

Boly walked across eagerly, for her expressive eyes had plainly beckoned him.

"I thought you weren't going to speak to me," she pouted as he came up.

"I've been standing in line for hours and hours," he ardently protested.

It happened like dream magic. The obstructing college boys seemed to melt into nothing as he swung her across the floor in a fox-trot from which no variations were omitted. What did he care now if Mrs. Peabody was glaring her prim disapproval? After all a touch o' life was the only real thing to be had. If there was anything Boly Pawley could do it was dance; and in this hour of revelation, prejudice swept aside, he had to admit that this little outlander—who might have learned her technic at the Follies—made her cousin look like a wagonload of bricks.

"You're not afraid of the Coney Island cobra?" he was sure he heard her giggle in his ear.

"I say, what's that?"

"Coney Island cobra," came the taunt a second time.

He skipped a step and all but stumbled.

"Who in the world told you that?"

"Oh, I know lots and lots of things. Clumsy, you've stepped on my toe!"

"I'm sorry." He righted himself, then asked in a blaze of indignation: "Has Rosie been talking?"

"You don't expect to say all those witty things and not have them repeated, do you?"

"Well, I like that!" The seasoned worldling blushed deep, then he fumbled for an apology. "It was a slander, anyhow. You're one of the best dancers I've ever met."

"And you're the wittiest man in New York. I don't blame you for saying bright things at other people's expense. Rome for the Romans, Hippodrome for the ——"

"Have a heart, Fluff!"

"Who said you could call me that?"

"I permit it." Boly was now recovering his natural brass. "And when you call me Boly I'll sit up and bark."

"Boly Pawley—sounds like a cannibal king."

"Bolingbroke—accent on the last syllable after the first of each month."

Meanwhile he was executing some wonderful figures. He could see his mother and Mrs. Peabody sitting together against the wall, their faces petrified with horror.

The music stopped. As the couples came to a standstill and polite spats of applause went out to the jazz artists on the platform Boly caught a swift glimpse of Rosa standing at his elbow, absorbed in the uncouth fellow with the bushy hair.

"I can just see them!" she was saying in an enraptured tone she had never used for Boly. "Great caravans of llamas winding down from the snowy mountains with sacks of silver ore—just as they were before Cortés came."

"If the Incas had known the value of transportation the Spanish couldn't have licked them in a million years," the bushy fellow was booming on.

Boly turned and gave the couple a vulgar stare. The music started again and the reconverted girl from Burgeonville twitched him by the sleeve.

"We're not going to forget the encore," she reminded him in a constrained voice.

"I tell you something!" suggested Boly.

"You can tell me a lot, I think." Her eyes were playing with him now and the sensation was narcotic.

"On the refreshment table they have a bowl of Absentee Punch."

"Of what?" Her admiration enveloped him like a cloud.

"Absentee Punch. You take a bottle of wine and ten pounds of ice. Rub the bottle on the ice until both are blood warm. Add lemon peel and serve with seltzer."

"Delicious!" Fluff permitted herself to be dragged away.

Boly took a highball after all. Then they danced again, and in the wait for an encore she complained of fatigue; so it was quite natural that Boly should have suggested the fernery.

"You're not at all the girl I thought you were," Boly told her behind a spreading palm.

"You shouldn't judge by first appearances."

It was a bromidiom, but he didn't care what she said. Her eyes were wonderful and the penciling of the lashes offset them like a frame.

"You know," Boly confided, cuddling very close, "I've been about a great deal, but I'm a silly ass in lots of things—crazy about appearances. There's a lot in it, you know.

"I think Rosie must have influenced me. You know the way girls have of saying sweet things to put another girl in wrong."

"I'd never have thought it of Rosie, though," mused Fluff in a wounded tone.

"And I didn't realize how really smart you were—until to-night ——"

"How do you like my gown?" she besought his valued opinion.

"A pippin!" His eyes were popping with admiration. "I'm goin' to 'fess up. Do you know, I never saw you until to-night? Those circus clothes you wore ——"

"Oh!" She looked away, her little face puckered as though she were about to cry. "I was afraid you never understood the joke."

"Joke?" he echoed stupidly.

"Rosie put me up to it. She had the best intentions in the world—but I think she carried it a little too far. She wrote me before I came down that you expected to see a little country girl in a sunbonnet, and suggested that I bring down those awful things that I wore in a melodrama we gave for charity at home. I confess I was embarrassed when she let it go so far ——"

"That was a low trick to play you!" he muttered, reaching over for her hand. She permitted it.

"Please don't be cross with poor Rosie. She meant it well—only it was a little hard on me."

"She's shown herself up plain enough. I'm done with Rosie ——"

"Oh, don't say that! I should never forgive myself if I thought I'd stepped in between lifelong friends."

"I can't blame her for being a bit nervous with you in the house. But that's no excuse for not playing the game. She went round publishing you as a little greenhorn—the green was all in Rosie's eyes."

"She's been so kind to me!" protested Fluff with an exquisite nobility.

"You're so wonderful!" blurted Boly, drawing her hand toward him. Still she made no sign of disapproval. Distantly she saw a light skirt fluttering among the palms.

"You're not going right back to Burgeonville?"

"Day after to-morrow," she told him with a sigh.

"Tease Mrs. Peabody to let you stay on a week longer. We're really just getting acquainted. I want to teach you how to like New York."

"Rosie's been begging me to stay."

"There's a touch o' life about you, Fluff. You can show this Quaker Headquarters how to keep awake after meals. Dear little Fluff, don't you see ——"

It happened as such things do; but Fluff could not remember ever before having been kissed so ardently upon so brief an acquaintance.

"Don't!" she whispered, pulling herself away.

Two or three palms away a bright skirt moved and a couple walked past them toward the dining room.

"By Jove, I'm sorry!" he apologized thickly. "I hadn't the least notion that anybody ——"

"How dare you!" she began furiously. Then she covered her eyes and began sobbing like a child.

"Fluff—Miss Annister—upon my word ——"

"This sort of thing I don't allow. You had no right to take advantage ——" Her protests wandered away in a storm of weeping.

Boly was now looking wildly round the room, fearful that the encroaching couple would come back upon the ridiculous scene.

"It was only a little kiss, after all," he informed her sheepishly.

"They saw it—they saw it!" she gurgled.

"I never had any luck!" He opened his cigarette case and found it empty. "Put me to matching pennies and I lose a thousand dollars." He shot his cuffs, then came and stood over her. "By George—I believe you've never been kissed before!"

"I'm not—used to—that sort of—treatment. People who aren't engaged don't ——"

"Oh, for the matter of that ——."

Boly Pawley sat down beside her, closer than ever this time.

"Fluff," he began solemnly, "if it's the custom in your neck of the woods to get engaged every time a man kisses you—believe me, I'm game!"

"You mean you're proposing to me?" She looked up, genuinely dazzled by the rapidity of events.

"I'd be the happiest chap in the world."

"But ——"

"Don't tell me it's sudden. I couldn't stand it."

"We haven't really known each other an hour," she said; and added in her most angelic tone, "such things should be sacred."

(Concluded on Page 77)

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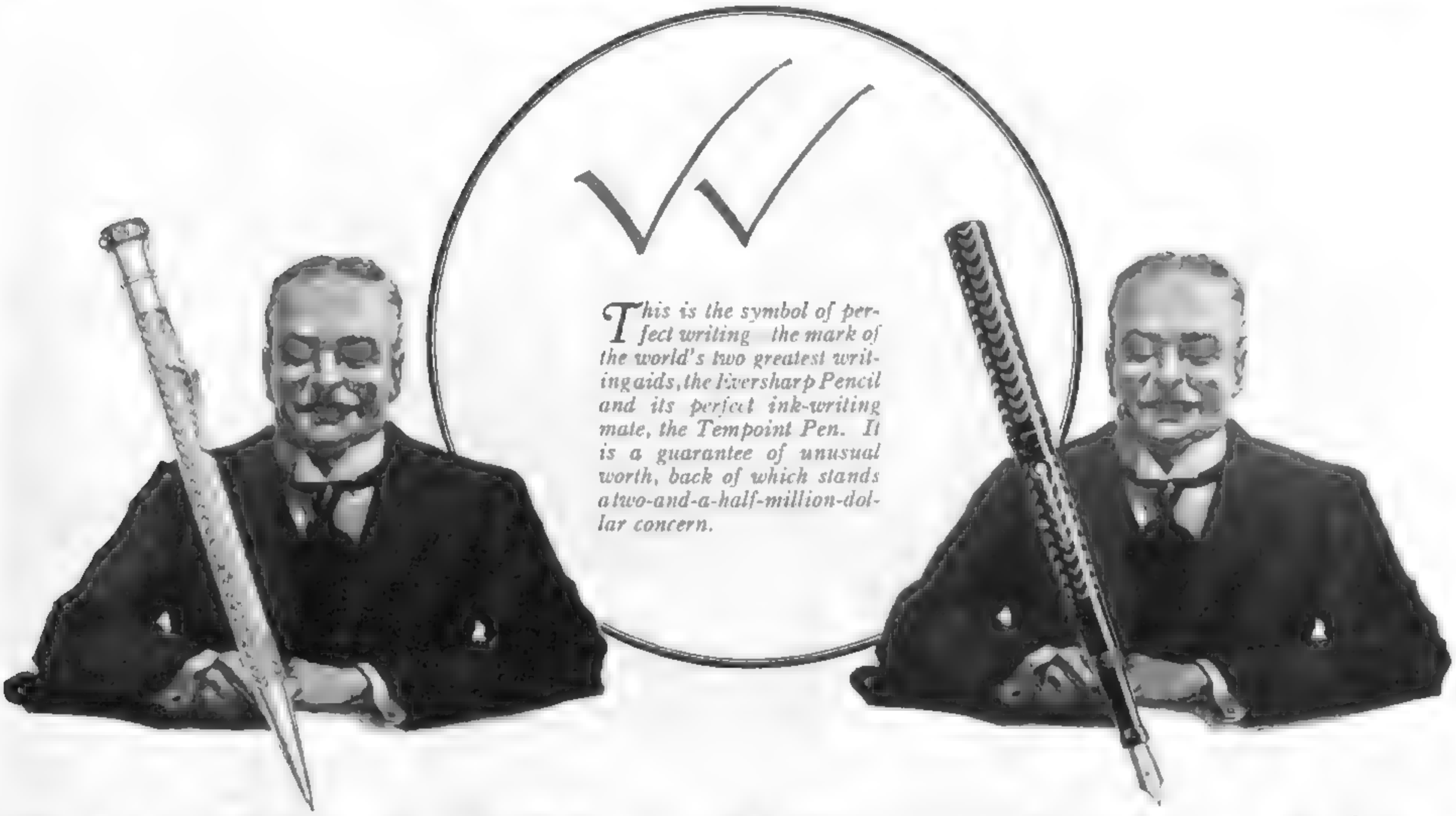
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(Concluded from Page 74

"I'm a man of decision. I've gone balmy over you. Come on, Fluff—be a good sport!"

"Let me think ——"

"No—you'd decide I was a lemon. Are you engaged to that man from Burgeonville?"

"Oh, him!" she exclaimed, waiving grammar.

"You think I'm a nut, maybe, or a second-handed proposition or ——"

"I think you're far, far too good for me, Boly. And if you really mean it ——"

"Dear little girl!"

This time there was nobody lurking in the palms and Fluff Annister was permitted to enjoy the delirium of a Columbus who, having gone forth to prove a theory, bumps into the greatest real-estate bonanza of all time.

IT WAS getting well into Lent, Miss Annister having departed weeks ago—conveyed to the Grand Central Station in the Pawley car—when Garry Peabody came out of his library, alternately wiping his eyes and polishing his bifocals. He found Nan sitting under the petunia curtains in the parlor. Being a woman it was her right as well as her duty to cry upon such occasions, and she was exercising her privilege.

"Well, I've talked with him," said he, settling heavily into a fragile chair.

"Couldn't they put the wedding off till June?" asked his wife. "I can't think of losing Rosie so soon."

"Nope! They outvoted me two to one. Charlie's got to start for Peru next week at the latest, and Rosie's dead set on going with him."

"I have a feeling I'll never see her again."

"Shucks, Nannie!" He came over and gave her a tremendous hug. He pulled out his big silver watch and consulted its oracular face ere resuming.

"Nan, the way Rosie dumped that Boly and took up with Charlie White was one of the biggest victories for common sense since Bryan was defeated."

"I was fearfully afraid she'd accept Boly some time," said Mrs. Peabody, smiling through her tears.

"It looks just as though Providence kept its eye on the Peabody family," admitted Garry. "I got you just in time, you know."

"It isn't in her to put up with a trifler," said she.

"No, Nan. Rosie's your daughter, every drop of blood. She's got a winner in Charlie, and she knows it. You ought to hear the talk she gave me last night about the big adventure. She's in love with that boy. He's a he-man. She wants to start out and rough it with him."

"The way I wouldn't be satisfied until you'd come to New York," Mrs. Peabody reminded him.

"Well, there's some difference between the Upper Andes and New York," Garry pointed out.

"But the principle's the same."

"You've said it, Nan! There's something romantic about the Penn Yan Whipples. Whether it's retail drugs or cantilever bridges they want to see their men-folk pioneer. Why, Rosa won't be satisfied unless she sees every spike her Charlie drives into that railroad of his. She wants to help lead llamas—or whatever you call those dago jack rabbits—up and down the Andes. In other words, she's alive, Nan."

"I know how it is," said his gentle wife, giving her adventurer the look she had kept for him ever since the rainbow wedding.

"Charlie's going to South America on three thousand a year. I'd back him myself for a million if I didn't know the Sudbudy Corporation intend to push him to the top. The whole idea's as good as his."

"He's crazy about the Andes—just the way you couldn't get the Jumbo stores off your mind until you'd tried."

"There's no poetry in retail drugs, of course."

"How can you say that, Garry?"

What an epic, indeed, had been the triumph of chain drug stores, progressing from up state to the Battery! Garry Peabody considered a moment.

"Anyhow," said he at last, "it was a mean trick to play on Fluff."

"Fluff?" Mrs. Peabody loosed her surprise.

"It wasn't quite fair to wish Boly off on her. If she's made up her mind to him and I guess she has—she's got to get used to being tied to a vain little chimpanzee all her days. His father's money will last a year, once his hands are free. No; it wasn't exactly fair to Fluff."

"I was going to read you this letter," broke in Nan Peabody. "It came from Sophie this morning, but we've been so unsettled ——"

She never looked at him as she passed out a broken envelope, a pinkish bit of stationery sealed with the Annister crest. The sheet was scrawled all over with Sophie's rambling sentences:

"*Dearest Nan:* Before I tell you my great news I feel that I must thank you again for your goodness to my child, and as it has all turned out so beautifully you can imagine that I am very grateful to you for giving her such opportunities; but these things you yourself must realize, as I know you have considered them many times, but as Rosie lives in the Metropolis and will always have opportunities, I hope neither you nor she will bear any resentment to my little wildflower, for you remember *le bon dieu donne les beaux yeux* and when you consider that this event has saved my sweet daughter from that penniless dreamer, Charlie White, I feel sure you will forgive, although it may be hard; but Fluff says Rosie is very sweet looking and I am sure that with such a clever mamma she will have her chances.

"It did my heart good to hear my dear child speak again and again of the attentions she received and of the way you and Rosie admired her pretty clothes. But then I always knew clothes, didn't I, dear?

"And now for my news, which, although it makes me very happy, cannot but bring sadness to my heart, for my own flesh and blood deceived me, which is always distressing, even though the cause is a splendid one. Florence went by train yesterday to meet Bolingbroke at Exham, where he arrived in his automobile, and so drive with him here, the trip being very pleasant. When they had not returned at ten o'clock last night I was naturally alarmed, and imagine my sweet pain when the telephone rang, and it was long distance and my dear child's voice said she wanted to introduce her husband; and then Bolingbroke called me Mother, which was very touching!

"I had hoped to ask you all for the wedding, which naturally, considering the prominence of the contracting *partis*, should have been an elaborate affair; but as it is, though wounded to the quick, I must make the best of it and show a bright face to my darlings when, after taking the Ideal Tour, including stops at all the most exclusive hotels, they come to the old home.

"With love to all and my tender good wishes for your girl's good fortune, and thanking you again,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"SOPHIE ANNISTER."

"Nannie," said old Garry, handing back the pinkish envelope, "I've been in the drug business nearly thirty years now, and I've come to the conclusion that there's only one brand of infants' food whose results can be guaranteed in every case."

"What's that, dear?" asked the wife, who never tired of her husband's theories.

"Mother's milk," replied the druggist.

"Garry!"

Uncalled-For

ON AN overcast, murky and very warm day of last summer an assistant copy reader on a New York afternoon paper, reading a slip that had just come over the news ticker, called out to the make-up editor, who was across the city room, waiting to get the day's weather report, in order to stick it in its proper place on the front page of the edition then about to go to press:

"Cloudy and humid!"

A large, perspiring mail carrier, coal black as to color, who had just entered the room, bringing a registered letter, spoke up:

"Look here, white man; I'm a gover'-ment employee. I didn't come in here to be insulted!"

BATES

VAN DYKE OXFORD, IN BLACK OR TAN, A SEASON'S POPULAR CHOCOLATE AT $4.50 FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN DOLLARS

CLOSELY tied up with style authority is the Bates mark on footwear. Whether it is on the officer's boot or the shoe of the man at home who is looking closer than ever into the quality of his purchases these war days the name "Bates" is guarantee of correctness.

When you get the Bates Shoe you know that you have bought the shoe which passes every test of the buyers for the stores appealing to the most discriminating clienteles in every important city in America. These men know what shoe value means.

A. J. BATES CO. EST. 1885 WEBSTER, MASS.

Bates SHOE

WAREHOUSES NEW YORK CHICAGO

Anything more or less than the price you pay for the Bates Shoe is not economy.

Write for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all about how to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

SHOES

How Norwesco Laboratories Met An Emergency With SE-MENT-OL

"FINDS THE LEAK AND FIXES IT"

How often this happens:
Miles from a garage, while your car is humming over beckoning roads, your radiator suddenly starts steaming. You stop, and find it nearly empty. Leaking!

The joy deserts your little trip—unless you have a can of SE-MENT-OL, the radiator cement, in your tool box.

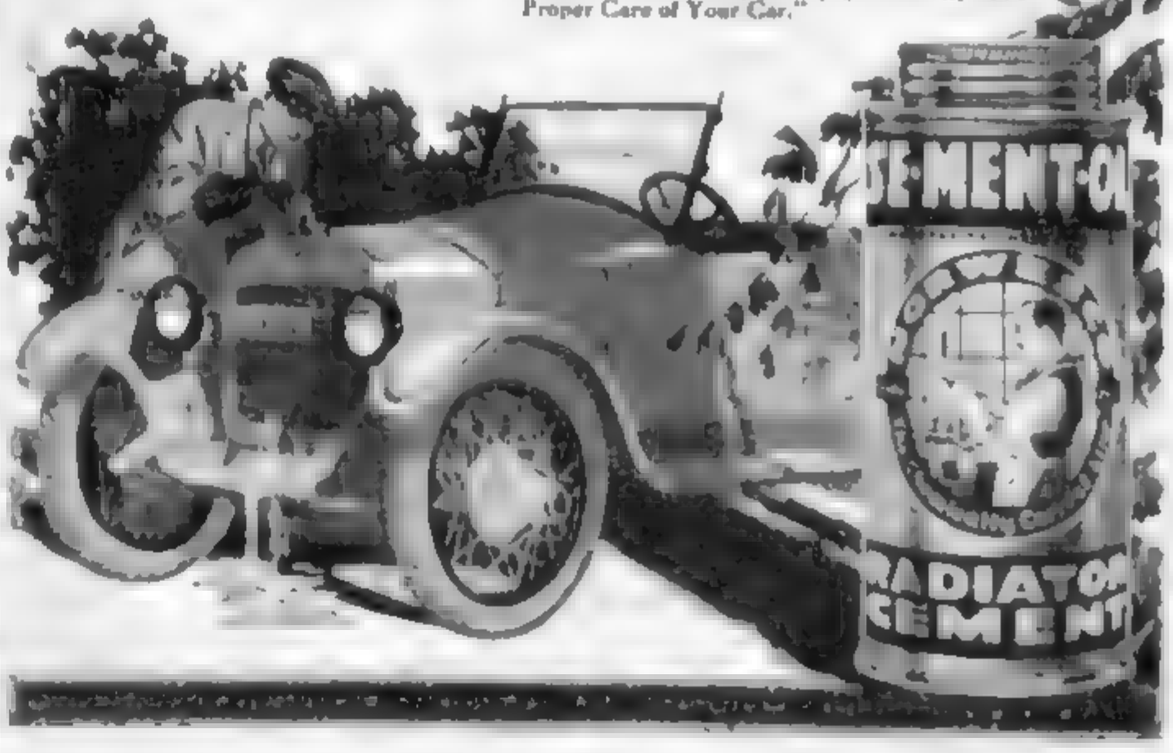
SE-MENT-OL, just poured into the radiator, fixes the leak *permanently*. Sure as solder and far cheaper—does not lay up the car. Cannot clog or injure any part of cooling system. Price 75 cents. Canada, 85 cents.

Other Norwesco products are SKALEX, the radiator cleaner—CARBONOX, the carbon remover—NORWESCO Top and Upholstery Dressings—UTILITY BLACK, for touching up metal parts—NORWESCO Valve Grinding Compound. They are sold by most hardware and accessory dealers and garage men.*

NORWESCO
The Chemically Correct Line

The Northwestern Chemical Co.
103 State St. Marietta, Ohio, U. S. A.

*Ask your dealer for Norwesco products and write to us for the twenty-four page booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Car."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Look for this Label in your Raynster

A Service Label

Uncle Sam sees that every soldier has a raincoat. Where's yours?

If you want the best in weather proof coats, get a Raynster. Buy it by name. Look for the label in the collar. That label is your assurance of satisfactory wear. It means full service — backed by the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

The Raynster label marks the largest line of weather proof clothing made. Raynsters include heavy, rubber-surfaced coats for outdoor workers; slip-ons; feather-weight silks; smart cloth coats—weather proof garments for all purposes for men, women, boys and girls.

Ask for your Raynster by name at any good clothing store. Write for the illustrated Raynster Style Book.

United States Rubber Company

Clothing Division
New York and Boston

CALL FOR MR. KEEFE!

(Continued from Page 4)

CHICAGO, June 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the clubs east and Rowland left me home because my old souper is sore again and besides I had to register yesterday for the draft. They was a big crowd down to the place we registered and you ought to seen them when I come in. They was all trying to get up close to me and I was afraid some of them would get hurt in the jam. All of them says "Hello Jack" and I give them a smile and shook hands with about a dozen of them. A man hates to have everybody stareing at you but you got to be pleasant or they will think you are swelled up and besides a man can afford to put themself out a little if its going to give the boys any pleasure.

I don't know how they done with you Al but up here they give us a card to fill out and then they give us another one to carry around with us to show that we been registered and what our number is. I had to put down my name on the first card and my age and where I live and the day I was born and what month and etc. Some of the questions was crazy like "Was I a natural born citizen?" I wonder what they think I am. Maybe they think I fell out of a tree or something. Then I had to tell them I was born in Bedford, Ind. and it asked what I done for a liveing and I put down that I was a pitcher but the man made me change it to ball player and then I had to give Comiskey's name and address and then name the people that was dependent on me so I put down a wife and one child.

And the next question was if I was married or single. I supposed they would know enough to know that a man with a wife dependent on him was probably married. Then it says what race and I had a notion to put down "pennant" for a joke but the man says to put down white. Then it asked what military service had I had and of course I says none and then come the last question Did I claim exemption and what grounds so the man told me to write down married with dependents.

Then the man turned over to the back of the card and wrote down about my looks. Just that I was tall and medium build and brown eyes and brown hair. And the last question was if I had lost an arm or leg or hand or foot or both eyes or was I other wise disabled so I told him about my arm being sore and thats why I wasn't east with the club but he didn't put it down. So thats all they was to it except the card he give me with my number which is 8403.

It looks to me like it was waisting a mans time to make you go down there and wait for your turn when they know you are married and got a kid or if they don't know it they could call up your home or the ball park and find it out but of course if they called up my flat when I or Florrie wasn't there they wouldn't get nothing but a bunch of Swede talk that they couldn't nobody understand and I don't believe the girl knows herself what she is talking about over the phone. She can talk english pretty good when shes just talking to you but she must think all the phone calls is long distance from Norway because the minute she gets that reciever up to her ear you can't hardly tell the difference between she and Hughey Jennings on the coaching line.

I told Florrie I said "This girl could make more then $8.00 per week if she would get a job out to some ball park as announcer and announce the batterys and etc. She has got the voice for it and she would be right in a class with the rest of them because nobody could make heads or tales out of what she was trying to get at."

Speaking about Florrie what do you think Al? They have had enough suckers to pay expenses and also pay up some of the money they borrowed and Florrie says if their business gets much bigger they will have to hire more help. How would you like a job Al white washing some dames nose or levelling off their face with a steam roller? Of course I am just jokeing Al because they won't allow no men around the joint but wouldn't it be some job Al? I'll say so.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, June 21.

DEAR AL: Well Al I suppose you read in the paper the kind of luck I had yesterday but of course you can't tell nothing from what them dam reporters write and if they know how to play ball why aint they playing it instead of trying to write funny stuff about the ball game but at that some of it is funny Al because its so rotten its good. For inst. one of them had it in the paper this morning that I flied out to Speaker in that seventh inning. Well listen Al I hit that ball right on the pick and it went past that shortstop so fast that he didn't even have time to wave at it and if Speaker had of been playing where he belongs that ball would of went between he and Graney and bumped against the wall. But no. Speakers laying about ten feet back of second base and over to the left and of course the ball rides right to him and there was the whole ball game because that would of drove in 2 runs and made them play different then they did in the eigth. If a man is supposed to be playing center field why don't he play center field and of course I thought he was where he ought to been or I would of swung different.

Well the eigth opened up with the score 1 and 1 and I get 2 of them out but I got so much stuff I can't stick it just where I want to and I give Chapman a base on balls. At that the last one cut the heart of the plate but Evans called it a ball. Evans lives in Cleveland. Well I said "All right Bill you won't have to go to war. You couldn't pass the eye test." So he says "You must of read that one in a book." "No" I said "I didn't read it in no book either."

So up comes this Speaker and I says "What do you think you are going to do you lucky stiff?" So he says "I'm going to hit one where theys nobody standing in the way of it." I said "Yes you are." But I had to hold Chapman up at first base and Schalk made me waist 2 thinking Chapman was going and then of course I had to ease up and Speaker cracked one down the first base line but Gandil got his glove on it and if he hadn't of messed it all up he could of beat Speaker to the bag himself but instead of that they all started to ball me out for not covering. I told them to shut their mouth. Then Roth come up and I took a half wind up because of course I didn't think Chapman would be enough of a bone head to steal third with 2 out but him and Speaker pulled a double steal and then Rowland and all of them begin to yell at me and they got my mind off of what I was doing and then Schalk asked for a fast one though he said afterwards he didn't but I would of made him let me curve the ball if they hadn't got me all nervous yelling at me. So Roth hit one to left field that Jackson could of caught in his hip pocket if he had been playing right. So 2 runs come in and then Rowland takes me out and I would of busted him only for makeing a seen on the field.

I said to him "How can you expect a man to be at his best when I have not worked for a month?" So he said "Well it will be more than a month before you will work for me again." "Yes" I said "because I am going to work for Uncle Sam and join the army." "Well," he says "you won't need no steel helmet." "No" I said "and you wouldn't either." Then he says "I'm afraid you won't last long over there because the first time they give you a hand grenade to throw you will take your wind up and loose a hand." So I said "If Chapman is a smart ball player why and the hell did he steal third base with 2 out?" He couldn't answer that but he says "What was you doing all alone out in No Mans Land on that ball of Speakers to Gandil?" So I told him to shut up and I went in the club house and when he come in I didn't speak to him or to none of the rest of them either.

Well Al I would quit right now and go up to Fort Sheridan and try for a captain only for Florrie and little Al and of course if it come to a show down Comiskey would ask me to stick on acct. of the club being in the race and it wouldn't be the square thing for me to walk out on him when he has got his heart set on the pennant.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, July 5.

FRIEND AL: Just a few lines Al to tell you how Florrie is getting along and I bet you will be surprised to hear about it. Well Al she paid me back my $100.00 day before yesterday and she showed me their figures for the month of June and I don't know if you will beleive it or not but she and Miss Nevins cleared $400.00 for the month or $200.00 a peace over and above all expenses and she says the business will be even better in the fall and winter time on

(Continued on Page 80)

The Last S. O. S.

Time to leave ship. Going down by the bow. Boilers awash. But wireless still working!—thanks to the Gould Storage Battery installed for such an emergency.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

TRADE MARK

Gould Dreadnaught Plates are the *original* super-hard plates that have been the basis of *Gould Quality* for 10 years and have never been successfully imitated. The difference in durability between Gould Dreadnaught Plates and ordinary plates is as marked as the difference between ordinary steel and chrome-nickel steel. The hardness of the Dreadnaught Plate reduces disintegration from overcharge and severe service to the minimum. The result is a long-lived, rugged, powerful battery.

WIRELESS Reserve, Gunfiring and Submarine Batteries built by Gould are known the seven seas over. They have made *Gould Quality* a term respected in the navies of the United States and other world powers.

When Starting-Lighting Batteries *built by Gould* were placed on the market five years ago, motorists were quick to say that a battery built by the makers of submarine batteries *must have quality*. Now, after years of service on thousands of cars, the reputation of the Starting Lighting Battery *built by Gould* stands on its own bottom. It has lived up to the Gould tradition and *Gould Quality*, which means a definite standard of service and satisfaction to a steadily growing army of motorists.

The Gould is not an untried starting-lighting battery, but one of the oldest. Its outstanding difference is not merely a matter of structural detail, but is fundamental. The service organization back of it is competent, trustworthy and country-wide. Put a Gould on your car this spring.

There's a Gould Battery To Fit Your Car

Gould Storage Battery Co.

General Offices: 30 East 42nd St., New York Plant: Depew, N. Y.

Detroit Cleveland Los Angeles
Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

There's a Gould Service Station Near You

Good News for Ford Owners

Yes—it's a tire—a special big one for Fords and similar light pleasure cars—but absolutely different in construction and price from any you ever saw.

We call it

THE GENERAL "Jumbo" Tire

—for though it fits 30 x 3½ rims—it has the big air space of a 31 x 4.

You'll want it on your car for many reasons. Its great buoyance will make your car much more comfortable to ride in. Its largeness will add to your car's looks—and of course the "Jumbo" tire will stand a lot more service than smaller ones.

Then it's a General Tire. That means it's guaranteed for *at least* 5,000 miles—but it also means that this new "Jumbo" tire is made with the same materials and by the same men and machinery responsible for the success of General tires—which are noted for delivering more service than we ever claimed for them—and for making many more than their guaranteed miles.

Best of all, we've been able to build "Jumbo" tires so that we can sell them for only three dollars more than the 30 x 3½ size.

This means you can now buy over-size tires for your car at practically no extra cost—and they are General tires, generously guaranteed—with a reputation of standing out among all others because they stand up.

This is good news for you. Place your order for "Jumbo" tires today. Know the comfort of using them—the satisfaction of their super-strength—and the economy of their cost. See your General dealer today—or write us.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Dep't E. Akron, Ohio

(Continued from Page 78)

acct. of more people going to partys and theaters then. How is that for the kind of a wife to have Al and the best part of it is that she is stuck on the work and a whole lot happier then when she wasn't doing nothing. They got 2 girls working besides themself and they are talking about moveing into a bigger store somewheres and she says we will have to find a bigger flat so as we can have a nurse and a hired girl instead of just the one.

Tell Bertha about it Al and tell her that when she comes up to Chi she can get all prettied up and I will see they don't charge her nothing for it.

The clubs over in Detroit but it was only a 5 day trip so Rowland left me home to rest up my arm for the eastren clubs and Phila. is due here the day after tomorrow and all as I ask is a chance at them. My arm don't feel just exactly right but I could roll the ball up to the plate and beat that club.

Its a cinch now that the Giants is comeing through in the other league and if we can keep going it will be some worlds serious between the 2 biggest towns in the country and the club that wins ought to grab off about $4500.00 a peace per man. Is that worth going after Al? I'll say so.

Your old pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, July 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't suppose you remember my draft number and I don't remember if I told it to you or not. It was 3403 Al. And it was the 5th number drawed at Washington.

Well old pal they can wipe the town of Washington off of the map and you won't hear no holler from me. The day before yesterday Rowland sends me in against the Washington club and of course it had to be Johnson for them. And I get beat 3 and 2 and I guess its the only time this season that Washington scored 3 runs in 1 day. And the next thing they announce the way the draft come out and I'm No. 5 and its a misery to me why my number wasn't the 1st. they drawed out instead of the 5th.

Well Al of course it don't mean I got to go if I don't want to. I can get out of it easy enough by telling them about Florrie and little Al and besides Gleason says they have promised Ban Johnson that they won't take no baseball stars till the seasons over and maybe not then and besides theys probably some White Sox fans that will go to the front for me and get me off on acct. of the club being in the fight for the pennant and they can't nobody say I'm trying to get excused because I said all season that I would go in a minute if it wasn't for my family and the club being in the race and I give $50.00 last week for a liberty bond that will only bring me in $1.75 per annum which is nothing you might say. You couldn't sport a flee on $1.75 per annum.

Florrie wanted I should go right down to the City Hall or where ever it is you go and get myself excused but Gleason says the only thing to do is just wait till they call me and then claim exemptions. I read somewheres a while ago that President Wilson wanted baseball kept up because the people would need amusement and I asked Gleason if he had read about that and he says "Yes but that won't get you nothing because the rest of the soldiers will need amusement even more then the people."

Well Al I don't know what your number was or how you come out but I hope you had better luck but if you did get drawed you will probably have a hard time getting out of it because you don't make no big salary and you got no children and Bertha could live with your mother and pick up a few dollars sowing. Enough to pay for her board and clothes. Of course they might excuse you for flat feet which they say you can't get in if you have them. But if I was you Al I would be tickled to death to get in because it would give you a chance to see something outside of Bedford and if your feet gets by you ought to be O. K.

I guess they won't find fault with my feet or anything about me as far as physical goes. Hey Al?

I will write as soon as I learn anything.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I got notice last Friday that I was to show up right away over to Wendell Phillips high school where No. 5 board of exemptions was setting but when I got over there it was jamed so I went back there today and I have just come home from there now.

The 1st. man I seen was the doctor and he took my name and number and then he asked me if my health was O. K. and I told him it was only I don't feel good after meals. Then he asked me if I was all sound and well right now so I told him my pitching arm was awful lame and that was the reason I hadn't went east with the club. Then he says "Do you understand that if a man don't tell the truth about themself here they are libel to prison?" So I said he didn't have to worry about that.

So then he made me strip bear and I wish you had seen his eyes pop out when he got a look at my shoulders and chest. I stepped on the scales and tipped the bean at 194 and he measured me at 6 ft. 1 and a half. Then he went all over me and poked me with his finger and counted my teeth and finely he made me tell him what different letters was that he held up like I didn't know the alphabet or something. So when he was through he says "Well I guess you ain't going to die right away." He signed the paper and sent me to the room where the rest of the board was setting.

Well 1 of them looked up my number and then asked me did I claim exemptions. I told him yes and he asked me what grounds so I said "I sport a wife and baby and besides I don't feel like it would be a square deal to Comiskey for me to walk out on him now." So he says "Have you got an affidavit from your wife that you sport her?" So I told him no and he says "Go and get one and bring it back here tomorrow but you don't need to bring none from Comiskey." So you see Comiskey must stand pretty good with them.

So he give me a blank for Florrie to fill out and when she gets home we will go to a notary and tend to it and tomorrow they will fix up my excuse and then I won't have nothing to think about only to get the old souper in shape for the big finish.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.

DEAR OLD PAL: Well old pal it would seem like the best way to get along in this world is to not try and get nowheres because the minute a man gets somewheres they's people that can't hardiy wait to bite your back.

The 1st. thing yesterday I went over to No. 5 board and was going to show them Florrie's affidavit but while I was pulling it out of my pocket the man I seen the day before called me over to 1 side and says "Listen Keefe I am a White Sox fan and don't want to see you get none the worst of it and if I was you I would keep a hold of that paper." So I asked him what for and he says "Do you know what the law is about telling the truth and not telling the truth and if you turn in an affidavit thats false and we find it out you and who ever made the affidavit is both libel to prison?" So I said what was he trying to get at and he says "We got informations that your wife is in business for herself and makeing as high as $250.00 per month which is plenty for she and your boy to get along on." "Yes" I said "but who pays for the rent of our flat and the hired girl and what we eat?" So he says "That don't make no difference. Your wife could pay for them and that settles it."

Well Al I didn't know what to say for a minute but finely I asked him where the informations come from and he says he was tipped off in a letter that who ever wrote it didn't sign their name the sneaks and I asked him how he knowed that they was telling the truth. So he says "Its our business to look them things up. If I was you I wouldn't make no claim for exemptions but just lay quiet and take a chance."

Then all of a sudden I had an idea Al and I will tell you about it but 1st. as soon as it come to me I asked the man if this here board was all the board they was and he says no that if they would not excuse me I could appeal to the Dist. board but if he was me he wouldn't do it because it wouldn't do no good and might get me in trouble. So I said "I won't get in no trouble" and he says "All right suit yourself." So I said I would take the affidavit and go to the Dist. board but he says no that I would have to get passed on 1st. by his board and then I could appeal if I wanted to.

So I left the affidavit and he says they would notify me how I come out so then I beat it home and called up Florrie and told her they was something important and for her to come up to the flat.

Well Al here was the idea. I had been thinking for a long time that while it was

(Concluded on Page 82)

Think of this with reference to the Hudson Super-Six

Fifty thousand cars sold in the past two years
Only 15,000 available this year

Thousands are bound to be disappointed this year for they won't be able to get a Super-Six. During the active buying seasons there have never been enough Hudsons to meet the demand. Imagine then what must follow this spring, now upon us, when people will want cars. Automobile production has already been curtailed at least forty per cent under last year's output.

Passenger train schedules have been cut one-fifth. More and more now will we have to rely upon the automobile as a means of transportation. There simply will not be enough cars to meet the demand. And just see how the Hudson especially will be affected with its reduced production.

Never before has it been so important that the motor buyer be so particular about the proved qualities of the car he chooses. Thousands upon thousands of the best motor mechanics have left their regular employment in the garages and service stations throughout the country to give their skill to the repair of aeroplane and motor-truck engines. The man who has a car requiring frequent mechanical attention will be greatly inconvenienced. There will not be the skilled men to make the repairs.

That is another reason why the Super-Six must be the choice car. Its reliability is so well established that buyers who appreciate the importance of having a car that does not call for constant mechanical attention will soon take up all we can build.

Review in your own mind the history of the Hudson Super-Six as you know it.

Think of what it has done as proof of its endurance. You must know intimately the performance of from one to a dozen Super-Sixes. They are always on the road. Their owners almost never postpone planned trips because of some unexpected necessity for the car to go into the repair shops. They are just like proved and reliable timepieces which go on day after day and month after month doing the things they were built to do and doing it without obvious effort.

Bear in mind that any automobile is going to be hard to get before the season is past, because of the reduced production. Then think how difficult in particular it will be to get a car of such demonstrated reliability as the Hudson Super-Six.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

What It Costs To Feed a Man

A big man at average work can be well fed on 3000 calories per day. The calory is the standard ration unit.

In Quaker Oats those 3000 calories would cost just 14 cents. In other foods the cost would be as follows:

In Eggs,	**$1.33**	**In Halibut,**	**$1.00**
In Round Steak,	**.81**	**In Potatoes,**	**.70**
Broiled Chicken,	**3.40**	**In Bread,**	**.24**

So eggs—for the same food units—cost nearly ten times what Quaker Oats costs. Meats, on the average, cost eight times as much. The average mixed diet costs four times as much.

You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one bacon-and-egg breakfast.

Then in Quaker Oats you serve complete nutrition. Every needed element is there. You serve the greatest of the grain foods, measured by every standard.

You serve the most flavory, most delightful cereal which Nature has created.

Serve in big dishes. Make it the entire breakfast. A multiplied cost can buy nothing comparable.

Then see what flavor it adds to your flour foods. Every pound thus used saves a pound of wheat, and it makes the foods more inviting. See the recipes in each package.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats because of its wondrous flavor. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the rich plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These luscious flakes cost no extra price.

And they have made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over.

12c and 30c per package in the United States, except in far West and South where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
[illegible]
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of [illegible] stand until lukewarm. [illegible] which has been [illegible] with [illegible] Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

[illegible] 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, [illegible] butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Concluded from Page 80

all O. K. for Florrie to earn a little money in the summer when I was tied up with the club it would be a whole lot better if we was both free after the season so as we could take little Al and go on a trip somewheres or maybe spend the winter in the south but of course if she kept a hold of her share in the business she couldn't get away so the best thing would be to sell out to Miss Nevins for a good peace of money and we could maybe buy us a winter home somewheres with what she got and whats comeing to me in the worlds serious.

So when Florrie got home I put it up to her. I said "Florrie I'm sick in tired of haveing you tied up in business because it don't seem right for a married woman to be in business when their husbands in the big league and besides a womans place is home especially when they got a baby so I want you to sell out and when I get my split of the worlds serious we will go south somewheres and buy a home."

Well she asked me how did I come out with the affidavit. So I said "The affidavit is either here nor there. I am talking about something else" and she says "Yes you are." And she says "I been worring all day about that affidavit because if they find out about it what will they do to us." So I said "You should worry because if this board won't excuse me I will go to the Dist. board and mean while you won't be earning nothing because you will be out of business." Well Al she had a better idea then that. She says "No I will hold on to the business till you go to the Dist. board and then if they act like they wouldn't excuse you you can tell them I am going to sell out. And if they say all right I will sell out. But if they say its to late why then I will still have something to live on if you have to go."

So when she said that about me haveing to go we both choked up a little but pretty soon I was O. K. and now Al it looks like a cinch I would get my exemptions from the Dist. board because if Florrie says she wants to sell out they can't stop her.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al its all over. The Dist. board won't let me off and between you and I Al I am glad of it and I only hope I won't have to go before I have had a chance at the worlds serious.

My case come up about noon. One of the men asked me my name and then looked over what they had wrote down about me. Then he says "Theys an affidavit here that says your wife and child depends on you. Is that true?" So I said yes it was and he asked me if my wife was in business and I said yes but she was thinking about selling out. So he asked me how much money she made in her business. I said "You can't never tell. Some times its so much and other times different." So he asked me what the average was and I said it was about $250.00 per month. Then he says "Why is she going to sell out?" I said "Because we don't want to live in Chi all winter" and he said "You needn't to worry." Then he said "If she makes $250.00 per month how do you figure she is dependent on you?" So I said "Because she is because I pay for the rent and everything." And he asked me what she done with the $250.00 and I told him she spent it on clothes.

So he says "$250.00 per month on clothes. How does she keep warm this weather?" I said "I guess they don't nobody have no trouble keeping warm in August." Then he says "Look here Keefe this affidavit mitigates against you. We will have to turn down your appeal and I guess your wife can take care of herself and the boy." I said "She can't when she sells out." "Well" he said "you tell her not to sell out. It may be hard for her at first to sport herself and the boy on $250.00 but if the worst comes to the worst she can wear the same shoes twice and she will find them a whole lot more comfortable the second time." So I said "She don't never have no trouble with her feet and if she did I guess she knows how to fix them."

Florrie was waiting for me when I got home. "Well" I said "now you see what your dam beauty parlor has done for us." And then she seen what had happened and begin to cry and of course I couldn't find no more fault with her and I called up the ball park and told them I was sick and wouldn't show up this P. M. and I and Florrie and little Al stayed home together and talked. That is little Al done all the talking. I and Florrie didn't seem to have nothing to say.

Tomorrow I am going to tell them about it over to the ball park. If they can get me off till after the worlds serious all right. And if they can't all right to.

Your old pal, JACK.

P. S. Washington comes tomorrow and I am going to ask Rowland to leave me pitch. The worst I can get is a tie. They scored a run in St. Louis yesterday and that means they are through for the week.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.

DEAR AL: Well Al the one that laughs last gets all the best of it. Wait till you hear what come off today.

When I come in the club house Rowland and Gleason was there all alone. I told them hello and was going to spring the news on them but when Rowland seen me he says "Jack I got some bad news for you." So I said what was it. So he says "The boss sold you to Washington this morning."

Well Al at first I couldn't say nothing and I forgot all about that I wanted to tell them. But then I remembered it again and here is what I pulled. I said "Listen Manager I beat the boss to it." "What do you mean?" he said so I said "I'm signed up with Washington all ready only I aint signed with Griffith but with Uncle Sam." Thats what I pulled on them Al and they both got it right away. Gleason jumped up and shook hands with me and so did Rowland and then Rowland said he would have to hurry up in the office and tell the Old Man. "But wait a minute" I said. "I am going to quit you after this game because I don't know when I will be called and theys lots of things I got to fix up." So I stopped and Rowland asked me what I wanted and I said "Let me pitch this game and I will give them the beating of their life."

So him and Gleason looked at each other and then Rowland says "You know we can't afford to loose no ball games now. But if you think you can beat them I will start you."

So then he blowed and I and Gleason was alone.

"Well kid" he says "you make the rest of us look like a monkey. This game ain't nothing compared to what you are going to do. And when you come back they won't be nothing to good for you and your kid will be proud of you because you went while a whole lot of other kids dads stayed home."

So he patted me on the back and I kind of choked up and then the trainer come in and I had him do a little work on my arm.

Well Al you will see in the paper what I done to them. Before the game the boss had told Griffith about me and called the deal off. So while I was warming up Griffith come over and shook hands. He says "I would of like to had you but I am a good looser." So I says "You ought to be." So he couldn't help from laughing but he says "When you come back I will go after you again." I said "Well if you don't get somebody on the club between now and then that can hit something besides fouls I won't come back." So he kind of laughed again and walked away and then it was time for the game.

Well Al the official scorer give them 3 hits but he must be McMullins brother in law or something because McMullin ought to of throwed Milan out from here to Berlin on that bunt. But any way 3 hits and no runs is pretty good for a finish and between you and I Al I feel like I got the last laugh on Washington and Rowland to.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.

FRIEND AL: Just time for a few lines while Florrie finishs packing up my stuff. I leave with the bunch tomorrow A. M. for Camp Grant at Rockford. I don't know how long we will stay there but I suppose long enough to learn to talk German and shoot and etc.

We just put little Al to bed and tonight was the first time we told him I was going to war. He says "Can I go to daddy?" Hows that for a 3 year old Al?

Well he will be proud of me when I come back and he will be proud of me if I don't come back and when he gets older he can go up to the kids that belong to some of these left handers and say "Where and the hell was your father when the war come off?"

Good by Al and say good by to Bertha for me. Your pal,

JACK.

P. S. I won't be in the serious against New York but how about the real worlds serious Al? Won't I be in that? I'll say so.

She loves it on her bread!

It brings red cheeks back too!

Children devour it on toast, in sandwiches — and with every appetizing mouthful you are giving them good, solid nourishment.

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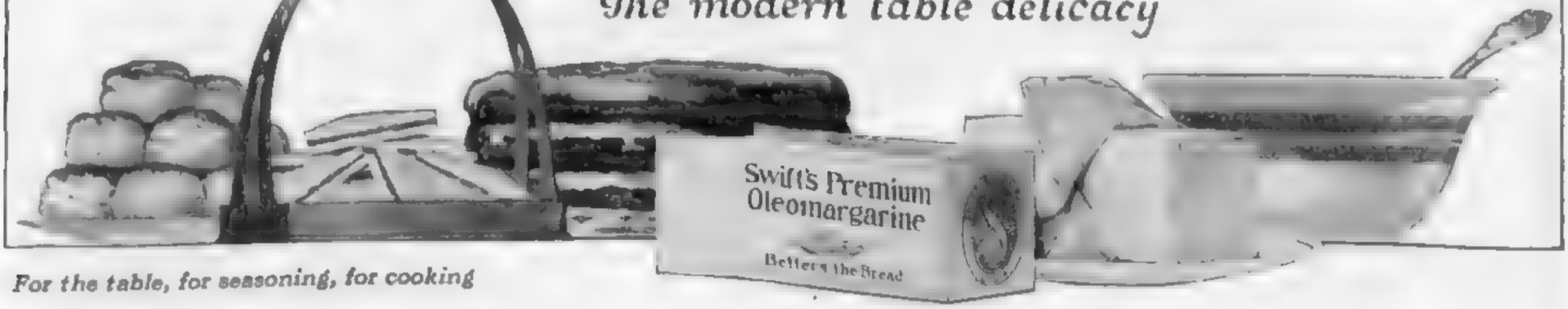
Swift's Premium Oleomargarine

The modern table delicacy



For the table, for seasoning, for cooking

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THINK of the tremendous and constantly varying pressure which the spark plugs must stand in the engines that drive the war tanks.

As it rears and plunges over trenched and shell torn ground, the load which the motor must pull is terrific or negligible in rapid succession.

The spark plugs in that motor must be a rare combination of efficiency and durability—must exhibit unfailing dependability.

The world holds no finer example of utter dependability than Champion Spark Plugs which supply the spark of life to an overwhelming majority of all the gasoline motors in use in the world today.

It takes over a million Champions every ten working days to supply the world-wide demand for dependability in spark plugs.

When you want to equip your motor dependably, see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

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For high powered cars
$1.25

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Office: Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

SUBMARINE AGAINST SUBMARINE

(Continued from Page 6)

he stood at the periscope. There was a loud long hiss of compressed air expanding as it drove the torpedo from the tube. Nothing more than this.

It seemed odd to realize that the crew of a submarine, excepting only the commander at the periscope, never sees the destruction it wreaks, nor is aware of what happens until told. Sometimes they feel the shock of the explosion when the torpedo strikes a ship, but even this is curiously uncertain. A commander who had scored the fine total of twelve hits with torpedoes said of his own experience:

"In every case the sound of the explosion varied. In some instances it was very violent, a loud crack or a heavy rumbling, in others a slight thud barely audible against the boat's side. A big explosion might be seen through the periscope and nothing at all heard inside the boat."

Having done her best to make a bull's-eye on the destroyer, P 76 blew her ballast tanks and rose to the surface, poking up a dripping bridge while the water gushed from her lean sides. The destroyer signaled a bit, and the youthful commander grinned as he stamped on the steel deck to warm his freezing toes. Another dive and a second shot and the practice run would be finished. The other submarine suddenly appeared from the depths, no more than a few hundred feet away, and her skipper bawled through a megaphone that his torpedo had gone wild and he would have to muck round and wait until they found the bally thing. What about a round of golf, said he, the first free afternoon in port? Nothing like it to buck a man up and limber his legs after being cooped up in one of these tin boxes.

Down below, the navigating officer and the engineer pulled their mufflers round their chins and agreed that the weather was a bit frosty. They seemed wistfully pleased to have a visitor aboard as an uncommon diversion and raked their memories for stories worth setting down in a notebook.

"I can't say I'm fond of browsin' round among a lot of mines," casually observed the navigator. "One isn't always sure where they are. We fouled a mine a month or so ago, and it made me nervous to hear the thing go bumping along our side. It was very apt to go off, you know. In fact, that was what it was there for. We came to the top in rather a hurry and the mine followed us, as sociable as a kitten. It floated in our wake until a gunner blew it up. Our propeller had been caught in the mooring rope, I fancy, and wangled it about until the mooring parted. It made the crew a trifle jumpy, but you couldn't really blame them, could you?"

A Sensational Stunt

"Mines are a nuisance," agreed the engineer; "but it's almost as much of a bore to be bombed and shot at by your own people. That is bound to occur, of course. They can't be expected to wait and exchange photographs or ask you the time of day. They have a sort of Donnybrook Fair doctrine about a submarine. If you see a head, hit it. A light cruiser squadron took a look-see at us, and there was no time to make a recognition signal. We dived sixty feet and hunted a hole, but these energetic cruisers passed over us as we were going down and you could hear the beat of their screws. The beggars began to waste depth charges on us, we still diving like a rabbit. There was the devil of an explosion, which broke the lamp glasses in the boat and put out about fifty lights. We were getting properly fed up with the thing, so we blew rapidly and came to the surface. The skipper flew up to the top of the conning tower and frantically waved a white ensign just as they began shooting at him. A keen lot, those light cruisers; but their manners are rotten. They lacked the decency to signal an apology. Thought it a merry jest, I presume."

The navigator mentioned an exploit which has gone the rounds, more or less, and is current among naval men in the United States—the dashing cruise of the submarine commander who left his patrol station in violation of orders and followed the German destroyers through the secret channel of their own mine field and entered a hostile port somewhere on the North Sea coast. There he came up for a squint and saw a large and elegant ocean-going submarine just returning from a voyage, crew cheering on deck, people waving welcomes from the shore. He interfered with the celebration by blowing the submarine to hell-and-gone with a torpedo; and then miraculously found his way out through the mine field again. German destroyers, trawlers, sweepers and what not swarmed out after him, and he was compelled to snuggle on the bottom all day, while the wires and chains and grapples were scraping his hull. A sensational stunt, but not recommended as a safe precedent for other commanders, because the hero was reprimanded for leaving his station, though his own superior officer commented, by way of extenuation:

"Lieutenant —— is a very able and gallant submarine officer, and while there is no possible excuse for his having disregarded his orders and proceeded to ——, it is submitted that his skillful and successful attack on the German submarine and his subsequent conduct, especially during the critical time when he was being swept for by destroyers with explosive sweeps, may be taken into consideration."

A Model Report

This is how the young man reported his adventure, and it is notable as a model of brevity: "Sighted hostile submarine.

"Attacked same.

"Torpedoed submarine amidships.

"Submarine seen to blow up and disappear.

"Put down immediately by destroyer and was fired at by her.

"Went to bottom in eighteen fathoms.

"While lying on bottom heard loud underwater explosions.

"Destroyers sweeping for us all day."

The companionable little session with the two young officers of P 76 was presently broken into by the summons to stand by for submerging. The boat sought the depth desired, carefully and slowly, for the North Sea is shallow and filled with sand banks and bars, and it does a submarine no good to hit the bottom and rebound like a football. There was more action than usual in this day's duty, but it may convey in some measure what the life is on patrol, cruising awash or submerged with the periscope up, resting on the surface in the darkness to breathe and recharge batteries or sitting tight down below and listening for the humming noise of a steamer's propeller and engines or the perilous swish of a sweep wire. Even on tours of a few days at a time such work takes it out of the strongest men. Their nerves cannot help but feel it, cheery and impassive though they may appear; and the hardships of the existence are certain to drain their vitality. They are most superbly doing their part, and America as well as England should be proud of them, for they are linked with the Allied cause and service.

Far more wearing must be the long cruises of the predatory German U-boat in the wide reaches of the North Atlantic during the low temperatures and heavy gales of winter. And it is some small comfort to know that the Hun suffers a little Hades of his own during his three weeks out from port. His courage and fortitude are undeniable, and no one is quicker to acknowledge them than the men of the British submarine service. Fritz would be a satisfactory enemy and they could heartily respect him if he would only fight fair instead of playing a dirty, unsportsmanlike game from start to finish.

When the commander of a British submarine turns in his report of an engagement with a U-boat the narrative is sure to be brief and laconic, wasting never a word in what he calls piffle. You have to read between the lines and let your imagination play with the circumstances. As an example, let me quote from the official records of the Admiralty:

"While diving, struck with great force another submarine, also diving. As soon as we struck I perceived the periscope of this other submarine through my own periscope, forward and to port. I at once ordered full speed and as the submarine, which

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If you don't see it at your dealer's send us 15c (Stamps or coin) and we will prepay it to any address "over here" or "over there."
IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN, BUT WE'LL GET THERE
IN THE LAND OF WEDDING BELLS
HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE
HOMEWARD BOUND
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN ALLEMAND
K-K-K-KATY
GOOD BYE BROADWAY HELLO FRANCE
WE STOPPED THEM AT THE MARNE
I DON'T WANT TO GET WELL
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GOOD MORNING MR ZIP ZIP ZIP
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EVERYMAN'S PLEDGE

America shall win this war!

THEREFORE, I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight—cheerfully, and to my utmost—as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone

The Men are Away but the Home is Protected

They rushed to the colors—but not until each one had first fulfilled a *duty* to his family. Soon they'll be in the trenches with Pershing. They *know* home is safe because they left behind them a safe, silent, steel sentinel. They chose an Iver Johnson to defend the home for two reasons: "You can't forget to make it safe"; and "It *is* safe even in the unskilled hands of a woman."

There is nothing to fear from an Iver Johnson for the man or woman who owns it. When danger comes you can instantly jump to the Iver Johnson there in the bureau drawer. Can you in justice to those you love deny them another day of the *complete* protection an Iver Johnson gives?

It cannot be accidentally discharged—you can "Hammer the Hammer." There are no levers to adjust or forget. Its safety is automatic—part of the action.

Iver Johnson Hammer and Hammerless models with Regular, "Perfect" Rubber, or "Western" Walnut Grip, are sold at all hardware and sport goods stores.

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Three Booklets Free

Indicate which books you want: A—"Firearms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

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This Iver Johnson Hammer Model with "Western" Walnut Grip has perfect balance and is a dead shot.

we had rammed and apparently overridden, was coming to the surface and bringing us up with her at the same time I gave the orders 'Hard to dive!' and 'Flood internal main ballast!' During the next minute and a half there were several blows on our port side as the hostile submarine came aft and we rose to twelve feet by the gauges. Then she apparently ceased her efforts to rise and I saw her periscope appear on my quarter. The U-boat appeared to be much down by the bows and with a list to starboard and to be sinking.

"I now had negative buoyancy and my hydroplane forward became jammed. It was some four minutes before I had blown my internal main ballast and once more regained the surface, the vessel having been down to fifty feet. I continued diving and searched the position for signs of the other submarine. I passed one large patch of oil, but could discover nothing further. About ten minutes after the hydroplane first jammed, the vessel became suddenly buoyant forward and I was once more able to work the hydroplane. Either the submarine which I rammed had fouled herself and then got clear of me or part of the hydroplane itself was carried away in the collision. I consider that the enemy submarine was sunk, because of the acute angle she took when last seen and her strenuous effort to rise to the surface. She was seriously holed in all probability, and on this account I made every effort to keep her down. An examination showed three big dents in the casing of my vessel, one on the gun platform and another on the conning tower."

This is an amazing story, if you care to think it over—two submarines nosing about in the North Sea, coming together in this immense waste of water, and the one ramming the other and pressing her under until the leaking hull was drowned. No great force is required to punch a hole in the skin of a submarine, and the crew of the British boat expected no doubt to be drowned as well when they heard "several blows on our port side" as the German craft pounded and scraped and was stamped under. They stood at their posts, be it noted, with death missing them by a hair—perhaps thirty men, with every one his own job to attend—while the submarine was executing her hasty maneuvers, diving, filling and blowing ballast tanks, struggling to crush the enemy beneath her or making for the surface with a crippled bow rudder. There could have been no fright or faltering while all this was going on.

The Sole Survivor's Story

What might easily have been the fate of this lucky submarine is set forth in the experience of a stoker petty officer of the Royal Navy, who was the only survivor of his crew. The qualities which are to be found in the trained submarine man were never more convincingly displayed, I am quite sure.

"At 10.30 A. M. on Tuesday," he states, "something was heard to come in contact with the boat forward, twice in quick succession. The engine-room telegraph rang to 'Out clutches.' I took out the port clutch and then closed the muffler valve when it was reported that the ship was making water. I proceeded forward to ascertain the position of the leak. Finding no leak above the battery board I came to the conclusion that she was holed low down. My first impulse was to close the lower conning-tower hatch and get a pressure in the boat, but the men were then going up the conning tower in the hope of escape. At this time S——, an artificer, spoke to me and asked my opinion. I replied that we might have a chance if we could close the hatch and get some air pressure in the boat. He thereupon stood by the air valves and asked if all hands were out of the engine room. I replied that I would find out.

"On going aft I found one man coming forward and I ordered him to put on a life belt and keep his head until he could get a chance to climb up the conning-tower hatch. Finding nobody else I went forward and put on a life belt, then went back and closed the valve on the air trunk through the engine-room bulkhead, as at this time I thought I would have to use the engine room as a way of escape.

"I then returned to try to close the lower conning-tower hatch, but before I reached it water began to come down through it and the engine-room bulkhead scupper, so I shouted to the hands forward to come aft to the engine room. There was no response. Repeated efforts brought no reply, the midship compartment being in darkness and partly flooded. Therefore it was impossible to discover if there was anyone alive. Beyond a low moaning there was no sound."

All hands were dead except this cool-headed, iron-nerved stoker petty officer, who had not the slightest intention of making the same finish. He was an engineer who knew every nut, bolt and gadget of his boat, and he had a mind infinitely fertile in resource. His explanation of what he did is highly technical in spots and bristling with conscientious detail. It makes it difficult to realize that he was laboring for his life in a flooded submarine at the bottom of the North Sea with a crew of dead men and no more than one chance in a thousand of survival. It sounds as if he were conducting a series of careful mechanical experiments in a perfectly safe machine shop on dry land.

"It was impossible for me to leave the door," he goes on to explain, "as it would have closed behind me and would have been impossible to open again, owing to increase of pressure in the flooding compartment. I remained there, still hoping that some of the men might come aft, until the water rose to eighteen inches above the sill of the door and chlorine gas began to come through from the midship compartment. I was then reluctantly forced to close the door and proceeded to unscrew the clips of the torpedo hatch above me as the only hope of escape through the deck. At this juncture the engine room was in complete darkness, with the exception of the port pilot lamp, which appeared to be burning through a short circuit."

Nerve and Resource

"The water was slowly rising in the engine room through the voice pipes, which I had left open to relieve excessive pressure on the bulkheads. I then disconnected the torpedo hatch from the gearing, which necessitated the removal of two split pins and the two pins from the links. Before the foremost one could be removed, however, I had to unship the strongback and wait until there was sufficient pressure in the boat to ease the hatch off the strongback.

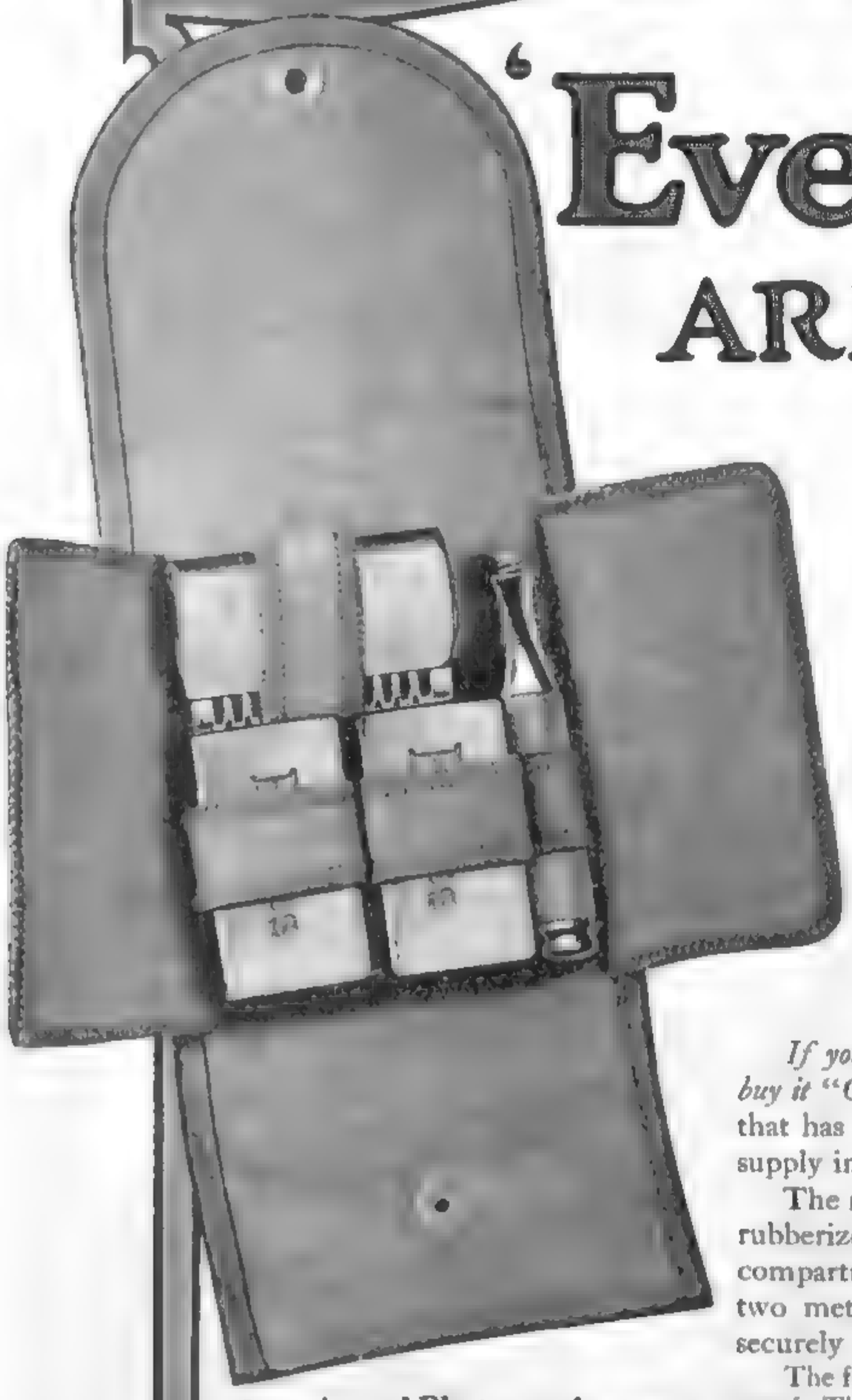
"The heat at this time was excessive, and therefore I rested a while and considered the best means of flooding the engine room, and eventually came to the conclusion that the best way was to flood through the stern tube or the weed trap of the circulating system, or by dropping exhaust and induction valves and flooding through the muffler valve. I tried the stern tube first, but could open neither rear door nor stern cap. I then came forward to the fore part of the engine room and considered the problem once more. While passing the switchboards, however, I received several shocks, owing to the water from the voice pipes running over them and onto the floor. I then came to the conclusion that the next best thing would be to try the weed trap, so I went aft again, but could not get back the butterfly nuts, as the weed trap was in an awkward position, and also water was pouring down on top of me."

This captive, penned like a rat in a trap, had tried one expedient after another, each one failing him in turn—a refractory torpedo hatch, impossible caps and traps, nuts that refused to budge—and yet he was undismayed and stubbornly resolute, splashing in the gloom to a place where he could "consider the problem once more." He returned to the hatch, crawling on top of the engines, in order to struggle with the exhaust and induction valves, but discovered that the pressure inside the boat was equalizing the external pressure and that the hatch was rising off the strongbacks.

Again he went at this hatch in his unflurried, methodical manner, using a spanner for a tool. This he had thoughtfully picked up in the engine room before it was flooded. Hammering away at the fastenings he knocked out one pin but was unable to remove the other. He then dived under water and eased the wheel of the gearing, which sounds like a ticklish bit of work in itself, and bobbed up again to find that he could now drive out the remaining pin. It was about time for him to come to another conclusion, for he now was ready to flood the boat completely. The result of his cogitation was as follows:

"I have always held the theory that the pressure in a sunken air-locked vessel can

(Continued on Page 89)



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$1.00

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Uncle Sam adopted the 'Ever-Ready' for the Army and Navy and here it is in its new service uniform.

Here it is in Khaki—snug and tight, compact and bright—ready to be slipped into pocket or corner of kit bag—light in weight, requires no space—a real aid to military efficiency.

If you don't buy the 'Ever-Ready' over here, you will have to buy it "Over There." The 'Ever-Ready' is the only dollar razor that has official, thorough and guaranteed distribution of blade supply in France and England.

The new case is made of staunch wear-resisting Khaki fabric; rubberized and waterproof, with all edges securely stitched and compartments for holding the 'Ever-Ready' frame, handle, and two metal blade sheaths with blade supply. The kit locks securely with snap button.

The frame is guaranteed ten years; is triple nickel plated and rust-proof. The blades are individually guaranteed to be the highest efficiency attained in blade making. Each blade is individually protected in a patented package that insures it against rust, dust or dulling contact.

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Extra 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades, 6 for 30c.

Sold by almost every Druggist, Hardware dealer, Jeweler, Department Store, Chain Store and General Store throughout America. Sold at all Army and Naval Canteens.

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'Ever-Ready' Outfit in Standard Case, as usual, One Dollar

TRADE MARK FACE

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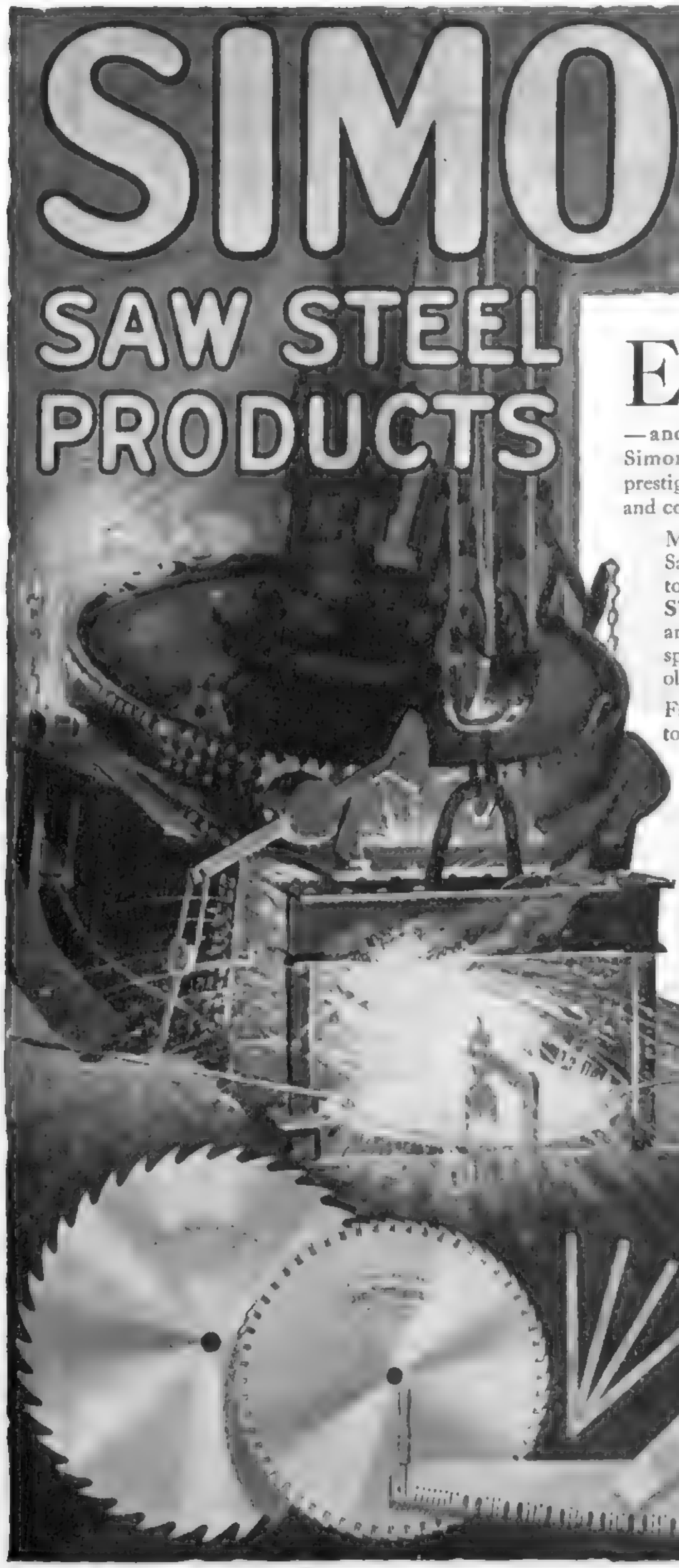

EVERY article made of Simonds Saw Steel, inherits the same dependable quality as Simonds Saws

—and these saws, the principal product of Simonds Saw Steel, and enjoying world-wide prestige, are equally efficient in productiveness and cost cutting whether used for wood or metal.

Manufacturers may have this same Simonds Saw Steel and avail themselves of our service to furnish their requisites made of **FLAT STEEL PLATES,** hardened, or tempered and ground to required accuracy—such as special cutters—machine knives—discs and objects of similar structure.

Factories and branches geographically located to serve you well. Inquiries are Invited.

Simonds Manufacturing Company

"The Saw Makers" Established 1832.

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(Continued from Page 86)

be greater than the external pressure, the deciding factors being the weight and shape of the sunken hull. I now discovered that the boat was flooding very slowly, and I decided as a last resort to open the scupper in the engine-room bulkhead. I anticipated chlorine gas generating from this water, which proved to be the case. Also, as the water came in the air was escaping through the hatch. So I tried three times to open the hatch and succeeded in raising it about halfway, but the air rushed out and the hatch fell down again. So then I dived down and retrieved the clip bolts and shipped two of them and lightly secured them to the end of the dogs, the idea being to get sufficient pressure in the boat, then knock the bolts away, hoping to be blown out by the pressure.

"I then proceeded to put this idea into execution. The hatch flew open, but there was not enough pressure to blow me out, nor yet time for me to escape before the hatch came down again. I tried once more to lift the hatch with my shoulder, but it descended upon my hand. I managed to raise the hatch and free my hand, which was quite badly smashed. I now concluded that it was impossible to attempt to blow myself out by means of internal pressure. Therefore I knocked the dogs off the deadlight and allowed the boat to flood as quickly as possible, with the idea of flooding the engine room completely and then raising the hatch and escaping.

"I allowed the engine room to flood until the water was up to the coaming of the hatch. I then raised up the hatch and escaped, rising to the surface and being picked up by H. M. S. F ——"

The narrative of the indomitable stoker petty officer ends very abruptly, but there was nothing more for him to say. He floated out through the square hatch opening after letting the compartment fill to the roof. The comment of the officer commanding the submarine flotilla is more illuminating. It sums up, in this wise, one of the most wonderful feats in the whole story of submarine warfare:

"Although the man was fighting for his life it is a wonderful example of unfaltering courage and perseverance and of refusing to acknowledge defeat. He was by himself, in almost complete darkness, receiving electric shocks and, toward the end, suffering from the effects of chlorine gas and a crushed hand; and yet in spite of continual disappointments he worked on for nearly two hours, keeping his head to the last; and at the seventh attempt at opening the hatch he succeeded, and escaped."

Explosive Depth Charges

Much has been heard of the explosive depth charge in connection with the work of the American destroyers in the war zone. This is the most effective method of attack against the U-boat, but it is seldom possible to learn what happens under water when these wicked bombs drop close to their target. A depth charge placed where it will do the most good is likely to leave no survivors and no traces beyond a spreading smear of oil. It is interesting, therefore, to learn how the British submarine feels when the Hun takes his turn at the game and lets go a few hundred pounds of high explosive done up in neat metal canisters.

One of these matter-of-fact commanders, while patrolling off the enemy's coast, "sighted a steamer. Ran on the surface at full speed ahead to intercept. When at about one mile from her, steamer hoisted German naval ensign and opened fire on us with guns of about the size of six inch. We then had our mast up with commercial signals 'Stop engines' and 'Send a boat' flying. The deck gun was manned and there were, all together, about ten men on our deck. The steamer then altered course toward us and increased speed with obvious intention to ram. We dived. By this time the shells from the steamer had straddled the submarine twice, and a certain amount of water came into the conning tower, being the spray from one shell. The boat brought up at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, badly out of trim. About two or three minutes later two loud explosions were heard overhead, evidently depth charges, shaking the boat very violently. No damage done. Dived to the southeast."

This venturesome submarine got a bit more than she bargained for and came near being blown up in very thorough fashion.

Another commander was more explicit in writing down just how it felt to be bombed. His boat had sought cover under the sea, but the enemy was annoyingly persistent and came within an ace of demolishing him. This young man had a knack of analyzing a situation, and he soberly portrays his emotions, which must have been a trifle agitated at the time:

"Personally on this occasion I felt most uneasy, as it seemed to me that we were being given away by some indication on the surface, for the depth charges appeared to be dropped with great accuracy. This was my second experience in being depth-charged, and in this instance it was certain that a good estimate had been made of our position. There is no doubt that an experience of this nature is most trying, as one can only wait and listen in silence and darkness without being able to strike back. I do not think that in the majority of cases there is any permanent moral effect, although it might perhaps affect highly strung individuals. It was noticed that for a day or two afterward some of the men started on being wakened from sleep or on being touched suddenly and unexpectedly by other persons."

Diving Patrol Service

"In my own case I felt at the time that I would much rather remain on the surface and engage the enemy at all costs than to endure the discomfort of another similar experience."

A happier episode of a boat of the same fleet is one which disposed of the enemy in this brisk and satisfactory style:

"A submarine sighted near —— Lightship, steering to the southward. I proceeded at full speed and, overtaking the submarine, got into position on the bow and fired both bow torpedoes at a range of four hundred yards. One torpedo hit, and on the smoke clearing away the submarine had entirely disappeared. There were no survivors."

A commodore whose business it is to direct the operations of a large number of submarines in hostile waters was particular to emphasize the fact that too much must not be expected of this service in the actual destruction of U-boats. What he had to say was authoritative and the result of a singularly intimate experience, and it is therefore quoted to the following extent:

"The warfare of submarine versus submarine has proved to be capable of providing no more than a sporting chance of destroying the enemy. Almost every day sightings and encounters take place, but from the nature of these vessels an attack is most difficult and hits are infrequently made because of the uncertain problem of estimating one submarine's course through the periscope of another. There is, however, a definite moral effect to be achieved, apart from the number of hostile craft actually sunk.

"The service of the diving patrols is most arduous. In summer they are submerged for nineteen and twenty hours of the day, after twelve hours of which the air becomes oppressive. They are always in the vicinity of known mine fields and in areas most likely to contain newly laid mines or those which have drifted out of position. They are harassed continually by destroyers, trawlers and special anti-submarine vessels fitted with sweeps and depth charges, by enemy submarines and by aircraft. It is seldom possible to come to the surface in daylight. The rapidly changing density of the water on the enemy's coast makes the trimming and depth control a constant anxiety. Positive results under such conditions cannot be plentiful, but these results are no measure of the work done or the risks incurred by submarines in the war.

"What is required and given by these men is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage for every hour of the time they are at sea. Two American submarine officers were recently out on a week's patrol in one of our submarines and they frankly confessed, to use their own words, that they were 'all in and fit for nothing at the end of it,' although they had encounters with the enemy to cheer them up, in one of which a German ship was sunk. Only by going on board a submarine when she returns from one of these cruises can one realize what a tremendous strain is imposed on the personnel."

You may be sure, however, that the personnel is blithe and fit so long as there is action in sight, such as the excitement of shooting at a large fat Zeppelin and beholding it burst into flames, then picking up the survivors and taking these dripping

Johns-Manville

From mine to market—
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FROM the time Johns-Manville Asbestos is quarried from the mine as a nugget of fibres until it reaches you as NON-BURN it is a Johns-Manville product. This means it can serve you on your truck or motor car as it has served for 25 years on heavy machinery for industrial use.

No brake lining is better than the asbestos woven into its fabric. Johns-Manville Asbestos is taken from our own mines and only the choicest fibres from our great annual tonnage are set aside for brake lining service. And that's what you get when you buy NON-BURN. No brake lining purchase buys greater service in safety, wear and satisfaction than from Asbestos Headquarters—Johns-Manville.

Look for it when you buy a car—insist on it when re-equipping. At your dealer's.

To the Trade: The invaluable protective features of our jobber-dealer sales policy are still open to recognized dealers who wish to make quick turnovers without sacrificing profit margins.

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NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

When you think of Asbestos
you think of Johns-Manville

"Well, you're happy now. That's fine! Waited a long time, didn't you? And if that Acorn advertisement hadn't got under my skin you surely would have waited till next fall."

Husbands! Fathers!

If you had to do the cooking, you would throw out almost 37 per cent. of the cook-stoves in use today.

Why? Because investigations show that nearly 37 per cent. of them are not even worth repairing, they are so wasteful.

Why not listen to your wife, coöperate with her; take a little time from business now and investigate your range.

Find out how much costly coal it is burning, how much it is wasting.

And costly food. How much of that it is spoiling.

You'd do that if you were running a business proposition like a restaurant.

Why not put your home on the same basis?

Equip it with the finest range that money can buy; either a range that will burn gas sparingly, or one that will burn costly coal savingly instead of wastefully.

Wives and Mothers: Fold this periodical open at this page, place it beside his plate this evening, and when he brings up the subject tell him to send for booklet describing the range you want.

TRADE MARK REG

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Made for 87 yrs. -RANGES- Always Improving

Gas, Coal, Oil and Electric
Combinations: Gas-Coal and Oil-Coal
Automatic Gas and Electric
(Servantless, Fireless Cooker)

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Please send me booklet of Acorn Ranges. I have underscored, in the above list, the kinds I am especially interested in.

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Germans into port as prisoners of war. Or it may be a fight that has the elements of old-fashioned hostilities on salt water, gun against gun, and rifles and cutlasses ready at hand, if it comes to boarding or close quarters. The submarine is a versatile creature when manned by those who know what she can do.

Of all the tales of the North Sea patrol this one is commended for variety:

"At 2:42 P. M. sounded the diving alarm, having seen a submarine about three miles off on the starboard beam. I did not get a sight of the enemy through the periscope, he having dived simultaneously. I was able to locate him by listening and could tell when he crossed my bows and got on an easterly course, as he challenged repeatedly on a sound-signaling apparatus which gave a high whistling note. We dived east all the afternoon to try to keep in touch with him. About six P. M., observing white smoke on the horizon, we stood toward it and by seven o'clock could see the masts and funnels of two steamers. An hour later it being dark we came to the surface and closed in on the steamers. There was still a little light in the western sky, but observation was difficult. We were able, however, to see a submarine between the two steamers, but could not tell which way it was heading or which was bow and stern. We stood by all the tubes and the guns. The left-hand steamer showed no lights. I fired the port-bow tube at the submarine but missed. The enemy was under way by this time, so I increased to full speed and endeavored to ram him, he crossing my bows from port to starboard about fifty yards off. Before this, when he was about a hundred yards off, I fired a gun at him and immediately there was a flash from in front of his bridge, either our shell or his forward gun. Our second round, I think, undoubtedly hit him in the hull below the conning tower, he being beam on to us and the roll giving our gun layer the shine of his hull as a target. The enemy replied with his after gun and by this time we were right astern of him, about a hundred and fifty yards, when we fired again. The enemy disappeared, the sea going clean over him as his last shot was fired. I dived straight at him, but as nothing happened and I could hear nothing I put the helm over and came up by the steamers again. There were no signs of anybody about, so there being nothing to be done, and having no boat to board the steamers in the dark, I dived and reloaded tubes, and then came up again and remained in the vicinity until daylight."

There are melancholy incidents, little tragedies of the sea which are sighted in passing, such as an abandoned Norwegian bark, water-logged, with several holes in her hull where a German submarine had riddled her with shells. Her masts and spars were unharmed, but most of the canvas had blown away, the fragments whipping in rags. She was loaded with pit timbers for English coal mines and therefore a victim of U-boat warfare.

The submarine is vigilant to lend a helping hand to seamen in distress, and often finds evidence to support the indictment against the ruthless Hun and his perverted doctrine of the freedom of the seas.

"I picked up a ship's boat containing the master and six men of a Norwegian steamer," reports a commander. "The sea being much too heavy for towing I took them on board and abandoned the boat. This operation was rendered difficult, owing to the rough water and a southeasterly gale. The ship was chartered by the Belgian Relief Commission and was on a voyage from New York to Rotterdam with grain. She had been torpedoed without warning and caught fire amidships. The boats were lowered and got clear, one of which I picked up, the other containing the chief officer and seven hands. Shortly after they pulled away from the ship a breaking sea filled both boats. The captain's boat managed to bail clear, but the other boat apparently foundered, as cries for help were heard and nothing was seen of it later. The captain's boat had passed close to a Dutch lugger, which would not stop or offer help."

It has happened that when a U-boat was intent on shelling and sinking a merchant steamer a hostile submarine was able to creep within striking distance. This is something like righteous retribution—to catch the pirate in the act and give him a dose of his own medicine. The destroyer seldom finds such an opportunity because she is sighted a long way off and the U-boat vanishes like a shadow. The submarine, however, can approach with a chance of remaining undetected. Such an instance was recently reported, bringing honest joy to the skipper who turned the trick:

"Observed flashes on the starboard bow. Altered course. Observed merchant vessel. The flashes proved to be gunfire from a submarine. Dived. Steamer had Dutch colors painted on her side and was sinking by the stern. Discovered a large submarine partially submerged, with a gun, manned, forward of the conning tower, apparently waiting for the steamer to sink. She had ceased firing. Tried bow torpedo at her, and the noise of the explosion was heard, also a great disturbance of the water was experienced. Observed through periscope that submarine had disappeared. Dived to sixty feet, reloaded, rose and proceeded."

The mine-laying submarine leads an exceedingly risky life, for her errands lead her to the enemy's coast, where she is harried and hunted and trapped without mercy. While the Germans busily sow their mines off the English ports it may be assumed that the British Navy is as earnestly engaged in the same business on the other side of the North Sea. Such a trip is usually free from monotony, and the following record is fairly typical:

"Let go last mine. Observed three vessels making a lot of smoke, as if burning oil fuel, and two seaplanes on the starboard beam, coming toward me. Fixed position and altered course, diving to avoid them. Could plainly hear vessels on starboard side, so stopped all small motors and proceeded slow. Changed course in every direction to try and escape vessels that were following me, but with no success. Heard explosion of depth charge very close to the boat. Stopped everything and remained on bottom. Could hear many vessels in close proximity to boat. As many as twenty depth charges were dropped, but none was near enough to damage the boat. Sweeps could be heard, and on three occasions something bumped and scraped along the boat's side, probably sweep wires. Two bombs were also dropped by a seaplane directly overhead."

Couldn't Fool Him

AT CAMP WADSWORTH, in South Carolina, a trainload of raw recruits arrived one day, and within twenty-four hours after their arrival one of them, a patriotic but gourd-green youth from Alabama, found himself on guard duty.

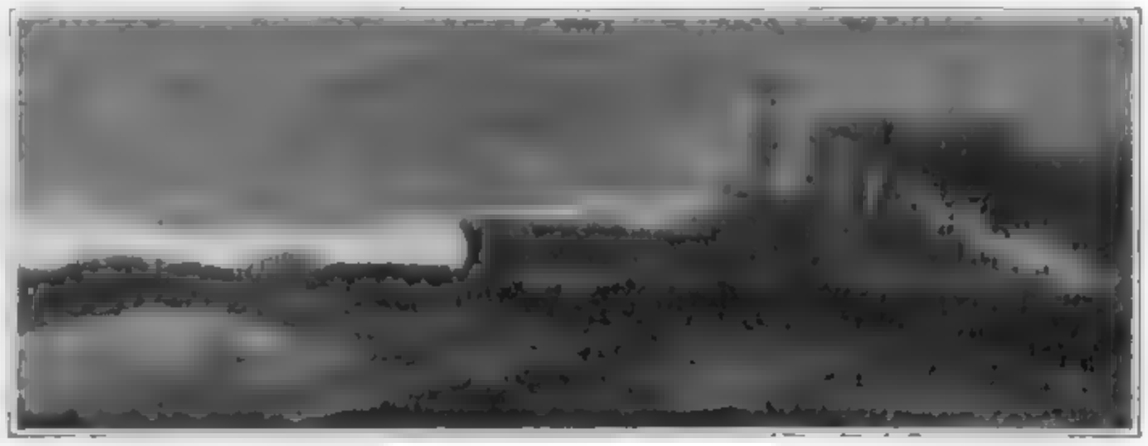
Along toward three o'clock in the morning the new sentry heard footsteps in the darkness and uttered the challenge in the language a sergeant had laboriously drilled into him.

"Halt!" he cried. "Who goes there?"

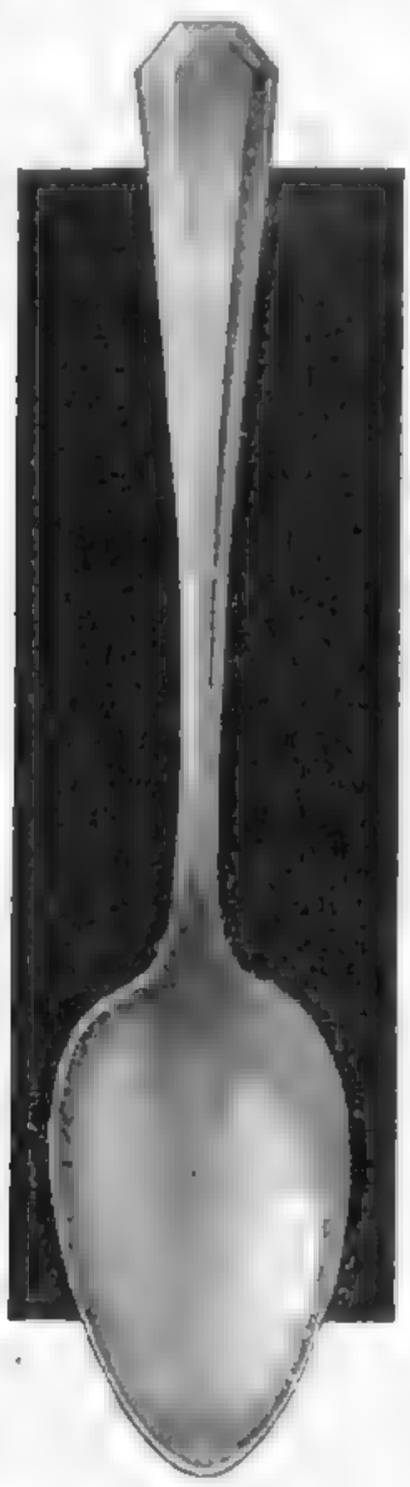
Back came the answer:

"Officer of the day!"

"Go on, bo! Beat it while the beatin' is good; and quit your kiddin'," was the astonishing retort. "Whut the hell would the officer of the day be doin' out this time of night?"



Preserving our Household Standards in War Time



The LINCOLN

A war-time pattern named for a great war-time president, unaffected, honest and direct. Its simple dignity makes its name unusually appropriate.

To be prudent, to be thrifty, to dispense with mere luxury, to so order our affairs as best to serve the common good — *this is our national duty in war time.*

But we owe it to the present and the future, to the ideals we cherish for ourselves and for our children, to preserve wherever possible the intimate refinements of the home which will so largely determine the future living standards of the nation.

The Silver Plate of

William Rogers and his Son

fits admirably the new spirit of war-time buying — makes possible the maintenance of home standards of refinement and good taste. If for reasons of prudence or patriotism you hesitate to buy sterling or *1847 Rogers Bros.* plate, you will find in this lighter weight the utmost in value, expressed in beauty, craftsmanship, utility, and economy.

For just cause it is called *"The Best at the Price."*

WM. ROGERS & SON

In Canada made by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Ltd.
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REMY

ELECTRIC GOVERNOR FOR TRACTORS

A Distinctive Feature of Remy Complete Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

This is the handy control—connected to governor by two flexible wires. Can be placed wherever most convenient. Carries lamp for illumination of work.

With the world calling for more food, the tractor must be made equal to the task. It must be more efficient—easy to operate and capable of night running possibilities. Appreciating the demands of these conditions, the Remy Electric Company set about to develop a special generating unit for tractor service.

After two years of experimenting in conjunction with some of the foremost tractor engineers, the Remy governor generator was developed. This unit is more than a conventional generator—it's a governor generator—embodying an entirely new type of engine control.

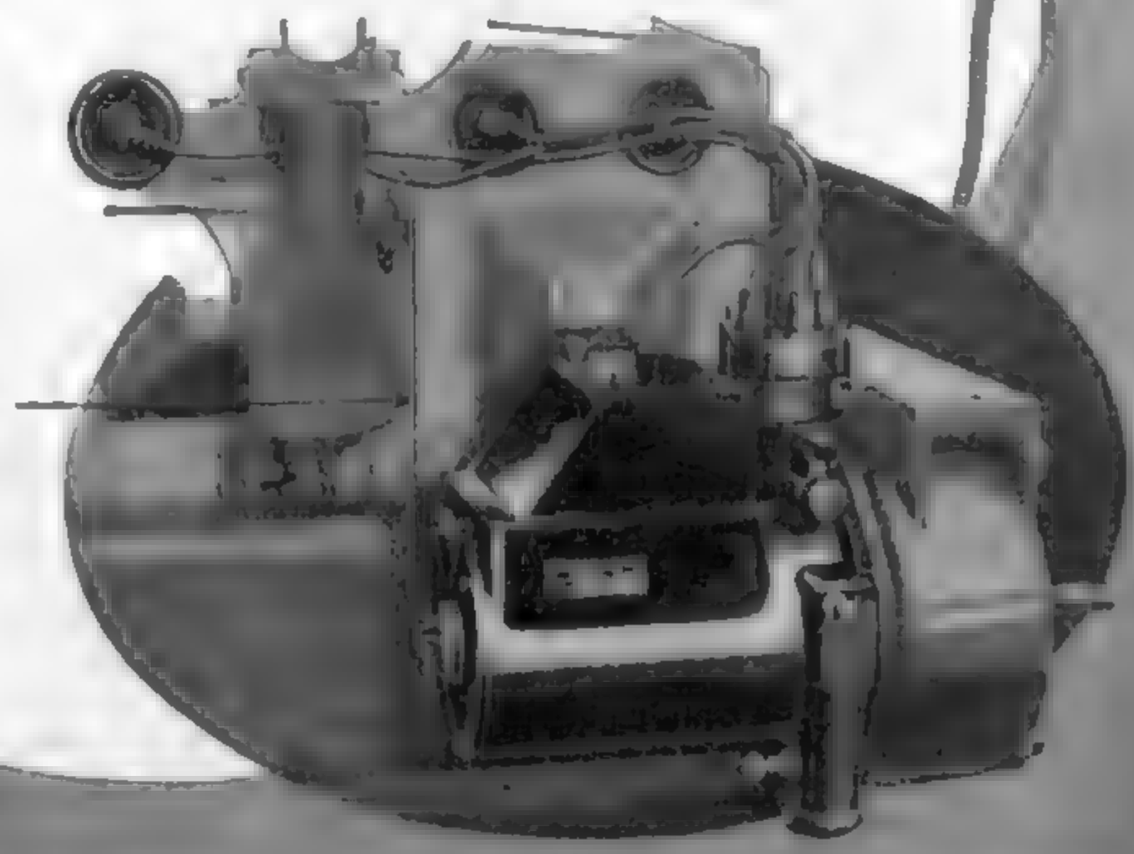
A tractor is no better than its engine control. The Remy governor generator takes care of the control problem electrically—which means it is taken care of reliably.

Some of the largest tractor manufacturers will shortly announce new models with Remy starting, lighting and ignition equipment. Our booklet, "The Story of the Electric Governor," will tell you why—send for it—it is yours for the asking.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY

Tractor Equipment Division

CHICAGO **ILLINOIS**



This is the governor generator which works the throttle and through the control is in ever-ready obedience to the hand of the operator. Any engine speed may be maintained.

THE NEW ITALY

(Continued from Page 8)

how easily it was accomplished. Every one of the corporations controlled by the bank was compelled to take a definite share of the capital stock of newspapers or periodicals in the vicinity in which it operated. This established one sort of control. In addition, many publications received subsidies from business in the form of advertising contracts. Certain German industries in Italy had their own journals. When an Italian bank or an Italian corporation so far forgot itself as to venture on its own, this venal and subsidized press let loose such a torrent of criticism and abuse that it was almost glad to be assimilated on any terms.

Italy realized her serfdom, yet was helpless. Long before the war began Preziosi, one of the foremost Italian writers on economics, in commenting on the dictatorship of the Banca Commerciale Italiana, made the following statement in his standard work on the German conquest of Italy:

"The great calamity of Italy is that this bank not only controls the navigation companies, the metallurgical and manufacturing industries, but likewise the greater part, if not all, of the industrial enterprises which specialize in the manufacture of armaments. This explains not only the power of the bank, but also its policy."

Such was the power of the Banca Commerciale Italiana. From it radiated the influence that molded public opinion and shaped industry. If the German Ambassador to Italy had actually made his headquarters within its walls he would have had a fitting background for his labors. It was the real embassy, because it deployed dollars instead of diplomacy.

I went to Milan to see this one-time financial octopus whose tentacles reached, and still extend, throughout all Italy. Its magnificent building broods like a medieval palace over the Piazza de la Scala. It has a picturesque setting. In front looms the statue of the great Leonardo da Vinci. On one side is the famous Scala Opera House with its rich traditions of art; on the other, by curious irony, is the Municipal Palace of Justice. Like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, it has "a palace and a prison on each hand."

Otto Joel no longer sits in the seat of the mighty—he died in 1916; but in his stead reigns Giuseppe L. Toeplitz. He is self-made, like his predecessor, for he rose from an obscure clerk to be the successor of the financial dictator of Italy. Though born in Riga he speaks English with a German accent.

"Is the German influence out of the Banca Commerciale Italiana?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied; "the German stock ownership has been reduced to considerably less than a million dollars. We have only Italian directors now."

"Will the Germanic influence return to Italy?" I continued.

American Capital Needed

"It all depends upon what the United States and England do," he responded. When I pressed him for an explanation he said: "After the war Italy will make a tremendous effort to increase her industrial production. She will need capital. The nations of Europe will have great war damages to repair. America, with her vast resources, will be better able to lend than any of her allies. No other country has such intimate and continuous relations as Italy with the United States, due of course to the number of Italians who have gone to America. This has brought about sympathy and solidarity between the two countries. North American capital therefore will not only find a ready and profitable investment in Italy in aiding the economic development, but it will be all the more welcome because the United States enjoys the widest political liberty, and therefore in investing capital abroad she will have no political aims. If American and British capital does not come to Italy, very naturally other countries must help in the reconstruction.

"As the world center of commerce has now shifted to the United States, the Banca Commerciale Italiana has now established an agency in New York to assist in the numerous questions of supply, transport and finance involved in the unprecedented intercourse between the United States and Italy."

Mr. Toeplitz showed me the bank, which is as big and as imposing as the National City Bank in New York. Gone is the small army of German clerks who once sat under its massive roof. They are wearing the Kaiser's field gray or sleeping under the sod. In their stead work Italians and Swiss. With great pride the managing director told me that the bank had its own electric plant. In a country like Italy, where electricity is so common, this is no remarkable installation, but it took on a peculiar significance when he said "We are independent of any mob."

Let us now go back for a moment to 1914 and to the day when Joel was enthroned and the German sat in the economic saddle. This commercial autocracy was merely one cog in a many-sided machine. An incessant propaganda was in action that reached everywhere and touched everybody. The Socialists and the Pacifists were geared up to the game. It is a curious fact that the more you study German propaganda—and during the last two years I have investigated it in eight different countries—the more you find that it always tries to coddle the peace lover.

War's Compensations

What Germany did in Italy she duplicated in varying degrees in Turkey, Belgium, Bulgaria, England, France, Brazil and elsewhere. To economic penetration was joined social relationship. It was an almost irresistible combination.

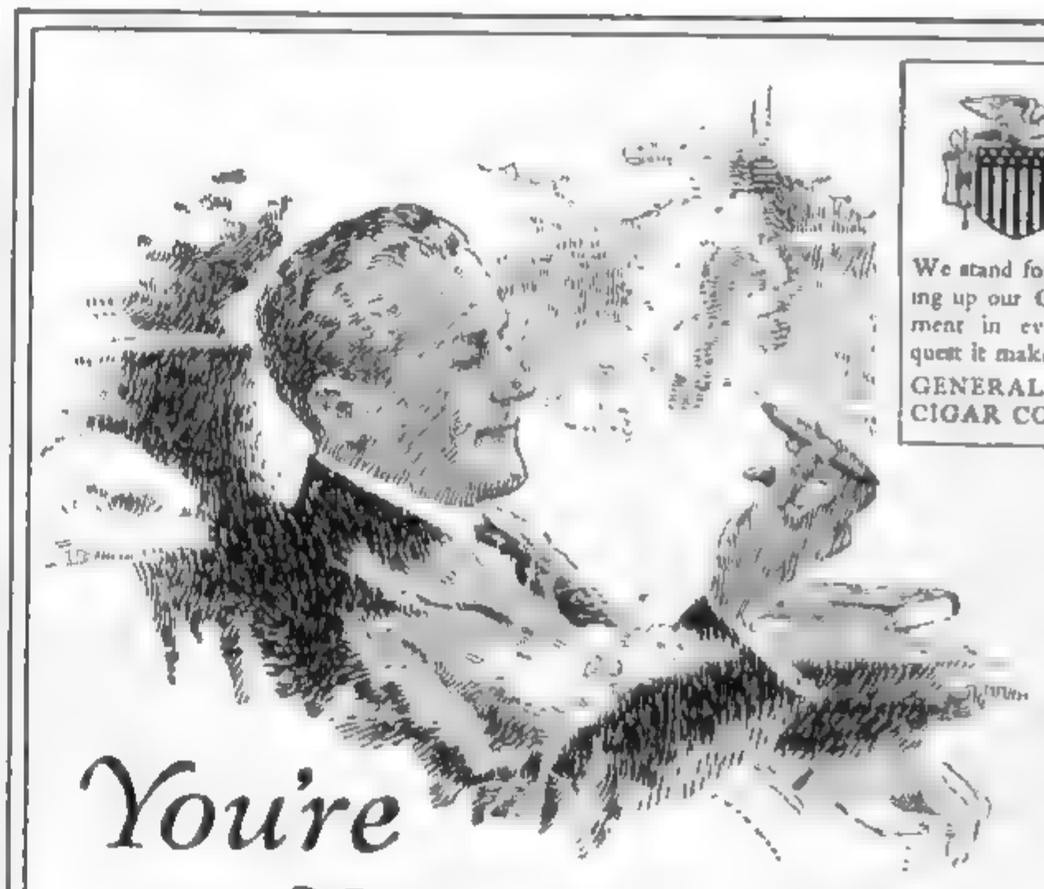
Then came the war and Germany's frantic efforts to keep Italy neutral. Never was a nation so beset. More than eighty thousand Germans lived within her borders—nearly all intimately connected with her business life. Most of them spoke Italian and, following the traditions of social penetration, had intermarried into Italian families. Italy was still hypnotized with admiration for German efficiency, and looked upon Germany's army as a model of organization. It was only when she saw the madness that raped Belgium and perceived the insanity that murdered the Lusitania that she realized that the nation that had done these things would stop at nothing to gain its end. Yet she was bound hand and foot to this modern war-mad Machiavelli! It was a terrifying situation.

When she took stock of it she found that products like iron, steel, textiles, hides and leather, which she could well produce herself, had been driven from the market by German goods. Her merchants who dealt in highly competitive articles like typewriters, sewing machines and bicycles had grown accustomed to long German credit or to having large stocks shipped on consignment and only paid for on actual sale. The banking system was under the thumb of the Banca Commerciale Italiana and, though it spoke Italian, was Germanic in scope and procedure. In other words, Germany was the staff of business life. What was Italy to do?

I need not rehearse what she did—how she went to war on the installment plan, first with the hated Austria and later with Germany. Even at war Germany got the best of the economic deal, as this incident will show: When Italy and Germany broke off diplomatic relations the Kaiser was eager to protect the vast Germanic interests in Italy. At that time a number of highly skilled Italian artisans lived in Germany. By a special treaty—"made in Germany," I might add—the Imperial Government agreed to pay them pensions for the duration of the war on the condition that Italy would not sequester German property in the Italian kingdom. How foxy was this arrangement is evidenced by the statement made to me in Italy that in exchange for pensions which would not exceed $2,500,000, Germany got protection for approximately $800,000,000 of property!

Though it lacerated the business body, the war brought its compensations. Just as it taught England the supreme lesson of thrift and conservation and galvanized France into a fresh productive power, so did it put the spirit of industrial independence into the heart of Italy. "War was kind."

Even while Germany was both economic master and taskmaster, Italy had begun to rebel against the Teutonic tyranny. Throughout the kingdom untrammeled industrial enterprise—of, by and for Italians—sprang into being. This really



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What's this? Democracy a-spreading o'er the earth! Your Uncle Sam a-summoning his young men to the front!

How can *we* help?—we who are left behind?

No end of ways! Here's one I think of quick—like *that!*

Stop puffing *over-strong* cigars that dull efficiency and weaken your physique.

No—not "swear off"!—but smoke a milder brand—a "meet-you-halfway" smoke—like Robert Burns!

* * * * *

How is this efficient mildness brought about in Robert Burns?

By *blending* and *curing*.

His Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Thus Robert Burns keeps mild for efficient men who fight—and efficient men who do their bit at home!

Have you tried one lately?

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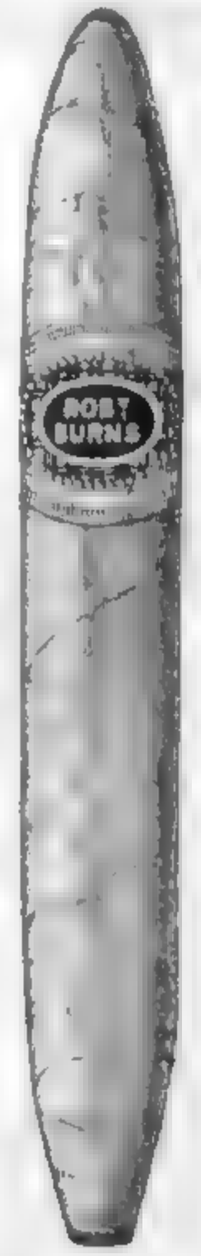

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The Miracle of the Marne

The battle of the Marne halted the rush of the Germans towards Paris. It aroused the French to superhuman bravery. They fought as if led by the spirit of the Maid of Orleans herself.

The Marne was a demonstration of the power of patriotism with its back against the wall. The same sacrifice of self, the same love of country and unity of purpose that inspired the French people must inspire us, and we must win the war.

We are sending our best manhood to fight for us. They must be armed, fed and clothed, cared for through sickness and wounds. This is the work of every individual as well as the Government.

It is the proud duty of the Bell System to coördinate its purpose and equipment to the other factors in our national industrial fabric, so that the manufacture and movement of supplies to our boys abroad be given right of way.

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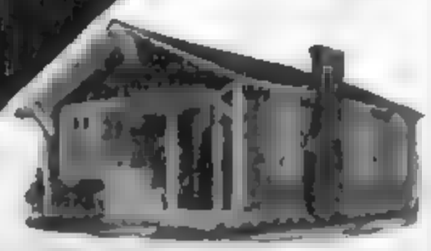

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national industry was fostered by a group of resolute and big-thinking men who regarded German economic penetration as a curse and the prosperity it begot as little short of prostitution. These were the men—and you shall now know some of them—who in their industrial patriotism enabled the nation to go to war. Likewise they laid the cornerstone on which the new Italy is being reared.

Italy, as you may remember, did not go to war with Austria until ten months after the great European conflagration started. One reason was the very considerable body of opinion in the kingdom which was favorable to Germany and which resented dislocation of the close economic bonds. The other was that Italy was not ready for war. She saw England dashing into hostilities almost overnight, ill-prepared and confronted with the monster task of providing equipment and armament at breakneck speed. Britain, however, was a huge workshop, backed up by worldwide imperial resource. Italy was anything but a machine shop. Besides, she had no coal, and up to that time had been almost entirely dependent upon Germany for her mechanical equipment.

Without genuine industrial patriotism, which now vied with the war spirit, she would have been compelled to remain in bondage. The moment that Belgium was defiled that part of Italy courageous enough to defy the German industrially in peace turned grimly to the job of making ready to defy him in war. The wheels began to hum and they sang a new hymn of hate. In Turin, Milan, Genoa—the old citadels of German power—Italian industry leaped to the work of regeneration.

Let me now reveal in terms of men and achievement the industrial hope of Italy—bulwark of the new order. You will see that, as in France, a whole new race of self-made captains of capital had been created—the Latin prototypes of the Carnegies and the Schwabs of America, the Bessemers and the Hadfields of England and the Citroens and Mayens of France.

Chief among the industrial stalwarts is Pio Perrone, who is the Krupp of Italy—head of the great Ansaldo Munition Works near Genoa. This monster establishment had an interesting evolution, first because it was one of the pioneers launched without German aid, consent or capital; second because, by a curious circumstance, it was founded by two British engineers as a workshop to repair locomotives used on the Italian railways. For years it was operated by the Armstrongs of England.

The Perrones' Great Work

One day the wide-awake and equally wide-visioned Pio Perrone, aided by his brother Mario, acquired a financial interest. They were engineers who believed in Italy for the Italians. They brought in undiluted Italian capital and surrounded themselves with Italian experts. Before long they were in active competition with Krupp of Germany and Vickers in England. The one-time repair shop expanded into a mighty plant that builds battleships, cruisers, destroyers, field artillery, machine guns and motor cars.

When Prussianism ran amuck in August, 1914, the men who conducted the Ansaldo works did a fine and patriotic thing. They knew that Germany would employ every effort to keep Italy out of the war, and they also knew that sooner or later national self-respect would dictate a rupture. Without government contract or government subsidy they started to do their part in making Italy ready. Realizing that the inevitable war would strip Italy of her men, they broke all Italian industrial precedents and hired women workers. During the ten months that Italy was neutral the Ansaldo works built more than a thousand guns of all kinds and laid down and partly completed a small fleet of warships. Most important of all, they pointed out to the government that, whatever contingency might arise, Italy had one industrial asset to hurl into the breach.

When Italy did declare for honor the Ansaldo organization was placed unreservedly at the disposal of the government. Its thousands of trained men and women workers became the instructors of the hundreds of thousands of others inevitably drawn into the work of war. Thus the Perrones were not only patriots but teachers.

Go to the Ansaldo works to-day and you think you are in Homestead or Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, but with this difference: Just beyond stretch the blue, sun-kissed waters of the Mediterranean, whose smiling serenity is in striking contrast with the titanic energy that shakes this vast industrial city. The smoke that trails from its myriad stacks is the battle flag of the reborn industrial Italy risen in protest against German aggression. Into those majestic waters where once the argosies of other days sailed forth under silken sails you behold grim gray war vessels sheathed with steel slipping down the ways. It typifies the transformation of Italy.

Dominating the whole Ansaldo establishment is the lean Latin whose energy is limitless. When Italy takes her new place among the nations Pio Perrone will be one of her leaders. Full brother to the Ansaldo works is the Fiat establishment at Turin. Here you have another one of the miracles achieved by the independent industrial Italy. It is a wonder tale of development.

Italians of Broad Vision

Fifteen years ago three men of Milan, all Italians, set up a modest factory with a capital of exactly $5000. One was a cavalry officer; the second was an engineer; and the third was a practical man of affairs. That small establishment was the nucleus of what is to-day the largest automobile factory in Europe and what is in some respects the most remarkable example of industrial self-sufficiency in the world. The Fiat factory makes its own steel, bronze and brass. In other words, all that it requires from the outside world is the raw material. The organization inside does the rest.

Like the Ansaldo company, the Fiat people prepared for the war. When the alarm sounded they had a huge fleet of vehicles ready for service. This is why Italy has been spared all the difficulty and detail that made England's war-mechanical-transport job so complicated. She was able to adopt a standardized motor truck with easily replaced and interchangeable parts. It has been an inestimable help to the war machine.

The Fiat factory is animated evidence of the fact that Italian industry knows how to speed up. When the first great Italian offensive was launched the Director of Transport of the Italian Army sent an urgent wire to Turin saying that he needed five hundred and fifty automobiles in a week. This is an order that would have been a facer for any highly standardized establishment in the United States; it was a staggerer when you realize that it was for big trucks and high-power, expensive cars. The factory, however, met the emergency, and the vehicles were delivered on time.

Reflecting the new spirit of independent Italian industry is the house of Pirelli, which has developed a productive empire all its own. It unfolds still another romance of self-made success. In 1872 G. B. Pirelli, an electrical engineer, won a scholarship at the Polytechnico of Milan for the study abroad of new industries for Italy. It was prior to the advent of Teutonic economic penetration.

Pirelli had a big vision. He saw the rubber industry jealously guarded. It was an opportunity for pioneering. With a borrowed capital of $35,000 and with twenty workmen he established a plant at Milan. He imported from France a rubber expert, the proprietor of a small workshop in the suburbs of Paris which had been destroyed during the Franco-Prussian War. After a succession of precarious years which tested ingenuity and resource, Pirelli, now aided by his two sons, Piero and Alberto, definitely established a rubber industry in Italy. It was rapidly expanded so as to include elastic thread, insulated wires for field telegraph, cables and accessories.

When the Italian Government decided to link the lesser islands with the mainland by a submarine telegraph cable, the Pirellis undertook to supply, lay and maintain these cables, and took the business from the British bidders. They erected the first Continental factory for the manufacture of submarine cables at Spezia and built a cable-laying ship, the Città di Milano. Since that time the firm has been conspicuous in the submarine-cable industry, maintaining the old lines laid down in the eighties and opening up new ones. It was the Pirellis who linked Italy with Libya. When the motor age dawned they took rank with the arbiters of the European rubber-tire business. Having been extensive manufacturers of bicycle tires they were able to meet the demands of self-propelled vehicles.

(Continued on Page 97)

Doe-Wah-Jack

The Magic Words Of the Medicine Man

The sick brave lies beside his wigwam. The medicine man of the tribe kneels over him alternately shouting and screaming, beating his tom-tom and saying "Magic Words" to drive out the evil spirits. The Chief and his council view the ceremonies, while the brave's brother dances in wild abandon around his prostrate form.

That was one of the Indian methods of combating disease.

To-day, the **modern** Medicine Man neither shouts, screams, shakes a rattle, nor beats a drum. His Magic Words are fresh, "MOIST AIR."

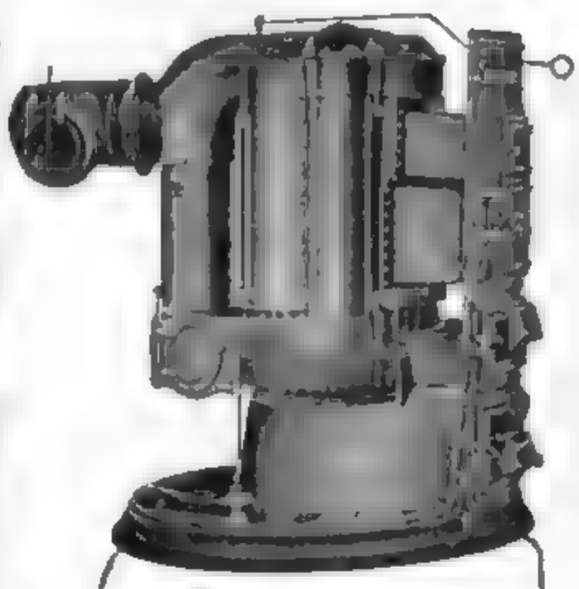
He will tell you how **foul air**—especially when **hot** and **dry**—brings about more coughs, colds, catarrh, pneumonia, tuberculosis, etc., than any other known cause.

He will say that these ugly maladies are due largely to indoor life and the grossly insanitary method of heating, ventilating, and humidifying employed in many homes.

He will also explain the relative values of humidity and how hot, dry air robs the skin of much of its natural moisture, which tends to make people nervous and irritable and results in parched lips, chapped hands, etc

Is your family exposed to such danger and discomfort? Both can be avoided for all time by installing a Round Oak Moistair Heating System.

This powerful heating system (due to its exclusive patented Humidifying Device) circulates pure, fresh, moist, healthful warm air so **necessary** to health, comfort, and efficiency. Investigate!



Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

***Comfort** Circulates pure, warm, ever-changing air free from dust, gas and smoke, at normal daily humidified direct Nature's way.

***Health** The one heating system that automatically ventilates and properly moistens the air you breathe.

***Economy** Longest fire travel ... chimney. Perfected fuel flues ... overdraw guarantee ... tion with all fuels. Absolute control.

***Convenience** Simple regulation controls entire system. **Automatic ash-pit sprinkler guarantees removal of all ashes without making a particle of dust.** Extra large ground feed doors. Burns all fuels.

***Durability** Materials used stand ... Although necessarily ... bringing great strength. **Renders more than a generation of Supreme Service.**

ROUND OAK Moistair Heating System

The Only Heating System That Automatically Ventilates and Humidifies

When you consider, also, that the original cost of the Round Oak Moistair Heating System is 50 to 60% lower than steam or hot water; when you consider the big saving in fuel and permanent daily, monthly, yearly efficiency, it becomes by far the **least expensive** and **best heating system** for you to install.

10-Day Opportunity Sale
March 13 to March 23

During this period many leading dealers will offer special inducements in terms and prices. If you don't know the Round Oak dealer in your town, write us for his name.

takes care of 4 to 30 rooms, and in combination with auxiliary system furnishes heat to isolated rooms, garages, dairy houses, etc. Automatically circulates and completely revitalizes the air in every room once every hour.

Investigate! If the Moistair Heating System will **Serve Better** than the one you have, you **need** it. Sickness costs money—in **Merchandise** as well as **Men.** More than 69,000 in use. Every user, so far as we know, is more than satisfied with its superior service.

Saves Fuel by the Ton

Because of its exclusive, patented, fuel-saving features—and because the pure, warm, MOIST air furnished by this system is more comfortable at 68 degrees than DRY air at 75 degrees—you can actually save **one ton of coal in every nine,** year after year.

Exceptional results with low fuel bills are obtained by using hard or soft coal, coke, wood, artificial or natural gas alone or in combination with coal.

The Round Oak Moistair Heating System is flexible—

Get Valuable Book and Heating Plan FREE!

With book goes a blank, which filled out and returned to us will shortly bring you a scientific Heating Plan drawn up by our engineers to meet your exact requirements. Cost of installation, etc., goes with Plan. And with no obligation to you. Send Coupon!

Clip This Coupon and Mail Now

The Round Oak Folks, 158 Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Without obligation, I would appreciate receiving your Little book, which explains the advantages of Round Oak Moistair Heating System.

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Makers of Good Goods Only

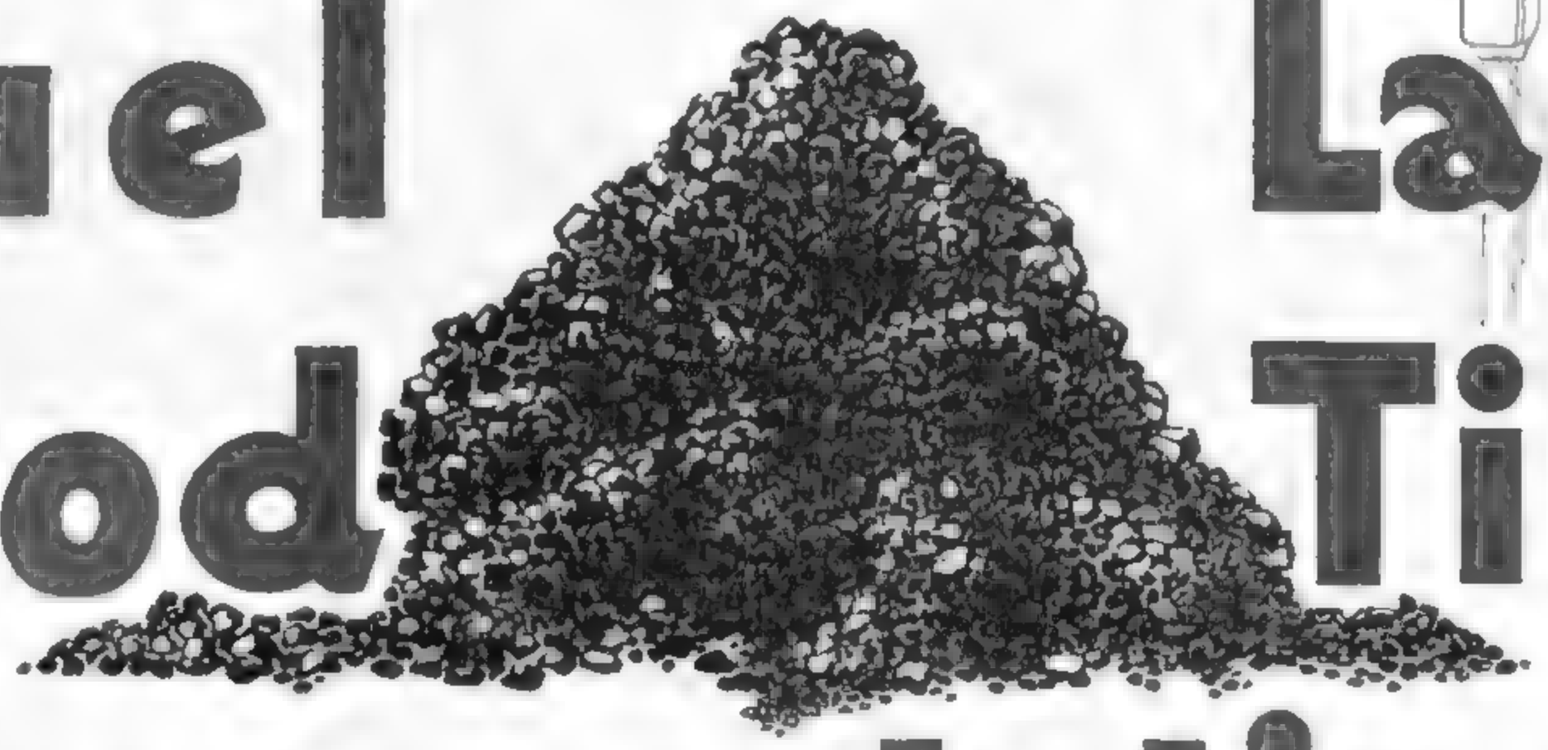
Established 1871 **The Beckwith Company** Round Oak Folks

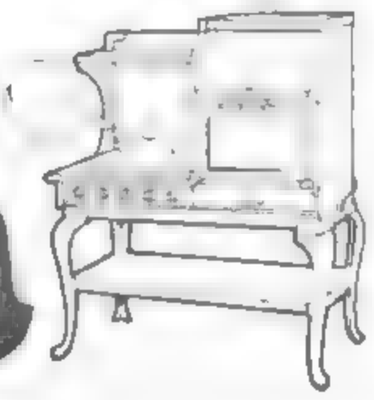
Manufacturers of the

Genuine Round Oak Stoves, Boiler-Iron Ranges and Combination Coal and Gas Ranges

158 Front Street DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Electricity Saves Fuel Labor Food Time Transportation





It is estimated that, by cooking with electricity instead of with coal, the average family of five will save to the country over three tons of coal annually.

Moreover, since the average kitchen range cannot burn every kind of coal, an undue demand is created by the coal-burning homes for certain kinds of fuel, which in many cases must be transported great distances. The central station, on the other hand, can successfully use nearly every kind of coal, and therefore is often enabled to tap great supplies of industrial fuel lying close by.

In localities where water-power furnishes electric current for cooking purposes, the family of five that changes from coal to electric cooking thereby saves to the country nearly five tons of coal annually.

Not only coal but transportation is saved by electric cooking. There are fewer coal wagons to block the streets, fewer coal cars waiting at the numerous retail coal yards. Fewer locomotives are required to handle local traffic, therefore freight yard congestion can be appreciably relieved.

Electricity saves food, as it produces less shrinkage from cooking than does any other cooking process.

The use of electric cooking ranges and of other electric household devices saves housecleaning labor and time, because it means *no ashes, no smoke, no dust.*

Electric cooking results in better food, more cleanliness, more comfort, less work, less coal, and a relief of winter's traffic troubles.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc., *Chicago*

Hotpoint General Electric Type HUGHES

(Continued from Page 94)

To-day the Pirellis regard the world as their field. Their four works in Italy are located at Milan, Spezia, Bicocca and Vercurago; they have a branch at Southampton, England, and still another near Barcelona, in Spain. Altogether ten thousand men and women are in their employ. I can give you no better notion of the extent of their industry than to say that when I was in Italy last autumn their daily output was 5000 pneumatic and solid tires, 1200 kilos of electric wires and cables a day. Each year they produce 3,000,000 square meters of proofed cloth. That the new Italian industry is alive to the needs of the future is attested by the recent setting up by the Pirellis of a laboratory of chemical and physicochemical research to be devoted to the scientific study of all problems related to their business. It is like the Institute for Research established by George Eastman at Rochester. It is in charge of Professor Bruni, of Milan University, one of the most distinguished Italian scientists of the day.

At Milan I talked with Alberto Pirelli. He is of the same virile industrial mold as Pio Perrone. Like the modern Continental industrial captain, he speaks all languages and is equally at home with French, English and Spanish. When you meet him you realize that the Italian will inevitably be a world-trade factor when the war is over.

I asked Mr. Pirelli what he thought of the future of Italian industry, with special reference to American coöperation. He replied:

"The industrial bane of Italy has been German economic penetration. We can shake off the fetters if England and the United States will help us. Without that help Italy will again be doomed to Teutonic control after the war. If America makes a favored-nation treaty with us, gives us the raw products of her mines and fields and the semi-raw products of her furnaces, we can defy the German. It is for America to decide whether she will be with us or against us. Italy will welcome her aid in peace just as she rejoices in it in war."

In the Ansaldo, Fiat and Pirelli works, and in the others that I could describe, you see the defense that Italy is rearing to resist future German trade assaults. These huge fortresses of industry have pointed the way for the lesser ones. In Genoa, Milan and Turin—the three great industrial centers—the small manufacturer is springing up. It is the sum of these small producers, like the sum of the small savings, that becomes the backbone of any nation whether with finance or industry. Italy is fortifying herself with this asset.

Retaliatory Price-Cutting

Nor is Italian resource lacking. Here is an episode that happened before the war which shows that the Latin can hold his own with the German if he tries. Roused by the development of the cable industry in Italian hands, the Germans started their usual dumping and price-cutting tactics in Italy. The director of the greatest Italian cable concern at once retaliated. He had already developed some business in Germany. He now fought the devil with fire by inaugurating such a price-slashing campaign in the enemy's country that he protested, whereupon the Italian manufacturer said:

"If you will stop cutting prices in Italy we will do likewise in Germany. If you do not we will continue to slash prices until Germany will get our cables almost for nothing." The Germans ceased their destructive methods in Italy at once.

Italian industry is learning the lesson of organization. Range up and down the kingdom and you will find a wool association, a cotton manufacturers' league and a sugar refiners' society in the South; an electric-light producers and distributors' association, a silk federation and a metallurgical league in the North. These organizations have grown up despite the German. Before the war the Teuton was wise enough to encourage them because he was often able to effect control and use them for his own ends. Since Italy went to war, however, the organizations have been purged of the Teutonic taint, and when peace comes the aim will be to keep the bars up. In these groups lies the real salvation of Italy.

Throughout the kingdom youth is coming to the fore. You must know Italy to realize the extraordinary revolution that this implies. One drawback in the government for years was the incubus of age. At forty a man was considered much too young for public office. No Italian could sit in the Italian senate until he was in his forty-first year. Most of the statesmen of authority did not "arrive" until they were old men. The cabinet, with few exceptions, has always been composed of graybeards. This adulation for the venerable so far as leadership is concerned has gone into the scrap heap of war, along with many fetishes. The new Italy will be ruled by young men of the type of Perrone, Pirelli and Marconi.

The inventor of wireless is one of the examples of the transformed Italian. The world in general and the German in particular looked upon Marconi as a dreamer of scientific dreams, more content to toy with the test tube and experiment with a battery than to create industrial enterprise. But it was Marconi, with a group of associates, who started the Banca Italiana di Sconto at Rome, which now competes with the Banca Commerciale Italiana. It is the underwriter of the Ansaldo plant and is reaching out in other commercial directions.

Italian cities have become infused with the new spirit of independence. Take Milan, the hub of the North. She is the real livewire among Italian municipalities—a dynamic cross between Pittsburgh and Chicago. After you have inhaled the sleepy air of Rome, heavy with the dust of ruins, and then breathed the zippy atmosphere of Milan you feel as though you had come into a new world of thought and action, charged with American pep.

Germanized Milan

In 1913 if a stranger asked a passer-by in Milan if he were on the right street the chances are that the Italian would have replied "*Ja*"—which is German for yes. It was instinct with him, because he was so accustomed to being addressed by German salesmen and German tourists. To-day your courteous Milanese is more apt to answer with the Italian "*Si*"—yes; or, as I discovered more than once, in perfectly good English.

Even the cabmen are up and doing. I use the word "do" advisedly. In Rome the jehu will take any reasonable fare, but in Milan, Genoa and Turin he maintains the worst traditions of his kind.

Less than a year ago a scientific congress was held at Milan to discuss ways and means to increase Italy's output in all branches of industry. A month later an agricultural convention met at Rome and launched a movement for intensive and up-to-date farming. In the midst of war Italy prepares for reconstruction.

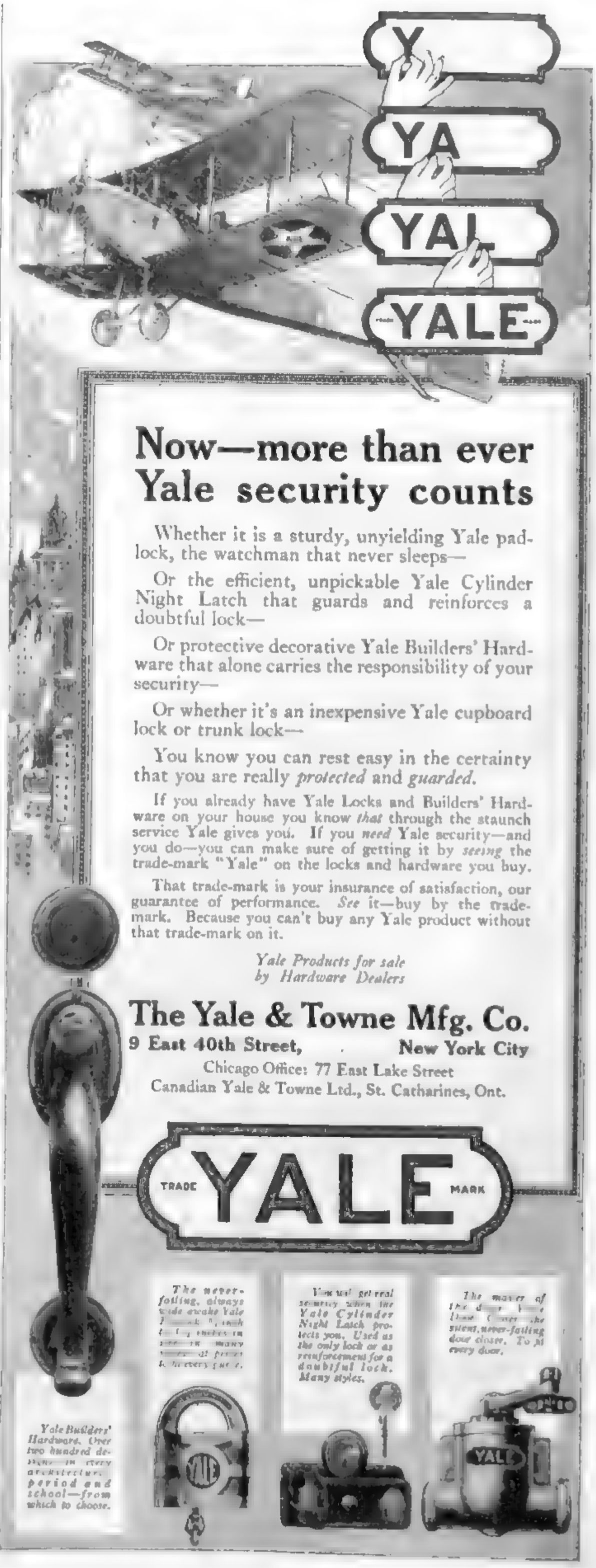
This picture of the industrially independent and awakened Italy is stimulating and encouraging, but the shadow of German intrigue broods in the background. Its propaganda is still effective, as various deplorable events prove.

The riots in Turin last August showed that German gold and German influence continue potent. I reached the scene of these disorders shortly after they had been suppressed. Nominally the uprising was attributed to the high cost of living. In reality it was a pacifist demonstration financed by Germans operating under a very thin Italian veneer. When scores of the rioters were arrested their pockets were lined with money. It could come from only one source—Germany. The one newspaper office in Turin not attacked was the former pro-German organ. It was more than a coincidence.

Far more destructive was the debauching of certain southern troops at the Front, which led to the temporary collapse of Italian arms last autumn. It is an open secret in Italy to-day, attested to by no less an authority than General Cadorna himself, that the inroads of German propagandists scattering cash as well as covert end-the-war literature among the soldiers from the lukewarm provinces caused the stampede which led to the army's momentary undoing and enabled the Austro-German drive to snatch the fruits of fourteen months of brilliant warfare.

The German propaganda that poisoned those Italian troops is seeking to infect the whole Italian mind. At more than one place in Italy I caught the echo of what you can hear throughout the United States today. It is the siren voice of the German masquerading as a Swiss or some other neutral, saying: "Why go on with the war? Germany is willing to make peace. Let us have an end of this terrible bloodshed."

The German always does the same thing in the same way. Hence the argument employed to combat the sale of Liberty Bonds


Y
YA
YAL
YALE
Now—more than ever Yale security counts
Whether it is a sturdy, unyielding Yale padlock, the watchman that never sleeps—
Or the efficient, unpickable Yale Cylinder Night Latch that guards and reinforces a doubtful lock—
Or protective decorative Yale Builders' Hardware that alone carries the responsibility of your security—
Or whether it's an inexpensive Yale cupboard lock or trunk lock—
You know you can rest easy in the certainty that you are really protected and guarded.
If you already have Yale Locks and Builders' Hardware on your house you know that through the staunch service Yale gives you. If you need Yale security—and you do—you can make sure of getting it by seeing the trade-mark "Yale" on the locks and hardware you buy.
That trade-mark is your insurance of satisfaction, our guarantee of performance. See it—buy by the trade-mark. Because you can't buy any Yale product without that trade-mark on it.
Yale Products for sale by Hardware Dealers
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TRADE YALE MARK
Yale Builders' Hardware. Over two hundred designs in every architectural period and school—from which to choose.
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ATWATER KENT
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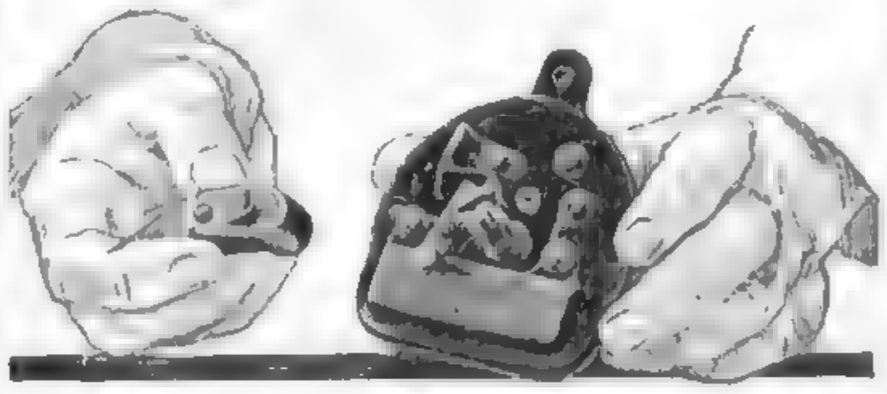

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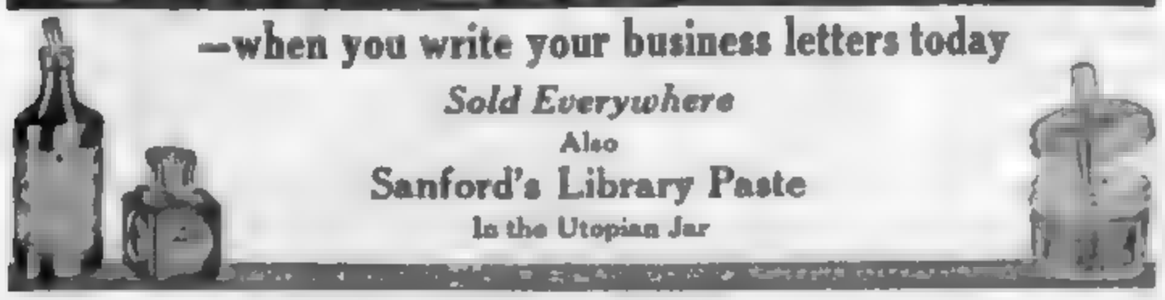

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and Red Cross memberships over here is just one other brand of the virus of discontent that the Teuton seeks to inject into the business system of Italy.

A favorite German propagandist refrain in Italy is: "England will throttle your trade when the war is over. She is making you fight her battles now. You will not be able to do business with America without John Bull's consent."

Another object of German attack is the young Italian soldier home on leave. He comes back to his little farm in Calabria. Friend German, operating as a naturalized citizen, says:

"What a pity to let your farm go to waste. Why don't you help Italy return to peace and build up your land and your bank account?"

Young Tony, fresh from the unspeakable hardships of Alpine fighting, looks at his weed-grown field and his cold hearthstone and wonders if his tempter is not right. His anger rises when the seducer points to his aristocratic neighbor, a slacker, who toots up and down the road in a high-powered motor car. America is not immune from this performance.

Happily Italy is conscious of the serpent at her breast. Her offensive at the Front against an open enemy is now duplicated by an attack against a secret one at home. Foremost among the weapons is the Anti-German League, which has a branch in every important city in the North and is now extending its work to the South. Its object is to run down German goods, rout them out of the market and supplant them with Italian or Allied products. At the headquarters in Milan is a collection of hypocritical German output—that is, articles made in Germany or Switzerland by Germans and bearing Swiss or Spanish names. This is a favorite German trade trick now and will be a part of a world-wide commercial campaign when the war is over. America can help swell the exhibit of trade duplicity.

The Anti-German League is also carrying on an intensive campaign with literature to bring the Italian to the realization that Germany is his commercial enemy, and America and England are his friends. It has circulated millions of copies in Italian of President Wilson's war speeches.

At the head of the league is an Englishwoman married to an Italian nobleman, and who is to-day as Italianized as the most ardent Italian patriot. In the drawing-room she is the picture of social grace; at her desk she is an organizer of exceptional skill and a publicity agent of rare power and purpose.

Æsop Up to Date

Commercial Italy is keenly alive to the present and future German peril. With the aid of the Anti-German League a group of business men has devised the most striking of all efforts to combat the Teutonic propaganda. They are circulating throughout Italy a series of picture postcards adapting Æsop's Fables to the Central Powers and their trade greed.

One of the most popular shows a German killing the fowl that laid the golden eggs. She is labeled "German Commerce." Alongside is a basket containing eggs marked 1912 and 1913. The egg designated 1914 is broken. On the back is the following inscription in Italian, which, translated, reads: "A greedy farmer killed for gain a goose that had laid many golden eggs. He naturally lost the fowl and the other eggs she might have laid. The Germans had in their hands the trade of the world, which brought Germany enormous riches; but these have been destroyed by their mad greed."

Another card adapts the familiar fable of the dog, the piece of meat and the water. The picture shows a wooden dachshund wearing a German helmet and tagged "Made in Germany." He has dropped a sausage, "Prosperity," into the water in his desire to get its reflection. The inscription recites this fact and then continues: "Germany lost the prosperity that she acquired with assiduous work in the vain effort to attain the supremacy of the seas."

A third postal uses the parable of the fox and the grapes. It pictures the German fox gazing at a vine representing the Allies and bearing bunches of grapes labeled Calais, Paris, Verdun and Petrograd. The text reads: "Germany, after vain and desperate attempts to capture Paris, Calais, Verdun and Petrograd, went on to say that they were not her aims."

An effective card shows the wolf and the stork. The Crown Prince is the wolf. The legend on the card reads: "A wolf once asked the stork to pull a bone out of his throat. This done, the stork asked for a fee. 'Call yourself fortunate that I did not eat you,' answered the wolf. In all likelihood Turkey and the other allies of Germany must be satisfied, just as the stork was satisfied, with having helped Germany."

The fable of the eagle and the turtle is applied to Bulgaria, the legend reading: "Bulgaria, pushed on by an ambition to emulate Germany, will pay bitterly for her folly." Since the fable tells how the turtle asked the eagle to teach her to fly and was dropped to death from mid-air, you can readily see what Italy thinks of Bulgaria's future.

Literature, however, will not turn the tide against the German. The sanitation of Italian industry from alien-enemy domination must be effected through actual physical superseding of the German or the professed Italian by Italians or their allies. Scratch most of the so-called Swiss and other neutrals in Italy and you find the German. The country is just waking up to this fact.

No phase of Italian reconstruction for the future is of such significance to the United States as the proposed censorship of immigration after the war. We have used millions of Italian laborers on our highways and transportation projects. Many thousands have gone back to fight. According to the tentative demobilization plans, they will find it attractive to remain at home.

Compulsory Use of Water-Power

After the war Italy's great desire will be to develop her own country. An inventory of labor by trades in the army is now being made. The Italians are the most efficient road makers and stone-masons in the world. Those not required in Italy will be farmed out for work in Belgium and Northern France. An eminent Italian economic statesman made the following statement to me:

"After the war Italy will need her laborers as never before. She will never tolerate such an unrestrained exodus of her workers as took place before the war. We have no desire to handicap America in any way, but we propose to make labor in Italy so interesting and profitable that the Italian will have no wish to go elsewhere."

Labor therefore will be one of Italy's trump cards when peace comes. Another advantage will lie in her unemployed water power, which will be harnessed, so far as possible, under national auspices. The so-called Bonomi Law calls for compulsory water-power development. With an intensive production of "white coal" she will not need so many millions of tons of black from the outside. Italy, like England and France, is inoculated with self-sufficiency.

Do not get too rosy a view of the future, however. Many obstacles lie in the way of ultimate Italian freedom from German economic bondage. It is comparatively easy to cleanse the stables now, but it will be a much more difficult matter to keep them clean after the war. Take the agricultural output of Southern Italy. Before the war a large part of it went to the Central Powers, who were ideal customers because they were near neighbors and practically nonproducers of lemons, oranges, olives, grapes, mushrooms, dried fruits and kindred products. To haul it, a compact and economic railway traffic representing seventy-five per cent of the transport of Italy's agricultural products beyond the Alps had been created. To wipe it off the trade map means the establishment of a whole new system of transportation. Where will it lead?

Again, on account of the high sea freights that will prevail after the war Germany will be a much cheaper source of coal for Italy than either Great Britain or the United States. These isolated instances—I could present many more if I had the space—show that in addition to the supreme advantage of proximity Germany will have many others born of immediate necessity and the old relationship. They will help her to come back economically much more readily than her enemies are willing to admit unless a substitute is found. That understudy must be trained at once.

Already England has put in a strong bid for the rôle. The British-Italian Corporation in London has a branch in Italy called

(Concluded on Page 101)

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And in keeping with this extreme quality idea is the performance you may expect from the Templar Top-Valve Motor.

It is a small, economical motor so vitally lively and powerful for its size—so exceptional in the performance it yields, that it inspired the quality ideals with which this enterprise is imbued.

Deliveries commence this month through our Dealer Organization which is being recruited from the ranks of those merchant-dealers in motor cars who may be counted upon to reflect the Templar ideals in their contact with the public.

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The U. S. Fuel Administration authorizes us to say that it considers the use of oil cook stoves and oil heaters at this time a very important help in the necessary conservation of coal for war purposes.

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The Long Blue Chimney Burner makes kerosene the ideal fuel—turns every drop of oil into clean, intense heat. No soot—no smoke—no odor. It lights and heats instantly, like gas—no time wasted in generating. Set the flame high or low, and it *stays* where you put it.

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All New Perfection Burners are made of brass and give satisfactory service for years.

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SAVE THE NATION'S COAL

(Concluded from Page 98)

the Compagnia Italo-Britannica, fathered by the Credito Italiano of Milan; which means that it has the ear of the most influential industries in the kingdom. The London and Southwestern Bank and the Banca Italiana di Sconto have organized the Anglo-Italian Syndicate, Ltd., with a capital stock of $250,000,000. In addition, the London City and Midland Bank is planning a series of branches in Italy. Over all this hovers the Anglo-Italian League, whose object is to foster trade relations between the two countries.

France, too, has entered the Italian game in a big way, for the old animosities are wiped out. Under the auspices of the Banca Commerciale Italiana the Franco-Italiana Industrial Union has been formed to develop trade opportunities. Even Russia is in the running with an Italo-Russia Society.

What part will America play in remaking the Italian trade map? It can be a large one if she so elects. No man can visit the Latin kingdom these days without finding out that the heart of the nation beats gratefully for us. The cup overflowed when we declared hostilities against Austria. It made us a real partner in the war. How can that partnership be extended permanently into peace?

The ground for the new commercial kinship is already broken. It is fertilized by a goodwill not exceeded by any of our allies. Italy wants close commercial relations with us. Thus desire, one of the first requisites in scientific salesmanship, is established.

But we cannot develop Italian trade in a big and permanent way without knowing the Italian. We have made the same mistakes about Italian business that we made about the Italian himself. Many American exporters shy at shipping goods to Italy on credit. No error could be greater. Italian commerce is so straight that it almost leans backward. The law makes the merchant honest no matter how he feels about it.

Italy, for example, has no fraudulent bankrupts. If a man avails himself of legal escape from debt, the courts mercilessly probe the proceeding. Bankruptcy is akin to disgrace. More than one Italian has committed suicide after going into bankruptcy. An Italian firm's ledger automatically becomes a court document subject to periodical scrutiny. If a merchant falsifies his accounts he is liable to imprisonment for forgery and perjury. Our court-conducted evasion of financial obligations is much easier.

In Italy a man's life is an open book from the day of his birth.

Italian Sensitiveness

With the Italian merchant, as with the French, the uninformed American exporter has made the same common mistake that has prejudiced so many foreign concerns against us. Here is a case in point: An underwear house in New York sold a bill of goods to a storekeeper in Milan. He ordered from sample and the firm's agent demanded that the draft be attached to the bill of lading. The buyer refused to agree to these terms, on the ground that the shipment might not be up to the sample.

"But you know our name," said the salesman.

"Then I suggest that you find out something about mine for a change!" said the indignant Italian as he canceled the order.

The Italian is more difficult to deal with than the Frenchman because he is sensitive, more suspicious and a keener bargainer. He has learned efficiency from the German, and therefore he is no amateur in trade. He must have long credits because he in turn is required to carry his customers over considerable periods. He reluctantly gives credit information about himself, but once having given it you can almost invariably bank upon its accuracy. From long contact with Teutonic purveying to every individual need, he expects others to do likewise.

In doing business with Italy it must be borne in mind that, unlike South America, it is an old country, set in its ways, and therefore difficult to develop.

Many American business men fail in Italy because they are too impatient. Though the North does not follow the Roman rule of "Why Hurry?" long and costly experience has discovered that the swift and galvanic selling method does not go. Like the Frenchman, the Italian must be cultivated. His pride must be considered.

The late J. P. Morgan once found this out to his chagrin. He heard that a certain collection of enamels, objects of art which he greatly admired, was owned by an old and comparatively poor man. He went to see him, and without any preliminary asked in his blunt way: "How much do you want for your enamels?"

"I have no desire to sell them," said the Italian.

"I didn't ask you if you wanted to sell," replied Mr. Morgan; "I asked you how much you wanted for them."

The old man looked at him for a moment and then replied:

"All your money could not purchase my collection. Good day!"

That ended the episode. The moral of the tale is that if you want to do business with the Italian cooperate with him. Clash means failure. In time you find that he is readily adaptable, but you must adapt him in his own way.

What does Italy need that the United States can supply? First and foremost is capital. If the kingdom is to free herself from German economic control after the war she must have money with which to develop her water power, electrify her railroads and expand her shipping. American money will be all the more welcome, because, unlike the German, it is not political and makes no drastic exactions. We can emulate England with our loans and stipulate that the proceeds be spent on American goods or machinery.

Italy offers an immense field for a varied industrial development. The South, for example, drips with lemons; yet there is not a single citric-acid factory. Sardinia is one huge, practically untouched mine of mineral deposits.

American Footholds in Italy

After the war Italy will require immense quantities of raw materials for her largely increased manufacturing interests. She will also be in the market for American shoes, typewriters, manufactured food products, low-priced automobiles and motor cycles, farm implements, machine tools, ready-made clothing, toilet articles, furniture, office equipment, boots, woodenware and lumber. I cite lumber because, owing to the coal famine during the war, the country is being denuded of its forests.

America can enter this domain by four methods: Through branch houses—affiliated branches working independently of the main house; through a general agent for the whole country; through a chain of local agents; or by direct sales to wholesalers or retailers in the kingdom.

Already one useful trade outpost has been established in Italy in the shape of an American bank. It is located at Genoa, has a pretentious office in Milan, and is a branch of one of the greatest of all Wall Street's financial institutions, which has already established itself in Russia, England and South America. It does a general banking business and furnishes credit and trade information.

A second aid is the American Chamber of Commerce for Italy at Milan—a definite, going and helpful concern with 515 members, including 420 Italian firms, 35 American firms established in Italy, and 60 in the United States.

Italy stands to-day at the crossroads of Destiny. Neither in battle nor in trade can she go it entirely alone, despite her gallant start at industrial independence. Her greatest statesmen have told me that she must have coal, wheat and money. Without them her mills and guns are silent. As in France, fuel means shells, and shells are life. Germany once translated the Italian need into economic slavery; she may again convert her war predicament into another kind of defeat unless we stand by her.

To the United States is offered an opportunity akin to the golden chance to aid and exploit that came to Prussia when Greater Italy was young among the nations. This time, however, it is no stripling who pleads, hat in hand, but a worthy, full-grown ally fighting on a common battle line. She has registered her heroism from the Alps down to the sea; she has made the Isonzo a river of valor—full mate to the Marne and the Somme.

Under reverse, Italy is only more resolute. America can be the prop of her tried but persevering people and find glory and profit in the enterprise.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with business conditions in Europe. The next will be devoted to Spain.

The Conserver of Time and Labor in
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UPSON Board is generally known as a wall and ceiling lining for houses, stores, business and office buildings—every kind of structure from architecturally pretentious mansions to National Army Cantonments. It is an improvement over plaster and less expensive than wood or steel, for repairs, remodeling or new construction.

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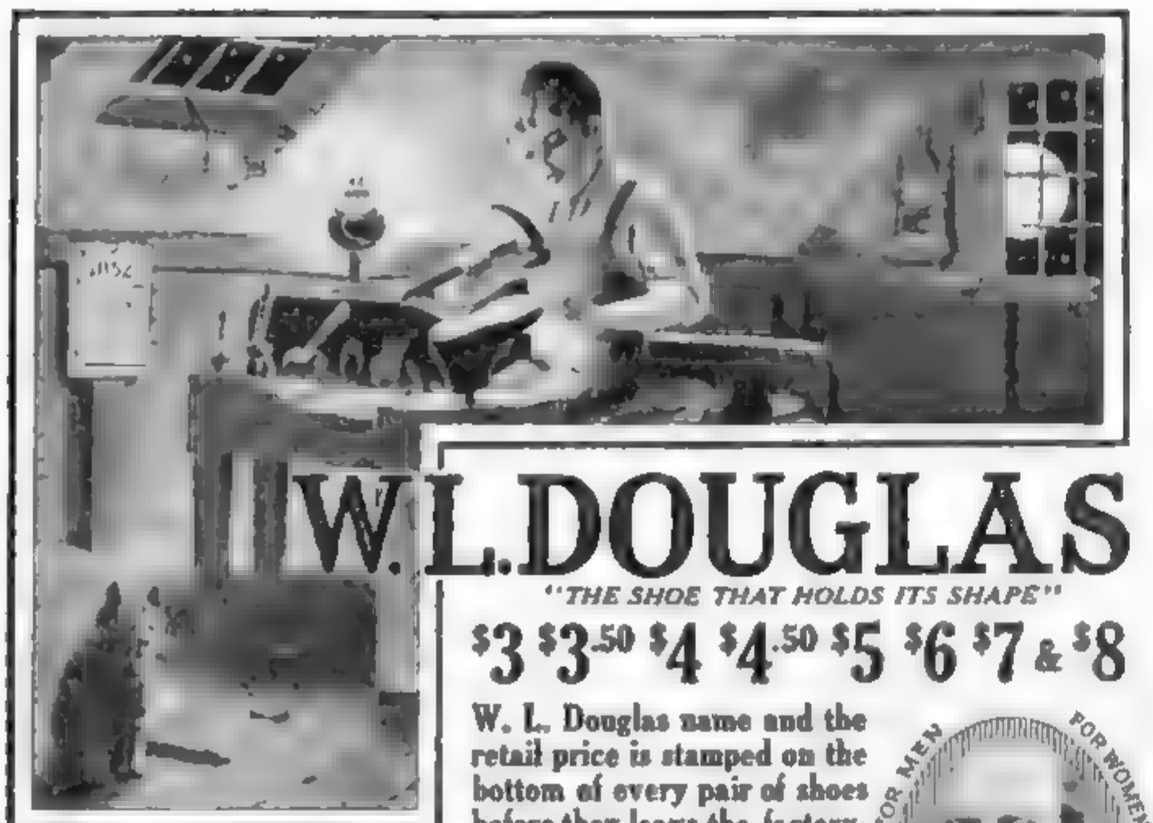

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Cooper, Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

THE RICH POOR MAN

(Concluded from Page 22)

been able to weed out the duplications. It sounds very impressive to say that a certain railroad has twenty thousand stockholders and a certain manufacturing company has ten thousand; but who will guarantee that several thousand identical individuals do not own shares in both companies?

"You have twelve and a half million policies," said ex-President Taft to a gathering of life-insurance presidents; "but I do not know whether that means twelve and a half million people or not. I suppose there are some who have more policies than one. It is like the statement I made that we had vaccinated twelve million people in the Philippine Islands; and some anti-imperialist said: 'That shows what a liar Taft is, as we have only eight and a half million people there!' But some of the vaccinations didn't take and we had to vaccinate them over again."

Usually about this time of year extensive figures are published to show how the number of stockholders in large companies has increased. But to be really impressive these figures should show whether the increase has been faster or slower than the growth in population, the growth in total national wealth and the growth in the capital of the companies themselves. However, the average holding of railroad stocks has fallen from perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars in 1901 to about ten thousand dollars at the present time; which would seem to show that stock holdings are being distributed more rapidly even than population and wealth are increasing.

No effort is made, and perhaps none can be made, to avoid duplication as between the common and preferred stockholders of any given company. A few years ago the United States Steel Corporation reported that it had nearly three thousand owners of one share each of its common stock, and nearly eight thousand owners of one share each of preferred stock. But it was impossible to say how many persons had one share of both common and preferred.

Numerous independent investigations tend to show that the average holding of railroad stocks is about ten thousand dollars, par value. Several efforts to analyze the ownership of large bond issues also show an average of about the same amount. As regards the large manufacturing companies whose ownership is widely scattered, the average holding is not far below this figure. Now the ownership of ten thousand dollars of stock in a single company does not point, at first glance, to the little fellow. Indeed, this looks like a pretty husky investor. But the average, of course, is pulled up by the big holdings; so that in reality there may be, and probably are, vast numbers of persons whose stake is only a few hundred or one or two thousand dollars at the most.

Stocks That Women Hold

There are practically no figures to show how many individual bondholders there are; and if we had such figures it would be impossible to eliminate the duplication involved because of the same persons owning both bonds and stocks. As a mere guess, it is said there are two million owners of bonds in the railroads and other very large corporations. Leaving out of account the intercompany holdings, there are about six hundred thousand individual holders of railroad stocks alone. Of course this figure again involves duplication, for a man may own stock in more than one railroad; but there are probably several hundred thousand persons who hold shares in only one company.

If the holdings of insurance companies, savings banks, colleges, hospitals, and other similar institutions are included, there are perhaps fifty million names or accounts directly or indirectly interested in the ownership of railroad bonds and stocks alone. A conservative allowance for duplication would indicate that at least five million different people have some sort of stake in the actual ownership of railroad securities.

There are three corporations in this country whose stockholders are known to equal or exceed one hundred thousand each—the United States Steel Corporation, American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Steel probably has about one hundred and fifty thousand stockholders, and Telephone at least one hundred and twenty thousand. A majority of Telephone owners are women, while the same sex fills half the books of the Pennsylvania and nearly half of most of the other big companies.

With these and many other big corporations, often fully half of the stockholders own ten shares or less apiece. A couple of years ago the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad reported that seventeen thousand stockholders—or two-thirds of the total number—held twenty shares or less. Of course a man may own three shares of Baltimore & Ohio and perhaps have a thousand shares of Pennsylvania, thus putting him out of the small-investor class. But duplications of this kind are offset by the fact that many thousands of names do not appear at all, because stock for more than one person is often held in the names of brokers, bankers, trust companies, investment trusts, executors, and other trustees. Then, too, it must be considered that one stockholder may support four or five people.

In 1913 the Wall Street Journal found that 318 companies had 1,230,000 stockholders. These included all the very large companies, most of those with a capital of five million dollars or more; but the compilation did not include banks and many thousands of small street railways, light and power companies and the hundreds of thousands of smaller manufacturing and mercantile companies, many of which must have as many as several hundred owners. A little more than two-thirds of the reporting companies gave figures for women owners, the number being three hundred thousand. In 1907 the Northern Pacific Railway doubled the number of its owners in six months, the Pennsylvania added eleven thousand in less than a year and the New York Central two thousand in a month's time.

New Layers of Investors

Very probably many small lots of stock and many hundred-dollar bonds are bought for the children, relatives and dependents of the rich in the United States. But, after all, this is only a minor consideration. American investors have increased by the million in a generation.

Everyday observation is a pretty safe guide. The increase in the number of automobiles, especially in low-priced cars, in the last fifteen years shows that there must be a great new class of petty capitalists. The upward trend in the whole standard of comfort and living points the same way. The immense increase in the circulation of financial and investment literature is another straw. At least we know there are as many railroad bondholders and stockholders as there are railroad employees, and if the Liberty Bonds are included, almost as many stockholders and bondholders of all descriptions as there are male voters.

It remains true that the great majority of people are not capitalists in any sense, and are poor, without a qualifying adjective. Eighty or perhaps even ninety per cent of the population are capitalists only in the sense that perhaps some of them have a big enough life-insurance policy to pay their funeral expenses.

Great masses of the population push up a little year by year. Something like ten million people have purchased Liberty Bonds in this country. A few years ago the suggestion that ten million bond buyers could be found would have been hooted at; it was not supposed that more than a small fraction of that number could muster the funds. Now the attempt is being made to sell war-savings stamps to thirty million people; and though the goal may not be reached, yet another huge layer of the population will shift a little way over to the property-owning classes.

It is not merely the increase in the total national wealth that, in turn, increases the number of bondholders, stockholders and investors in general. It works the other way round as well. The more investment opportunities offered, the more people will try to save and become investors. The rich man cannot avoid investing; but the poor man's poverty is such a good excuse that, unless investments are made unusually attractive, he will not deny himself.

To reduce poverty—to see the poor even a little way on the road to riches—means that the nation must apply just as much thought and exertion to providing facilities for saving and investment as to the production of goods.

"GONE! AND I CAN'T GET ANOTHER."

AN AUTOMOBILE FIRE THIS YEAR MAY FORCE YOU TO WALK ALL SEASON AND COST YOU $200 TO $2000 CASH

War has cut passenger car production, in some cases 50 per cent, and the freight embargo has interfered with deliveries. "Motor" says: "A car shortage is certain. There will be more buyers than cars." Let your car burn and you may not get another!

The price of an auto fire today is $200 to $2000 cash—a large sum to throw away in war time.

Is your car completely covered by fire insurance? No. Would your insurance buy a new car at prevailing prices? No.

Fire can be prevented. A Pyrene extinguisher makes your car as safe as a fire station. It costs little. Saves you money. May save your life. Let today be your last day without Pyrene. 15 per cent reduction on auto fire insurance on all cars equipped with Pyrene.

Sold by hardware and auto supply dealers.

Every fire helps Germany.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

PYRENE MFG. CO., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York

Please tell me how much I can save annually by putting a Pyrene on my Automobile Motor Truck

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Car_____ Model_____ Year_____

Why Chain Rollers Should Be Absolutely Round

Roller chain is a man-saving and time-saving necessity for the conveyors of well-standardized industry.

In that unspotted triumph of American efficiency, standardized automobile production, it plays an important part.

In the unspectacular but vital industry of canning foods, as in so many others, it makes possible economical volume.

And everywhere really saving service from roller conveyors depends on the roundness of the rollers. Chain rollers should be absolutely round to keep them from causing delays and shutdowns.

In consequence the rollers of Rex Chain are not merely cast and then smoothed for assembling.

By a Levalley process they are machine-turned and the hubs are carefully bored and faced.

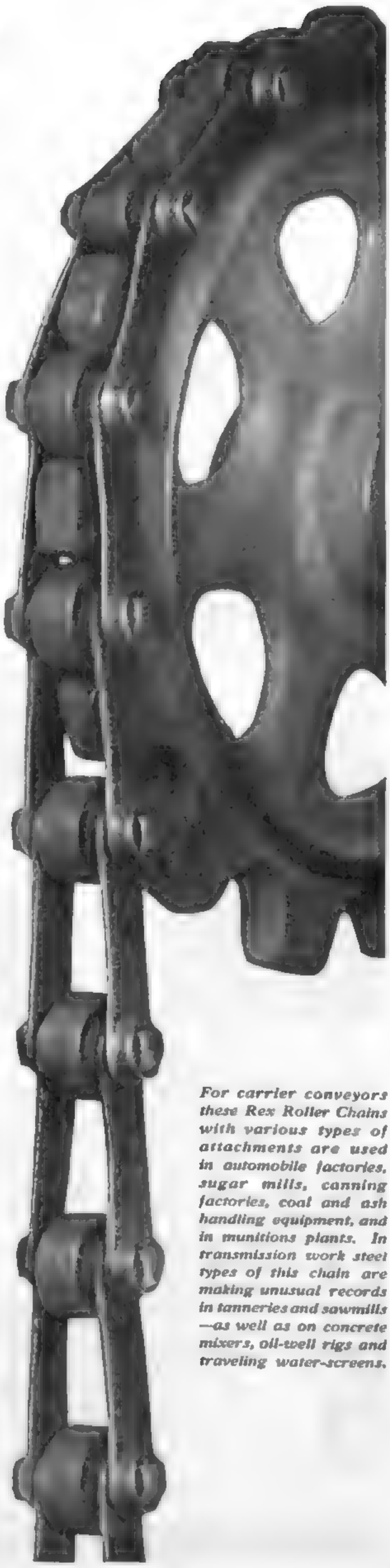
They track true—preventing "sticking" delays and the fractures caused by the breaking strains of less carefully made rollers.

Although Rex Roller Chains represent but a small part of the Rex chain output, our swiftly mounting sales of them are peculiarly gratifying.

For their superior merit is no more than on a parity with scores of other Rex chains made by us.

We furnish driving, elevating and conveying chain of every type, perfected by Levalley processes developed during the last forty-four years, and fitting practically all types of equipment.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE



For carrier conveyors these Rex Roller Chains with various types of attachments are used in automobile factories, sugar mills, canning factories, coal and ash handling equipment, and in munitions plants. In transmission work steel types of this chain are making unusual records in tanneries and sawmills —as well as on concrete mixers, oil-well rigs and traveling water-screens.

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water-Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

THE NIGHTMARE OF PEACE

(Continued from Page 13)

"The beginning of peace will bring immediate losses," Rechsanwalt Doctor Hachenburg, of Mannheim, stated in an article on the effects of peace, for the Frankfurter Zeitung: "Every enterprising contractor must count upon the cessation of war profits. After the fat years the lean ones follow."

Continuing his long article, he points out that even corporations which have set aside large sums of money to take care of losses when peace comes will find that these sums will be necessary to pay after-the-war taxes. All future damages, he added, will come out of former earnings.

"It is certain that there will be peace some day," Doctor Hachenburg wrote. "That moment will bring the depreciation of scores of businesses. Buildings that have been used solely for war industries will have only their value as old material. Machinery will be old. War inventions will be of no more use.

"The moment peace comes the shares of stock will be worthless. To-day these war industries are valuable only because they can be used, but when peace comes they will be lifeless."

Though one might conclude that this same criticism could be applied to war industries in all countries, there is this difference in respect to Germany: The enemy has been using everything for the war. Nothing has been manufactured; nothing has been grown; nothing has been sold—except for the war. Germany has made war her sole business; and now that the day of reckoning approaches, now that the time to stop is nearer, the business men and people are asking what is going to happen if the nation cannot dictate peace terms and make the Allies pay for the future. This is the nightmare of peace which is disturbing the sleep of thousands of war lords and war manufacturers.

In contrast, however, to the conclusions of Doctor Hachenburg are those of a more flattering tone by Professor Jastrow, of the University of Berlin, in the Berliner Intelligenzblatt, and George Muench, in the Frankfurter Zeitung. Professor Jastrow, who has written a number of articles for the German press bureau, including a defense of the sinking of the Lusitania, points to the large sums of money subscribed to the German war loans, and declares that 12,500,000 persons subscribed to the 1917 loans. He believes the unity in the banking interests and the industrial fields indicates Germany's economic and financial strength. Ship losses by the Allies and neutrals, he maintains, have increased the value of old ships—which of course include the German merchant marine—at least 250 per cent, and therefore the German shipping concerns will be worth a great deal more money after the war than before! In his opinion, too, the methods of using substitutes in all branches of life and industry will prove a great saving after the war. On the whole, he concludes, Germany's economic position at the beginning of 1918 presents a "happy picture."

Herr Muench's Conclusions

Herr Muench devotes his attention to the United States and the effect of our assistance upon the Allied cause. He concludes, as most German writers do, that the war will be over before America can help with an army, and that therefore there is only one way to judge America's participation, and that is financially.

"Whether the United States can help much by loaning great sums of money is exceedingly doubtful," he writes. "So far as the financial assistance that the great republic has given its Allies is concerned, it has been limited to the payment for American war articles, raw materials and food. For this our present enemies in Europe will have to pay tribute for a long time to the Yankees. . . .

"There cannot be the slightest doubt that the economic and financial elasticity of a group of nations fails to be a decisive factor in this war."

Time, he concludes, is not with the Allies but with Germany, for the submarine warfare is decreasing the Entente tonnage to such an extent that the scarcity of ships is becoming as much an after-the-war problem for England, France, Italy and the United States as it is a war question to-day. Herr Muench believes there will not be a sufficient number of ships left to the Allies when peace is signed for them to expand their commerce.

These are some of the countless factors, opinions and conditions which make up the present-day industrial life of Germany. Out of this chaos Dr. Karl Helfferich has been "empowered" to bring order. The chief planks in his platform, as printed in Vienna, are "Merchants to the front," and "Freedom of action in the world's markets"; but does Herr Helfferich mean what he says? Has Germany given up the plans that the government was preparing early in 1917 for the establishment of German interests abroad as government units? Does the government intend to drop its control of everything as soon as peace is signed, to give the merchants "freedom of action"? If that be the case then Germany has reformed since the U-boats entered their ruthless and disappointing stages; then Germany has changed since the United States entered the war.

Helfferich, however, has the reputation of being a boaster. When he was secretary of the interior he was acting imperial chancellor when Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, who then held the post, was away from Berlin. Upon these occasions he appeared before the Reichstag committees to answer questions regarding government policies. Helfferich, however, is always very blunt in speaking before an audience, and also more boastful than he is inclined to be when in a conference. For these faults Helfferich became exceedingly unpopular among Reichstag members.

German Assumptions

About a year ago Von Bethmann-Hollweg went to the Front for a meeting with the Kaiser, and Helfferich was called upon by the chief committee of the Reichstag to explain one of the proposals which the Bundesrat had made. Herr Helfferich's statements were so distasteful to the Socialists that one of the deputies shouted:

"Helfferich speaks like the chairman of a board of directors of a billion-dollar corporation who owns ninety per cent of the stock."

A riot of applause and hisses greeted the remark and the vice chancellor had to leave the hall. It was Helfferich's political Waterloo. Since that time he has not appeared in the Reichstag, and it is doubtful, as long as the Socialists remain as strong as to-day, whether he will ever appear there again.

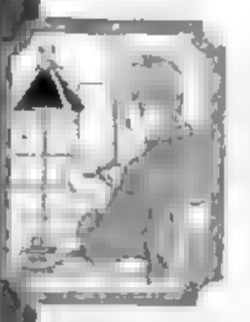
In writing about the period after the war, everything of course depends upon the outcome. Everything said about reconstruction must begin with an "if." If the Allies win one result may be expected. If Germany wins another outcome is probable. If there is a compromise who knows how it will come out?

Though the German military leaders believe they can decisively defeat the Allies during 1918 it is significant that none of the German business, commercial or banking interests share this opinion. The latter are confident that they will not be defeated and that the nation will emerge from the war as strong as any other European power, but they are not counting upon or preparing for a Teutonic victory. In the same way, it is true, they do not expect an Allied victory. For this reason Doctor Helfferich and his coworkers are not making their plans on the basis of any other than a compromise peace. All of Germany's economic schemes are founded upon the assumption that Germany and her opponents after the war will come to an understanding regarding all questions at issue during the war, from the "freedom of the seas" to European boundaries.

Well and good for Germany if there is nothing to do when peace is made but to begin life anew! Well and good if the German people and the world are going to forgive and forget! But about such a peaceful future no one in the land of the enemy is dreaming. Germany has reached the industrial climax of the war. Not only are economic conditions disquieting, but there are differences of opinion developing with respect to the status of commerce when the military celebration is over. Business is disturbed because the leaders are not certain about what attitude the government is going to take. The people are restless because they fear lower wages, higher taxes

CICO will keep your recipes handy. You use so many now-a-days that you want to keep.

A memory book is only as good as the paste you use. Use CICO and have a neat, attractive one.



Clippings in an office are best mounted by CICO. Use it for efficiency's sake.

Sticks Best When Spread Thin

CICO* Liquid Paste is a *real* saving in these days of needed economy even in little things. For the thinner you spread it the better it sticks.

CICO is the saving paste for every pasting job. Not only does it go farther, but this new liquid paste never gets hard or lumpy. Take as little on the brush as possible. That's the way it does the best work. Try it.

You see, CICO is one of the

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Quality Products

and it *must* do good pasting.

It's always ready for instant use without filling a mussy water well or working dried paste out of the brush; no fuss or bother. It will do your pasting better than ever before.

At your Stationer's

The Carter's Ink Company

Boston New York Chicago Montreal

Also manufacturers of Carter's Typewriter Ribbons and Carbons

Send for free Carbon Sample

This is the adjustable CICO Brush. The handle slides thru the safety cap which keeps the bottle closed and the fingers clean.

* Pronounced "Sy-ko"

How much do *you* earn?

No matter what your earnings may be, you—like the rest of us—are anxious to make more money.

This advertisement tells you of a sure way to do it.

Through our pleasant and attractive work Mr. Claude Edgett, whose photograph appears at the right, easily averages $300.00 a month, net profit; Mr. C. B. Smith, a government employee, earns $10 or $15 a week extra in his spare hours; and Mr. John A. Clow is without difficulty adding $80.00 a month to his regular income.

Claude Edgett

These are only a few of the men whose successes you have never before read about in *The Saturday Evening Post*, but who are earning, month after month, total incomes in excess of yours — *and doing it more easily!*

A Money-Making Opportunity

We would like to tell you more about this body of successful money-makers, whose work, besides paying them so liberally, keeps them out of doors and permits them to regulate their own hours. The story of how they achieved success by representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is told in our interesting booklet, "A New Market for Spare Hours."

C. B. Smith

This booklet will be sent to you, with all details of your opportunity to earn money by our plan, if you will fill in and mail the coupon below at once.

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Just Clip and Mail the Coupon—Today

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Gentlemen: Please send me "A New Market for Spare Hours" and tell me, without obligating me in any way, how I can make more money by your plan.

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Plant a War Garden For Patriotism and Profit

Grow your own fresh vegetables this summer and cut down your living expenses. We have

Two Big Seed Specials For Home Gardeners

that will give an average family all the garden vegetables they will eat. Carefully selected assortment. Write for details and our Catalog, which is Rob-hon Seeds, the choicest seed grown for big continuous production and fine quality. Our Catalogue is just the book for the gardener. Contains all information necessary to make his garden a paying success.

Wood, Stubbs Co., Inc., 219 E. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

and years more of suffering and shortages. Unlike 1914, when the whole nation "arose as one man" to fight, Germany to-day is divided. Some want government ownership and government control after the war. Others want private control and no Hohenzollern supervision. The people who have been earning from three to five dollars a day as common laborers are not in a mood to submit to lower wages if a change from government control to private direction produces it. Labor is more independent. To-day there are not such happy prospects for the government to control the labor markets and order workmen from factory to factory, or from city to city, in military fashion, as the government proposed in the Reichstag in 1916. The man with the Iron Cross, when he is discharged from army service, considers himself of more importance than before the invasion of Belgium.

Last year the government was so certain the submarine campaign would stop the fighting before Christmas that the Reichstag busied itself with the economic problems of the transition period and peace. But the submarine failed, and now another remedy must be found. The crisis is approaching, and because the Kaiser fears the outcome he has called Doctor Helfferich to save the nation's industrial face. During the war the government has been master of its own destinies and those of its subjects. The devil's wages have been high and so have the profits, but the nightmare of peace has come. Shall the government as a nation go into the shipping business, the coal business, the export-and-import business? Shall the government do all the buying and selling as one great international corporation or shall the individual German business man be trusted to work out his own salvation? The answer the Emperor gives is: "Ask Doctor Helfferich!"

"The most important task will be to give German commerce freedom of action immediately after the war." This sounds like Doctor Helfferich, but it was Herr Fabarius, president of the Bremen Chamber of Commerce, who greeted the convention of Bremen merchants with these words in December: "Before everything else we must hold fast and prevent monopolies. The export business, which is the most important factor in the favorable development of our economic life, must not remain fettered. Government regulations must be unconditionally dropped."

If this be done Herr Fabarius maintains the "industrious German merchant" will reëstablish the popularity of the "Made in Germany" sign!

The Grain-Buying Syndicate

Judging only from what Doctor Helfferich and President Fabarius say the German business men and manufacturers have had enough of government regulation and imperial restrictions. Until the United States declared war, and until the submarine failed, Germany was ready to trust her life and future to the Hohenzollerns. But not to-day! In the brief space of one year this reformation has taken place. During the war it was "United we stand, divided we fall." To-day the slogan is: "United we collapse, individually we succeed." The Hohenzollerns were all right to fight a war, but now that the world is against the German Government, now that even the neutrals are prejudiced against the war lusts of the military party, the business men shout: "Give us freedom!"

If we were to stop here and accept these cries for freedom and for peace we should be deceived. Though it is undoubtedly Helfferich's intention to make the Allies believe the German Government is not planning an economic attack when peace is signed, the official notices in the German newspapers betray the real intention of the government. In the Berliner Tageblatt of December 31, 1917, this notice appeared in the business section:

IMPORT SYNDICATE FOR GRAIN

We have been informed that during the past few days conferences have taken place between the representatives of the government and the wholesale importers of grain to regulate the importation of grain immediately after the war. The plans are to found an import syndicate, with one-half of the representatives from the government and one-half from the merchants. Included, however, are only those merchants who imported grain before the war. All of the grain which is imported is to be sold to the Government Grain Bureau. The entire risk of buying and transporting is to be taken over by the government. Similar syndicates will be established, also, in our allied countries [Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey].

Thus behind Helfferich's barrage of talk the Imperial Government announces that it is to assume complete control of importing all grain for Germany when peace is signed; and, further, that similar organizations are to be established throughout Central Europe. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from this, and that is that Germany as a nation intends to send its representatives abroad to purchase the grain, import it in German bottoms and sell it through the government grain bureau to the retailers.

More German Trickery

One might give the following example of what will follow: The German Government will select a commission of grain dealers to go to the grain markets of the world and as a unit purchase all the grain needed in the Middle European states. This commission will appear in the United States, Canada or the Argentine and bid for large quantities of grain. If none of these countries is prepared for such a maneuver—and Doctor Helfferich's remarks are intended to put them off their guard—then the Germans can walk away with the best of the bargain.

This certainly is one phase at least of an economic war, which Helfferich said "there must not and there shall not be."

In December the German merchants who are interested in establishing the styles for women's dresses in Europe held an exhibition in Bern. According to notices in the German press the chancellor, Count von Hertling, congratulated the merchants upon their success and added that he had had a very favorable report from the German minister in Switzerland.

Though there are outward appearances that German business men want "freedom of action," there is every evidence that the government is planning to keep the control it has over business and commerce, over industry and food. It is not at all improbable that Germany, fearing an economic earthquake when peace comes, is conducting a campaign of publicity now to make the Allies believe she has reformed. Then these merchants whom Doctor Helfferich plans to send to the front may go out disguised as "free" individuals when, in fact, they are government agents, supported, protected and aided by the government and its world-wide commercial spy system.

Germany may want us to believe she has no intention of conducting a commercial war against the Allies when that may be her very object!

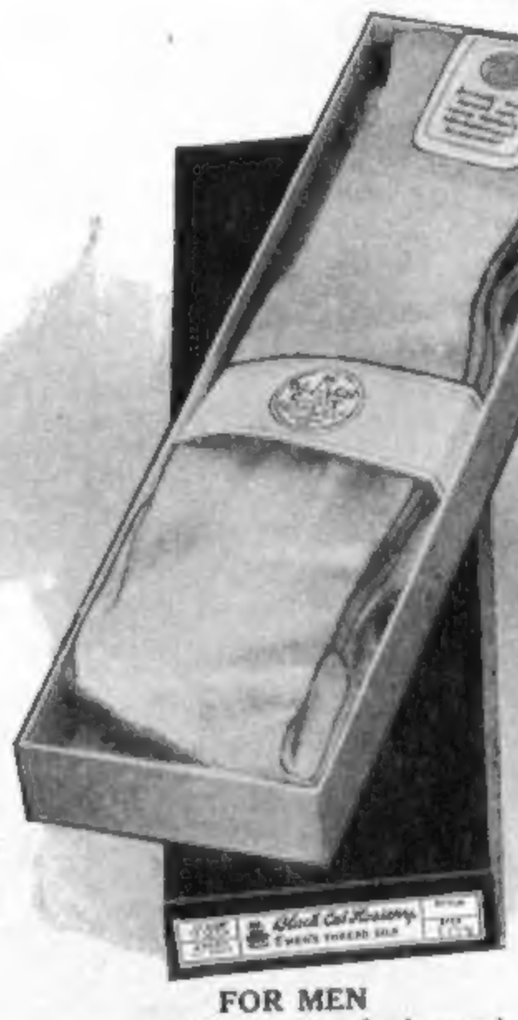
Because of the wrecked conditions of the industries and business within Germany to-day it is doubtful whether the nation will be able to pass the many crises of the transition period, and the first decade of peace, unless she continues organized as to-day. Whether the enemy can survive, time alone will tell; but that which is certain is that the war with Germany will not end with peace.

The Berlin wolf may appear in sheep's clothing but—beware!

Meanwhile there is the gnawing feeling of uncertainty in Germany. Will the Fatherland be able to survive? What will happen to the industries and to labor? Has the taste for state socialism made the people wish for more? Will business collapse when peace comes?

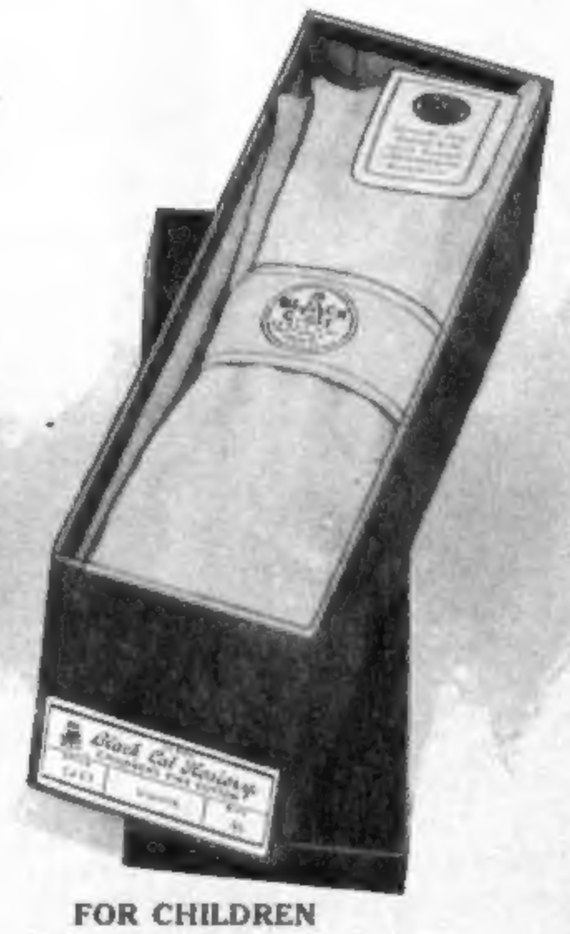
The ghosts of a belligerent past goose-step in the night, disturbing the silent slumbers of a thousand Teutons.

Black Cat
Reinforced Hosiery



FOR MEN
In a complete range of colors and materials, including silk, cotton, wool and merino, at prices from **25c up.**

FOR WOMEN
In all materials and colors. Silk, cotton, wool and merino. All styles. Seamless or full-fashioned. Regular and out-sizes, from **25c up.**



FOR CHILDREN
In "play-proof" and "Sunday-wear" styles. Extra durable. Fast dyes that do not weaken the wearing qualities. From **25c up.**

Look for the Cat on the Toe and Be Sure of Value

BEHIND every pair of Black Cat Hosiery stands quality assured by the name and maintained by the millions invested by the manufacturers. There can be no stronger guarantee of value than the trade-mark on the toe of every stocking—no greater responsibility to the wearer than the name that goes with it.

And because of that responsibility, the Black Cat Textiles Company could not afford to lower standards. Black Cat must continue to be the biggest hosiery value your money will buy.

Black Cat Hosiery is more than merely an ornamental or even a protective covering. It is a structure. It is built up like a big gun. Stress, strain and friction have all been compensated in its building.

The stress of garter pull is overcome by the construction of the top, which spreads the tension over the entire fabric. An ordinary top delivers it all to one or two threads which are sure to break, causing "runs."

The punching strain of toe pressure—the leverage of walking—is offset by strong extra threads inwoven. The twisting scrub on the sole and the up and down friction of the heel are both resisted in the same way. This is true of all Black Cat Hosiery. In addition children's stockings have a triple reinforcement at the knee, and women's hose are extra high spliced in the heel.

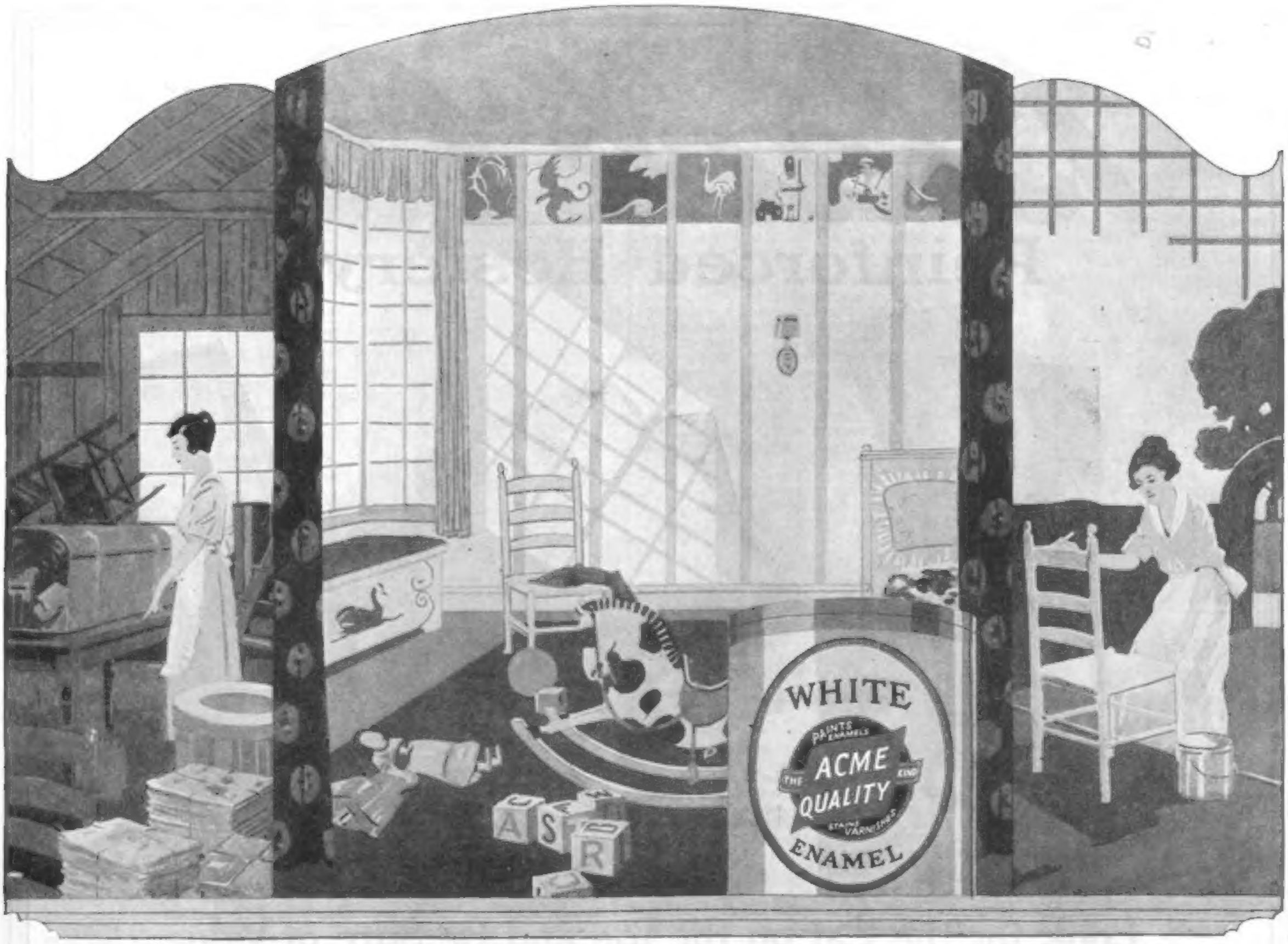
For downright durability and the beauty in silk, cotton and wool that comes from perfect weaving, ask your dealer to show you Black Cat Hosiery and look for the trade-mark on the toe.

Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for men—"the three year underwear" with the stretch that comes back—is also made and marketed by us. The extra mile of thread knit into each garment makes it in durability a fit companion for Black Cat Hosiery. Both are sold by good dealers on a money-value basis.

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY

General Offices: Kenosha, Wisconsin

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.



The joy of home things "done over" like new

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

Thrifty home beautifiers will buy more Acme Quality Paints and Finishes this year than ever—*to save the cost of new things!*

Odd bits of furniture will be enameled with a favorite Acme Quality color. Look at the nursery in glossy white enamel! A favorite bedroom set, wear-shabby perhaps, done in French gray! Such newness, such cheeriness! And, how the floors can be made to glisten! The bathroom walls and tub dressed anew, take on added charms. And, such a spick, span, bright kitchen! In fact, every room in the house *can be made like new* with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes.

Outdoors, as well as indoors, new painting is so effective. Sun screens and fly screens, and porch rockers, flower boxes, croquet sets—no end of *intimate things about your home* that come into new life with the magic touch of Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. There is an Acme Quality Kind for every surface that can be painted, stained, varnished or finished!

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

Home painting will interest you so much more if you'll ask us to mail our two fine, helpful books, "Acme Quality Painting Guide," which answers every paint question, and "Home Decorating," the key to the home beautiful. Both sent free on request.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, *Dept. Q*, DETROIT, MICH.

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Toledo	Nashville	Birmingham	Fort Worth	Dallas	Topeka
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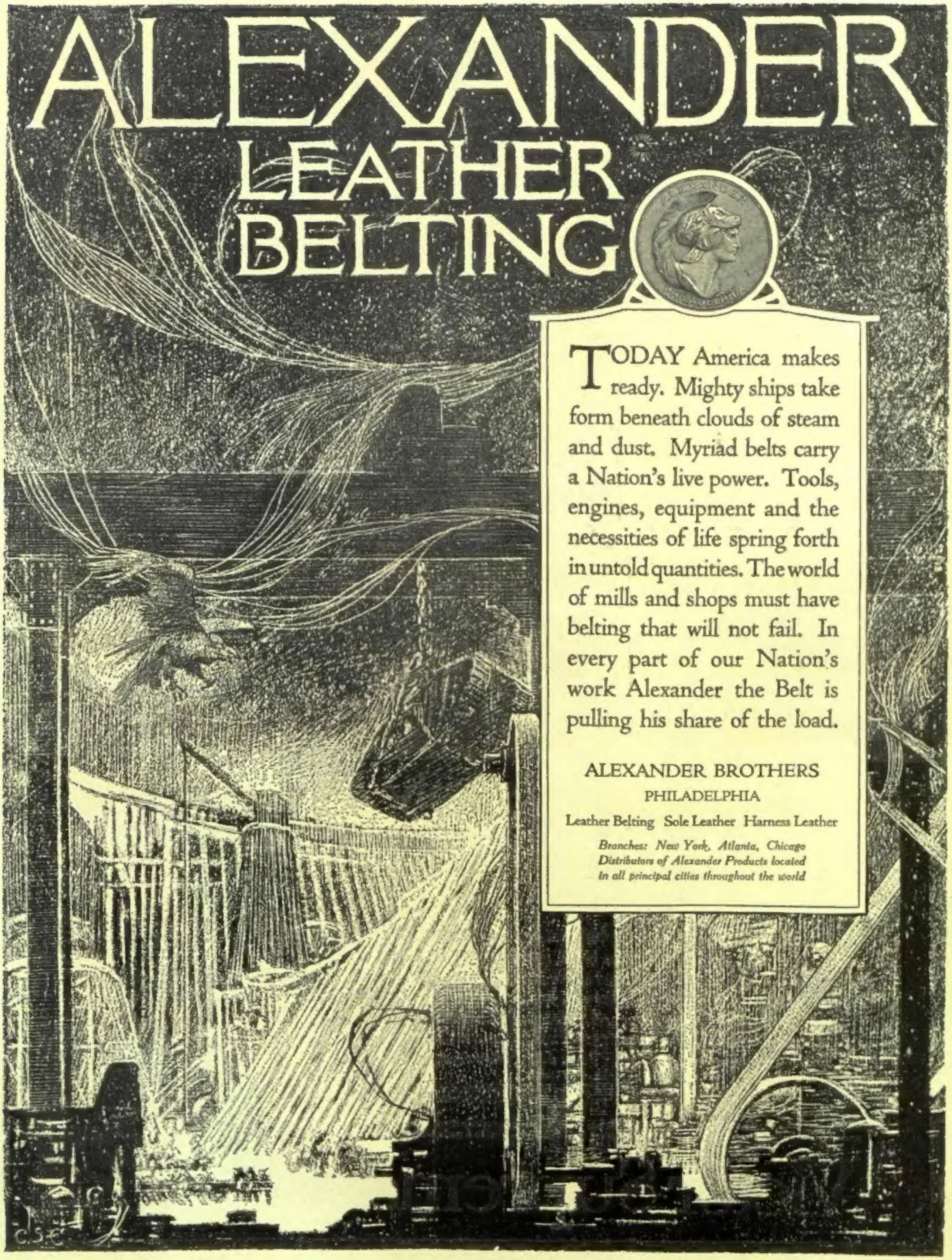
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TODAY America makes ready. Mighty ships take form beneath clouds of steam and dust. Myriad belts carry a Nation's live power. Tools, engines, equipment and the necessities of life spring forth in untold quantities. The world of mills and shops must have belting that will not fail. In every part of our Nation's work Alexander the Belt is pulling his share of the load.
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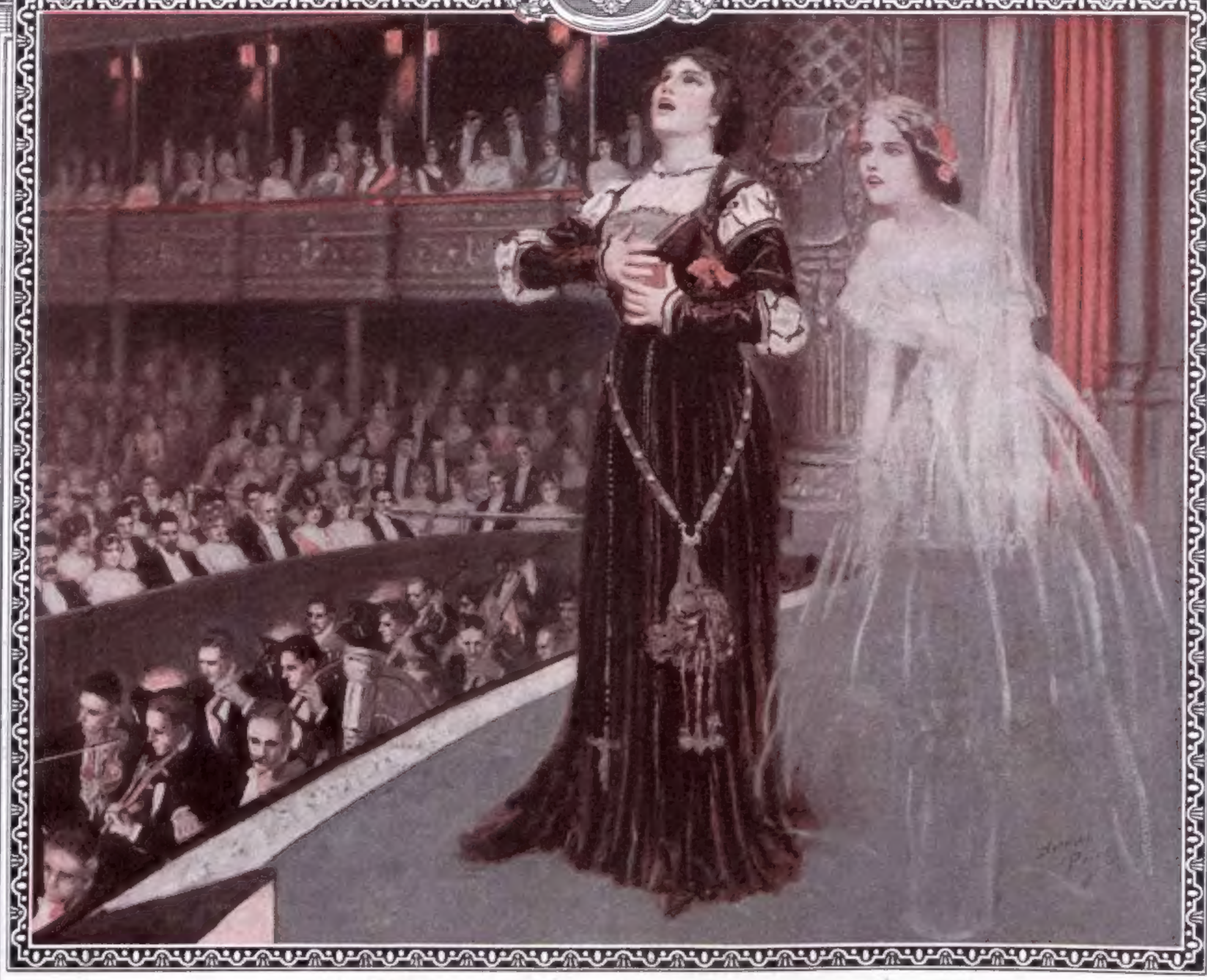

Jenny Lind is only a memory, but the voice of Melba can never die

Two voices of finest, purest gold.
One is gone forever.
The other lives for all time.
There was no Victrola to capture the fleeting beauties of Jenny Lind.
But Melba's voice will still be heard in centuries to come.

To-day Melba herself thrills and entrances vast audiences throughout the world. Happy singer and happy public, that her flawless, limpid notes will flow forever in undiminished beauty from her Victor Records!

Practically every great singer and instrumentalist of this generation makes records only for the Victor—thus perpetuating their art for all time.

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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

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Victor Supremacy

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all genuine products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.